

COMFORT

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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

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Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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Crums of Comfort

Envy is the yokefellow of eminence.
The poor are only those who feel poor.
Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.
You are sure to judge wrong if you feel
wrong.

Wherever the speech is corrupted the mind
is also.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to
the mind.

Worship your heroes from afar; contact
withers them.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first
course is sorrow.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is
honest must be becoming.

There is merit without elevation, but seldom
elevation without some merit.

There is but one kind of love, but there are
thousands of different copies of it.

When a man has not a good reason for doing
a thing, he has one good reason for letting it
alone.

Judge yourself with a judgment of sincerity
and you will judge others with a judgment of
charity.

We deceive ourselves when we think that
only weakness needs support; strength needs
it far more.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man
is able to set him above the want of constant
assistance.

When any calamity has been suffered, the
first thing to be remembered is how much has
been escaped.

It is shocking to think how much mischief
almost every man may do who will but resolve
to do all he can.

Luxury possibly may contribute to give
bread to the poor, but if there were no luxury
there would be no poor.

The generality of men expend the early part
of their lives in contributing to render the
latter part miserable.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that
makes him independent, so much as the small-
ness of his wants.

Marriage is the best state for man in general;
and every man is a worse man in proportion as
he is unfit for the married woman.

Secret of the Great Cabal

Mysterious Madame of the White Shoulders

By William S. Birge, M. D.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A brown stone house on one of the popular resi-
dential streets in New York City has every appear-
ance of being unoccupied; the front door is boarded
over, the green blinds at all the windows are tight-
ly closed and no one is ever seen about the premises;
and so it has been for more than a year when the
junior member of a firm of private detectives happens
to become the occupant of a front room in a lodging
house on the opposite side of the street. During his
convalescence from the grippe he frequently sits at his
window looking across the street at the mysterious
house with the green blinds, and wonders why it re-
mains vacant so long; on one of these occasions he
is astonished to see a blind at a third story window
open disclosing the head and shoulders of a man with a
pale, drawn face framed grotesquely in a nightcap.
This apparition, after glancing hurriedly up and down
the street, fixes his gaze on the young detective and
then passes his hand across his forehead two or
three times and closes the blind. Three days later
a messenger brings the detective an unaddressed,
unsigned letter which runs thus: "Ring the area bell
as the clock strikes nine and wait in the shadow of
the steps. Be prompt, be sure, be silent. Three
and — make —" Holding in his hand the strange
note, which he suspects has some connection with
the mystery of the house with the green blinds, he
steps to the window, and as he looks out he raises
his hand to his forehead to shade his eyes which are
somewhat weakened by his recent illness. Immediately
the same blind opens, the same figure appears at the
window of the house across the street and performs
the same gesture. The detective concludes that the
note is from the man in the window who seems to
want him to call secretly that evening, which he de-
termines to do in the hope of making an interesting
discovery. Dropping a revolver into each of his hip
pockets and grasping his walking stick, he goes to the
area door and rings the bell as the clock strikes
nine. There is no response, but finding the door un-
locked he cautiously enters the house and gropes his
way through a long, dark passageway. He hears the
swish of a woman's skirts, he feels a gentle touch and
both his pistols are gone from his pockets. Through
a door which suddenly opens before him a dazzling
light shines in his face and he raises his hand to
shade his eyes; on the threshold the same man he
had seen at the window now confronts him and goes
through the same performance of passing his hand
over his eyes. He lends the way through the room,
up a flight of stairs and into the room above. On
the stairs he scrutinizes the detective's features and
mutter to himself, "Three times has he given the
signal, yet he should not be trusted." Then he con-
ducted the detective to an adjoining room and as the
latter entered, the detective's brilliant light
struck his eyes painfully and again he put up his
hand to shield them. The woman and two men, who
now faced him, immediately raised their hands to
their foreheads as though returning his salutation,
and he sees that in his motion to shade his eyes he
has unwittingly given the signal for which they were
looking, and that the mistake him of a fellow
conspirator. The two men are in full evening dress
and the white shoulders of the woman gleam above
her beautiful gown; all wear half masks. The de-
tective is asked if he has brought the correspondence.
He answers, "no." They ask, why? He says, "because
of the last moment I was thought unsafe to send
them so." They are suspicious and demand that he
tell them to trust no one who comes that night
as a messenger without a message. The two men
in front and Jackson, the nightcap man, from behind,
start for the detective while Madame raises one of
the pistols and takes deliberate aim at his head.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED.)

I HEARD the girl who had warned them
against me cry out for fear and mercy, and
saw her with a frantic effort throw her-
self against madame's white arm which held
the pistol pointed at my heart. Then, as
the bark of the pistol rang through the
place and the bullet missed me, I covered the
space which lay between me and the door, with
a violent effort wrenched it open, and before
madame could get a second aim or the others in-

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full of the real Christmas spirit and the inspiration of true love, strong, charmingly
told in Joseph F. Novak's best style and intensely interesting, was written especially
for COMFORT. It tells of a most remarkable wooing strangely begun under peculiar
circumstances. Irrepressible Cupid, who never misses an opportunity to get in his
work, gets himself into trouble by taking a mean advantage of Christmas festivities.
This fascinating story

WILL APPEAR COMPLETE IN DECEMBER COMFORT

our fine Christmas number, which will also give our readers a lot of other good things.
We shall soon start another splendid serial story in place of "Ruby's Reward," which
is near its end. We now have the best collection of short stories that we have ever
been able to obtain, all new, the can't-go-to-bed-till-you've-finished-reading kind; and
they are coming in COMFORT all through the winter and spring.

NOW IS THE TIME

to provide yourself with such things as you need for yourself or for comfort and con-
venience in your home or for Christmas presents, free, absolutely without cost and
with little effort, and at the same time get some spending money for Christmas, by
getting up a subscription club among your neighbors and entering our Grand Prize
Contest announced elsewhere in this paper.

Just in time now to enter for November cash prizes; 211 of them for November
which we shall pay on the 8th day of December.

This big November number is a good one to canvass with; show it to your friends
and tell them the many interesting features that COMFORT has every month, and
you will find it easy to get subscribers.

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November, 1911.

Comfort's Twenty-Fourth Birthday

A Greeting from our Publisher

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Here's a greeting to all and each
Right from the heart, and may it reach
To ev'ry home where Comfort goes,
From tropic Gulf to Arctic snows.
We know that you reciprocate
The greetings that, with heart elate,
We now to one and all convey
On Comfort's twenty-fourth birthday.

It seems but yesterday that we
Launched Comfort on life's troubled sea;
Though small the craft at first and frail
It bravely weathered ev'ry gale.
Today upon its voyage it starts
And anchors in six million hearts,
Each heart a harbor snug and warm
Where safe it rests from ev'ry storm

With eager eyes the millions wait
The Comfort ship, whose precious freight
Of inspiration and good cheer
Helps many a soul, from year to year,
To battle when the storms are rife,
And leads them to that higher life
Where night is lost in endless day
And songs of angels cheer the way.

In countless homes, from east to west,
Comfort's today an honored guest;
All recognize in it a friend,
Their champion to the bitter end,
Heart'ning the weak, guiding the strong,
Defending right, assailing wrong,
Instilling in each human breast
Love for the sick, poor and oppressed.

So let's join hands, friends tried and true;
Much of success we owe to you.
"Onward and upward" let us go
While bonds fraternal stronger grow.
For near a quarter century
We've worked in perfect unity
So heaven bless you all, we pray,
On Comfort's twenty-fourth birthday.

Thanksgivings Past and Present

WHEN President Taft turned down
the request of bankers throughout
the country and issued his pro-
clamation setting apart Thursday,
Nov. 30th, as the day to be de-
voted to prayer and Thanksgiv-
ing, he incidentally called attention to a peculiar
circumstance in connection with this festival
day. This condition arises only in those years
which have five Thursdays in November. In all
other years it is plain sailing for the president
—he has no choice, and simply follows precedent
in selecting the fourth or last Thursday of the
month. But this year there happen to be five
Thursdays. The bankers desired that the fourth
one be named as the holiday, arguing that if the
30th should be chosen the presence of a bank
holiday so closely preceding the opening of a new
calendar month would entail much unnecessary
work upon the banking fraternity and would ren-
der the preparation of their monthly reports
laborious. But the president was unable to
see it their way and consequently framed his
proclamation with the "last Thursday of Novem-
ber" as the basis of his appeal.

Contrary to generally accepted belief, Thank-
sgiving day is not a national holiday although
it is generally observed as such. The laws of
many of the states make Christmas, New Year's
day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Arbor day
and Labor day legal holidays. Thanksgiving is
the only one which is based upon Presidential
edict, and whatever may be the observance it
is more a matter of deference than duty. Almost
without exception the governors of the several
states follow in the lead of the president and call
upon the residents of their several common-
wealths to desist from labor on that day and
return their thanks for manifold blessings. But
there was one notable exception to this practice.
A number of years ago during the Cleveland
administration it happened that there was a
November which had five Thursdays—the same
as this year. President Cleveland issued a neat-
ly worded proclamation naming the fourth Thurs-
day as the day to be devoted to prayer. This
document falling under the eye of Governor
Sylvester Penneyer of Oregon, that executive
ever mindful of his burning hatred for the De-
mocratic president, remarked:

"I will show Mr. Cleveland that he
so many. Who is he that he should come along
and upset precedent and command us to worship
on any particular day. Thanksgiving should
be observed to be sure, but it should be the
last Thursday of November, as usual."

Thinking thus, Penneyer dipped his pen in
wormwood and affixed his signature calling upon
the people of the great state of Oregon to ob-
serve the last Thursday of November as Thank-
sgiving day. And thus it happened that during
that year the people of Oregon enjoyed the
unique distinction of observing two legally de-
clared Thanksgiving days. On the day named
by the President the post-offices and national
banks feasted, while on the day named by the
eccentric governor the state and county offices
and state banks closed their doors to all official
business. Governor Penneyer worked through-
out the president's Thanksgiving day and at
night made the remark which made him famous
for a brief time:

"Let the President attend to his own business
and I'll attend to mine."

ROCKEFELLOW'S WONDERFUL WIFE. — John
Rockefeller says that he "would be a poor man
today" if it had not been for his wife's "business
sagacity and clear insight into affairs." He has
followed her advice many times in business,
against his own judgment, and it has "invariably
proved the better," he says.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; a. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together; * indicates a repetition.

Christmas Presents Which Can be Easily Made

It is now only a few weeks to Christmas and the true significance of the fact begins to be realized by the many women who make all, or most of their gifts, and have not as yet, made a beginning.

Bags of one sort or another are as necessary to women as pockets are to men, so unique and useful ones for different purposes are sure to make pleasing presents.

Ribbons play an important part, this season in the manufacture of many very attractive little articles.

One of the newest bags, recently seen was a combination of plain and flowered ribbon, and to be more exact, it was really

Three Bags in One

Material required, one yard of plain satin face ribbon, thirty-two inches of fancy ribbon both of the same width and three yards of No. 2 ribbon for drawing strings.

Cut the plain ribbon in half, and make two bags of the same size, after which sew the fancy ribbon to the bottom and sides of each bag. This joins the two and also forms a third making an ideal work bag for a piece of choice embroidery, as this can be kept in the bag, proper, the silk for working in one of the smaller bags and scissors, thimble and needles in the other.

The manner in which the fancy ribbon is drawn together and fastened with a rosette bow, at the top is also a convenient feature, as it enables one to easily carry it on the arm. For any friend who delights in fancy work, no more useful gift could be selected.

Colonial Dame Bag

This is a charming little novelty in a work bag, and is specially attractive to carry on the arm if going to the sewing circle or out for the afternoon.

It can be made of either silk or any pretty soft cotton material, of which one will need a yard, also one half yard of ribbon four inches wide, one yard one-half inch in width, three yards of silk cord and a piece of stiff pasteboard.

First cut two circles of this seven inches in diameter cover one side of each circle with your material, allowing it about an inch larger all around, turn the edges over, glue down on the wrong side and place both circles under separate weights until dry.

In the meantime make a bag fifteen inches in length when finished and the width of the material or wide enough to go around the circle at least once and a half. This gives a little fullness.

Finish the top of the bag with running for the cord, gather the bottom, place between the two circles and sew all around with neat, closely set stitches.

Next dress the head and arms of a pretty bisque doll with a little bonnet decorated with a rosette of the narrow ribbon and tied under the chin; make sleeves to cover the arms and sew in place over the shoulders. Then make a little fichu of the four-inch ribbon, edging it all around with a pinked-out, inch-wide ruche of material used for bag, shirred through the middle.

Plait the center of the back, cross the fichu over the shoulder and catch in place in the front as shown. Run the drawing cords in the bag, and then both of them up through a hole which can be punched in the top of dolly's head.

To open the bag draw the head up on the cords, place the work in the bag and close. Our illustration shows both back and front of bag, so you can see just how the head is attached.

Shopping Bag

Marquissette was used to make this shopping bag which is embroidered in French knots. A glance at the illustration of this design will show how little work is needed in this style embroidery to produce a good effect. Roses are one of the favorite decorations, but single roses are more effective than the double variety. French knots are used entirely, ex-



FRENCH KNOT EMBROIDERED BAG.

cepting for the shading of the petals and center which is worked solidly.

The rose is outlined with black silk, and this is also used for the little dots which are surrounded by double rows of French knots in pink.

After the embroidery is finished seam up, line with white or a color and stitch in an oblong bottom. Work eyelet holes an inch from the top, through which the cord is run, and finish with a pair of bag gauges which can be purchased or made very easily of wood. They should measure two inches by a half inch and have two holes in each end, through which the cords are drawn.

Knitting Bags

Either of these bags are sure to be appreciated by grandmothers, aunts or in fact anyone

enough for a ball of wool to slip in easily. Bind the seams and attach a strip for hanging. This bag is only intended for holding the wool, which comes out through the small buttonholed eyelet in the center of the front.

Another very pretty idea in linen is a small



SILK KNITTING BAG.

bag of finest sheerest material, in dimensions about three by four inches and shaped, flaps and all, exactly like a tiny envelope. Hemstitch nicely all around and flower with tiny forget-me-nots. A long loop of wash ribbon is attached to this dainty affair, which is designed to hold the extra money which many women tuck away carelessly. This case fastens with a tiny pearl button and a loop, and is much preferable to a chamois bag as its cleanliness is assured.

A safety pin book is another little present easily made and acceptable to most ladies. It is simply a

good-sized needlebook, its covers likewise made of white linen or a bit of pretty silk, while its flannel or chamois leaves are filled with all sizes of the ever useful safety-pins, both black and white. Cover a band of elastic with shirred ribbon and attach to the back of the book, so it can easily be snapped on when not in use.

Pretty Hair Receiver

Cut two squares from pasteboard, each measuring five and one third inches. From the center of these squares cut out a square piece measuring two and one third inches, this will leave a frame of pasteboard about an inch and one half in width.

Cover one side of each piece of pasteboard with a layer of wadding and china silk, allowing the silk to extend well over each edge.

Make a bag of the silk seven or eight inches long. The back half of the bag is cut to form a point and the front half has a pointed piece cut out.

Take one of the pasteboard squares and sew or glue the bag around the wrong side of the inner edge, that is, the edge made by cutting out the inside square. Lay the silk in little plaits. Then put the wrong sides of the squares



FRENCH KNOT EMBROIDERY FOR MARQUISSETTE APRON.

who always has some unfinished piece of work on hand.

For the silk bag one will need two thirds of a yard of silk about twenty-two inches in width, and as such a bag is intended for use, a silk which will wear without showing soil too quickly, had better be chosen.

Fold the two selvages of the silk together, then seam up each end half way, measuring from the top down. Next turn in the selvage edge all around, make casing for drawing string and allowing for ruffle.

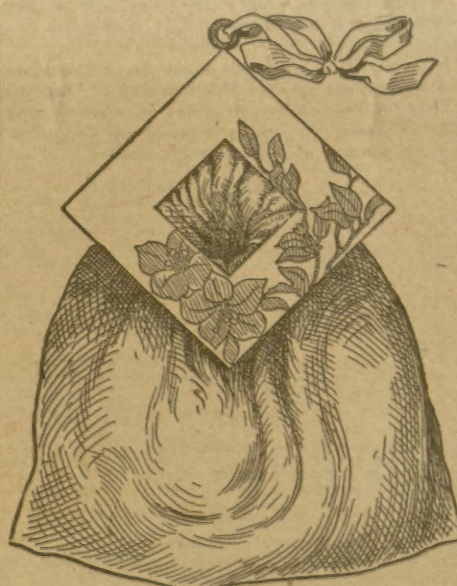
Crochet over two small brass rings with silk of a harmonizing shade, gather the open spaces left at each end, and finish by sewing to the rings, which should be large enough to allow for either steel or wooden knitting needles.

The next bag is made of linen, natural color outlined with silk, but could be made up in a variety of ways. Blue denim, which should first be washed to prevent crocking, outlined with white coronation braid is effective, or flowered cretonne with bindings of the predominant shade is very pretty and can be finished more quickly.

Cut two pieces of material shaped as shown, and one strip, on the straight an inch and one half in width. Join the two sides by this strip, leaving a space at the top sufficiently large

together and sew them over and over around the edges with silk of the same color.

This makes a pretty ornament to hang beside a dresser, and is a particularly good idea for a



HAIR RECEIVER.

hair receiver as the stiff squares at the top holds the bag open and yet its contents are out of sight.

Pincushions

New and unique ways of making these ever useful little articles are here illustrated. For the Ballet cushion, ribbon of three widths will be needed, twenty-four inches, three and one half inches wide, one yard an inch wide and five yards a half inch wide, one yard of white net, chiffon or a piece of lace four inches wide will also be needed.

First make a well-shaped leg and foot of unbleached cloth, fill solidly with bran. This should measure about ten or twelve inches from the top to the toe. Cover smoothly with the wide ribbon, seaming from the toe right up the back. Then from the ankle up half way, sew two rows of black boot buttons, and lace a piece of the narrowest ribbon back and forth finishing with a bow at the top, as shown.

Edge the material for the ruffle with one row of the inch ribbon and two of the narrow, equal spaces apart. Gather and sew in place, with a full rosette of ribbon leaving one loop longer for hanging. Pink, blue or yellow are prettier in carrying out this idea.

A Dainty Apron

This little apron of marquissette edged with cluny is made unusually attractive by the new French knot embroidery across the bottom. This is worked in rope silk in soft delicate shades, green being used for the stems and leaves, corn color, light green and white for the two wild carrots in the center, green shaded to white for the jelly stalk on the left, then on either side come red clover blossoms and leaves



MARQUISSETTE APRON WORK WITH FRENCH KNOT EMBROIDERY.

followed by small forget-me-not like flowers worked in pale blue and pink with yellow centers. The stems and leaves are simply run, not outlined, and the blossoms are solid masses of French knots. This work is very effective and showy and also has the advantage of being rapidly done.

Finish the top with a band of insertion, under which run the ribbon, making full rosette bows each side and long ends to tie.

This work is so simple other designs can easily be substituted; one of maiden-hair fern and violets is especially pretty for an older person, and the ribbons can help in one carrying out the color scheme by choosing them of the lighter shades of violet.

Fancy Ribbon Bag

An inexpensive bag well suited for a holiday gift can be easily made of two yards or less of ribbon, the quantity used determining simply the length of the bag.



FANCY RIBBON BAG. FIG. 1.

A yard of Nile green satin ribbon, five or six inches in width, and the same amount of ribbon of the same color, flowered or showing any attractive figure will make a very pretty bag. Cut each yard of ribbon in half. Sew the end of one piece of the figured ribbon to the side of the plain ribbon, then continue sewing the two sides together, next sew the end of plain ribbon to the side of the figured ribbon, continue placing an end of each piece of ribbon to the side of the next piece, always starting from the same point, see Fig. 2, which shows the bottom of the bag. Each pair of

double lines representing an end of ribbon. Sew a narrow ribbon around the top of the bag just at the base of the points, run in a ribbon for drawing and hem around the points.



BOTTOM OF BAG. FIG. 2.

A Few Words by the Editor

NEARLY three hundred years have come and gone since the first Thanksgiving day was celebrated on this continent. What a wonderful transformation and what marvelous changes have taken place since those old colonial days, when the Pilgrims landed in 1620 on the sandy coast of Cape Cod Bay.

To really appreciate this great day, the whole nation should be compelled to ponder over those first Thanksgivings on the wild New England shores, when the fragile seeds of this majestic nation were taking root in the new world to which God in his Providence had directed the little band of colonists, that they might escape from religious persecution and upon this mighty continent worship the Creator according to the dictates of their conscience, and raise up a nation in which the blessed principles of liberty and freedom were forever to hold sway and develop a magnificent land, a land which was to serve as the inspiration, guiding star and refuge of the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth.

Let us recall that first Thanksgiving, when our nation was in its infancy. Of the 102 immigrants that landed on Plymouth rock, the only rock for miles around on that desolate, sandy coast of Cape Cod Bay, in the winter of 1620, almost half perished ere another winter had set in. As we sit in our comfortable homes, heated with steam, furnace or stove, we cannot even faintly conceive or imagine what the remnants of that little band of adventurous souls must have suffered from destitution and the rigors of a climate which they were utterly unfitted to face.

The majority of the colonists were not used to hardships. Among them were many delicately nurtured men and women, totally unprepared either as to clothes or shelter, and deficient in physical resisting power to withstand the piercing blasts of a New England winter. And so death stalked among them and wrought fearful havoc. Can you imagine the feelings of these heroic souls, separated from their homes by thousands of miles of tempestuous waters, menaced by savages and starvation and racked by suffering and decimated by death?

The colonists erected two rows of huts to accommodate the nineteen families which made up the settlement, but, alas! within the first year, there were seven times more graves for the dead than there were houses for the living. In spite of their hardships and sufferings and the scourge of death, they came to the conclusion that they had so much to be thankful for, that they decided to set aside an "especial day on which to give special thanks for all their mercies." They talked the matter over, and decided as God had been so wonderfully good to them they would send out four men on a hunting expedition, so that they might have a grand feast, after they had gathered in their scanty harvest. Their crops consisted of Indian corn and barley. The great and good Governor Bradford remarks, "The peas were not worth gathering, as they were too late sown."

The four hunters returned with enough game to last the colonists for a week. Let us pause for a moment and think of those four hunters being able to supply the embryo American nation with food for seven days; pause also to contemplate the rather amusing fact that the entire colony, the germ of a mighty empire, had to wait patiently while four men went out into the woods to hunt for game for its dinner. Fortunately the forests abounded with deer and wild turkeys, and the waters swarmed with geese, ducks and brant.

On the first Thanksgiving day, Massasoit, the Indian chief, and nearly a hundred of his men were entertained and feasted by the colonists for three days. The Indians contributed five deer to the feast. The first Thanksgiving day was passed in religious devotion and the exercise of arms. So

gratifying and satisfying was the first Thanksgiving dinner in America, that when the next autumn came, a repetition of the feast was ordered by the governor to "solemnize a day of thanksgiving under the Lord."

During the summer following the arrival of these adventurous spirits, and while the first harvest planted on New England soil was still far from ripe, the entire supply of food was exhausted, and the head of the little colony one day was confronted by the horrifying fact that there remained but one pint of corn in the entire settlement. Terrible indeed was the condition of the early colonists at times. The loss of their little crop meant starvation, for game could not always be depended on.

In 1621 four men supplied the colony's Thanksgiving table. Today the observance of Thanksgiving day is nationwide and hundreds of trains will be rushed over thousands of miles of steel tracks, bringing fruit from California, wheat from the Northwest and vegetables from the South, game, poultry and goodies of all kinds from every corner of our broad land, to make glad the heart of man. What a wonderful change less than three hundred years have wrought, and do we feel as grateful as we ought to feel to those who did the pioneering work of our country? Today we live in comfort and in peace. We can retire at night without fear that Indians will remove our scalps during our slumbering hours, take us prisoners, or burn the roof over our heads. Today there is plenty of food for all who make an honest effort to get it; warm clothing, well lighted, well heated, comfortable homes, good schools, abundance of churches, and moral and religious influences that make for human betterment and national good.

The richest blessings we enjoy today we owe to those and other brave adventurers who founded the colonies from New England to Georgia, God-fearing souls, whose splendid qualities and sturdy manhood made this mighty nation possible. In time of famine, death and despair, they whined not nor complained, but found in the hour of adversity reasons for more abundant love and a more sublime faith even than in times of happiness and prosperity, and were devoutly grateful for such few blessings as they enjoyed.

Those who have had but small crops, and but little of the harvest to reap this year, before they complain had better compare the conditions existing now with the fall of 1621. If they do they will no longer complain. Adversity is the test of true manhood and true gratitude. It is the acid test which tells us which is dross and which is gold, which real and which imitation. God tried our forefathers with the acid test of adversity that burned deep into their heroic souls, and the deeper it went the purer it revealed the metal of true manhood. The real man is never crushed by misfortune or embittered by failure, but rises above them strengthened, refined and ennobled.

The storm and tempest clear the atmosphere, and bring new life to man and nature, and it is the storm cloud of adversity that purifies and sweetens the man, who in health and prosperity revels in luxury and high living, neglects his better self and forgets his God.

To one man who is killed by adversity, a hundred are killed by prosperity, for adversity strengthens the fiber of our manhood, while prosperity and its handmaid luxury relax and weaken it.

An old legend tells of two angels that were sent with baskets down to earth. One, the Angel of Request, returned to heaven with a full basket, the other, the Angel of Thanksgiving, returned with an almost empty basket. God must be weary of the cries and pleadings for help and assistance that waft heavenward in an endless stream every hour of the day, but, alas! how scanty are the puny paeans of thankfulness for

favors received that reach the mercy seat above. Of ten lepers who were healed only one, you will remember, returned to give thanks. Most of us are like the lepers; we ask for blessings and we cry for help, relief and deliverance in time of trouble, but when the blessings we sought are vouchsafed us, we act the ingrate and return no thanks for them.

On Thanksgiving day, we should imitate the grand old Pilgrims. We should of course return thanks for our blessings, but we should put aside the thought of mere material things for once, and rising to loftier heights, thank God for the trials and tribulations that drew us nearer to Him, and tried the metal of our characters, the loyalty of our hearts, the purity of our souls; chastened, refined and sent us on our way strengthened and refreshed, to battle bravely for the uplift of the race and the perpetuation of those Christian virtues and lofty ideals of honor, honesty and patriotism, which were bequeathed to us by all the founders of our republic and especially celebrated by the devoted little band of men and women who participated in the first Thanksgiving ever held in our beloved land.

But now the United States is being flooded with millions of undesirable immigrants, and the ignorant, unwashed, semi-barbarous hordes of Southeastern Europe and the very dregs of the depraved population of Asia, are being dumped upon our shores, men and women who have no knowledge of our language or history, nor appreciation of our institutions and national aspirations, and with no desire to adopt them, a class of immigration that it will be almost, if not quite impossible for us to assimilate, and that is lowering the tone of our national life, contaminating and befouling, and which threatens to overwhelm if not destroy the splendid type of genuine American that originated at Plymouth Rock and Jamestown, the type that gave us Washington, Adams, Webster, Clay, Grant, Lee, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and scores more of great and noble souls, that have led in thought and action in the founding and upbuilding of the nation. Their debased moral and social proclivities are racial, inborn and handed down through the ages as a part of their very nature which appears to have become unalterably fixed and persistent from generation to generation, so that they are and remain in every respect foreigners among us all their lives, and not only they but their children and their children's children after them. Most lamentable is this true of the Asiatics and especially the Hindus, the Malays, the Tartars, the Chinese and the Japs. The murderous Black Hand society of Italy, the Nihilist assassins of Russia and the anarchist "Tongs" of China have not only gained a foothold in America and are carrying on their deadly work in our midst, but they have become so strongly and effectively organized that in New York, Chicago and other of our large cities they have become a terror which the law and the authorities appear unable to suppress. It behooves us as a people to study our present situation in the light of our country's history, to stand in spirit by the shrines of our race that were first planted at Jamestown in the South and at Plymouth Rock in the North, and as we admire the sturdy virtues and simple God-fearing lives of our forefathers, to insist that our land which they loved and our institutions which they founded shall not be overwhelmed by a deluge of degraded, vicious or criminal immigrants, that the old American ideas and ideals shall forever dominate our country; and let every Thanksgiving remind us that our national life can be kept clean and pure so long, only, as we exhibit individually and collectively the same examples of fortitude, patience, heroism and godliness as was shown by those who participated in the first Thanksgiving in 1621.

Comfort's Editor.

The Great Temperance Battle in Maine

By W. H. Gannett

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GOOD temperance people the world over were shocked, as by a calamity to the cause, when, on September 12, the day after election, they read the report that the people of Maine had voted by a majority of 1500 to take out of their state constitution the amendment which prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

It seemed a stunning blow that Maine, where prohibition of the liquor traffic was born, should repudiate it after having given it more than half a century's trial.

But the discovery of errors in the returns left the result in doubt for some weeks, and a final recount on corrected returns seems to give prohibition a majority of about 700 votes. How narrow and insignificant is this margin is apparent when it is known that 122,000 votes were cast and that the majority was but little more than one half of one per cent. of the total vote.

The extreme narrowness of this margin has a large and sinister significance when the 700 majority by which prohibition is barely saved in 1911 is compared with the overwhelming majority of 45,000 which put it into the constitution in 1854.

This betrays a most astonishing change in public sentiment in the last twenty-seven years which, if continued at the same ratio in the future, will soon give a substantial majority against prohibition in Maine.

It is indeed a deplorable condition and a discouraging prospect. But the temperance people who advocate prohibition as one of the greatest aids to temperance must bravely face the situation, try to discover what has brought it about, find out wherein they have been weak, and then, after setting their own house in order, fight shoulder to shoulder to overcome the difficulty and lead public sentiment again in the right direction.

To this end a brief review of the history of the temperance movement and of prohibitory legislation is interesting and illuminating.

In 1840 the American people awoke to a realizing sense of the enormous evil of intemperance and a great reform movement led by the Washingtonians, the national temperance society of that time, swept over the country and with the fervor of a mighty moral revival aroused the conscience of the nation and stirred men to action in every city, town and hamlet. Through its length and breadth the land rang with the eloquence of John B. Gough and hundreds of other lecturers who devoted their talents to promoting the cause; where reform clubs were organized, and hundreds of thousands of men forsake the wine cup, took the total abstinence pledge and became enthusiastic supporters of the movement.

The appeal was to the conscience, pride and dignity that is in man to arouse him to be a man in duty to God and for the sake of himself and his family. Every pulpit preached it and every Sunday school circulated the pledge.

As Maine is the first of the states to welcome the morning star rising from the broad Atlantic to usher in the dawn, so the star emblazoned on her flag and coat of arms over her imperious motto, *Dirigo* (I direct) has led, not only the galaxy of the Union but the world at large, in the great movement for legal suppression of the liquor traffic.

Therefore the recent desperate effort to induce the people of Maine to repudiate prohibition after it had been the settled policy of the state for more than half a century has attracted world-wide attention and aroused universal interest in the result.

At the special state election held on the eleventh day of last September for the purpose of deciding the question, prohibition was saved by a margin so small as to be little less humiliating than defeat to the friends of temperance.

Why has the majority in favor of constitutional prohibition in Maine dwindled from 45,000 to about 700? This question demands serious consideration.

A revolution in public sentiment was in progress which already bore fruit in a marked diminution of drunkenness and promised a great and permanent reform.

Under these encouraging conditions Neal Dow of Portland Maine, the father of prohibition, conceived the idea that for the success and final triumph of the moral movement it was necessary to have a law to banish the saloon by prohibiting the sale of liquor, and so began the agitation in favor of prohibitory legislation. It seemed a plausible theory that a law to abolish liquor selling might work a complete solution of the liquor problem by removing temptation from those who wished to reform and by depriving those who revelled in drunkenness of the means of gratifying their depraved desire. Men were to be made moral by law in spite of themselves.

And so in 1853 the legislature of Maine was prevailed on to enact the first prohibitory liquor law; but it proved unsatisfactory and was soon repealed.

In 1857, however, the Maine legislature passed a much more stringent and effective prohibitory law which has remained in force to the present time, and nearly every legislature that has since assembled in this state has added some amendment to strengthen the original statute, so that the Maine prohibitory liquor law has become one of the most complete and powerful pieces of legal machinery in the world, and it has been so for years.

Anyone not familiar with the actual conditions naturally jumps at the conclusion that under such an ideal law Maine must be practically free from saloons and exempt from the nuisance of the liquor traffic. But the deplorable fact is otherwise.

There are and always have been hundreds of places in Maine publicly known to be carrying on the liquor business in defiance of law. Their number, their exact locations and the names of their proprietors appear on the public records of the U. S. Internal Revenue Depart-

ment and can be seen at the Collector's office in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. These are the records of the retail liquor dealer's taxes which are paid annually to the federal government which, though taxing the liquor business, does not license or protect it against state prohibitory laws. The records of these taxes are legal evidence to convict the persons who pay them of crime punishable by fine and imprisonment under the Maine prohibitory law. And yet these unlawful rum shops do business and flourish year after year in Maine.

Some of them are the rottenest kind of dives and kitchen barrooms conducted with more or less attempt at secrecy; others are public saloons with well-stocked bars and expert bar-tenders capable of serving fancy mixed drinks; still others are hotel bars, and besides all these many of the drug-stores do a thriving liquor business.

Please understand that this condition does not prevail all over the state, for in the small towns and farming communities there is practically no liquor selling, while there is more or less of it in most of the larger towns and much of it in all the cities. But even in the cities the extent of the liquor business and the openness with which it is conducted varies largely according to locality and from time to time according to the political situation and the character of the officers having charge of the enforcement of the law.

Naturally you wonder how such a condition can exist under a law which, if honestly enforced, would soon put every rumrunner in the state in jail.

It is in part due to official graft, but mostly to the rumrunners' corrupting political influence and public indifference to the evil.

Thus in Bangor, under what is known as the "Bangor plan" of periodically fining the rumrunners a sum equivalent to a moderate license fee, the saloons and barrooms have run as wide open and publicly as in New York or Chicago.

In Portland, the largest city in the state, Sheriff Pennell publicly announced, in substance, that instead of attempting to enforce the law with a view to suppressing the liquor traffic he should regulate it according to his own ideas of what was for the best interests of the community, and on this platform of non-enforcement and contemptuous nullification of the law he was twice re-elected to office by large majorities, showing a nullification which contained a seventh of the population and represented a fifth of the wealth of the state was in favor of liquor selling in spite of the law.

Governor Cobb, believing that the example of the two largest counties in arrogating to themselves the power to refuse to enforce the laws of the state was too demoralizing and dangerous to go unchecked and unreformed, prevailed on the legislature to pass the so-called Sturgis law giving him power to appoint special state officers to enforce the liquor law in any counties in which the sheriffs refused or neglected their duties in this behalf. This law was unpopular from the start as an infringement of the principle of local self-government which is the cornerstone of the New England system. The people resented the placing of officers appointed by the governor over the sheriffs, constables and police elected by themselves, and in some places this spirit manifested itself in resistance and non-violence against the governor's officers. Last winter the legislature repealed this obnoxious "Sturgis" law after five years of fruitless effort by two governors had demonstrated its inefficiency as a means of attack on the liquor traffic in the cities for which it was designed and in which it had been applied.

As might be expected the contemptuous non-enforcement of the prohibitory law in the cities has brought the law itself into disfavor with many good people, and this feeling has found expression in the movement in favor of "resubmission" which began a dozen years ago and gained strength until it culminated in the special election of last September.

A brief explanation of "resubmission" is due. As I have stated, the present liquor law was enacted in 1857, but later on the temperance leaders began a move to put prohibition into the state constitution, and this was finally accomplished in 1884, when the proposition was carried by a popular majority of 45,000. So long as prohibition remains in the constitution the legislature cannot enact a license law. The condition of things in the cities led many people to advocate a license law, or rather a local option law, as the best solution of the liquor problem on the ground, as they claimed, that prohibition had proved a dismal failure and instead of preventing the sale of liquor in the cities had produced a spirit of lawlessness, and therefore it would be in the interest of temperance and good morals to hold the liquor traffic under strict control by licensing it in such sections of the state as refused to accept and enforce prohibition. As an

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

VERY frequently a sister will write me referring to some particular letter which has appeared in our corner on the treatment of lung trouble, stating that either they or a member of their family are afflicted with tuberculosis, and asking me to send them a copy of such letter as they have loaned their COMFORT or otherwise disposed of it.

And as six such requests lay before me, I realize that among our sisters, there are many who would be glad of any information that may be extended to them and will supplement the very excellent letters already published with the following:

The early recognition that tuberculosis is present and the beginning of proper treatment with the least possible loss of time, living in and breathing pure fresh, out-door air, abundant rest and eating and digesting an abundance of good nourishing food, are the things one can do for themselves and are of prime importance.

If you feel "run down" and weaker than usual, if you are losing weight, if you have a cough that has lasted weeks, and if particularly noticeable mornings and after eating, if what you spit up is streaked with blood, a slight increase in temperature in the afternoon, or you have night sweats there is reason to believe that tuberculosis is present, while hemorrhages of the lungs make it almost a certainty, and it is at this time that you should put yourself under the care of a trustworthy physician, as the loss of a few weeks of time in beginning the proper treatment may mean that it will take months or years longer to effect a cure. Do not wait for marked symptoms.

Often the first sample of sputum will show no bacillus of tuberculosis, which is no proof that the disease is not present, and a dozen or more samples may be examined before it is found.

Do not trust to patent medicines prescribed by friends, for many contain opiates which spoil the appetite, lock up the secretions, and lead to constipation and other conditions which retard recovery.

Too much exercise tends to raise the temperature, to spoil the appetite, and to bring on bleeding from the lungs. Exercise which elevates the temperature is dangerous, and again, when the temperature is much higher than it should be, exercise is always harmful. Tuberculosis patients generally when they first call for medical advice, need rest. If the temperature reaches 100, they must have absolute rest; if 101 or over, the place for them is in bed with abundance of fresh air, until the temperature comes down to normal and has remained there a week or more, then guided by pulse and temperature, exercise may cautiously begin and gradually be increased. Some tuberculous persons, it is true, when forced to continue work, recover their health in spite of work, if they can command the other requisite conditions. With others recovery is absolutely impossible without prolonged rest.

An essential part of the "cure" is fresh air all the time—sleeping out doors or in a screened porch or in a room with wide open windows. Even in winter this is entirely practicable and safe after a brief period of breaking in. Night robes and bed coverings which suffice to keep the patient comfortable must be provided. Through the day the "air cure" should be taken in the open, resting in a hammock or reclining chair. Comfort is essential to favorable progress. Even if comfort must be sought in winter in the garb of the Esquimaux, compensation for the inconvenience comes from the fact that recovery from tuberculosis, under properly arranged conditions, is more rapid in winter than in milder weather.

An abundance of nutritious food in variety, prepared in appetizing ways, is a requisite to speedy recovery. Good, plain, nourishing food should predominate—milk, eggs, meat, fish, butter, cream and other fats, bread, vegetables, fruits and sugar or sweet dishes in moderation.

If good clean milk from presumably healthy cows can be had it is better for the main part of it to be taken raw. Fresh raw milk aids in the digestion of other foods when it is taken with them. There appears to be reason to believe that milk suffers some loss of desirable qualities, as eggs do, in the process of cooking. Milk should be considered a food and not a mere beverage.

Eggs, bulk for bulk, have a greater nutritive value than milk, but they are not so easily digested. By far the best way to take them, after they have been broken into a cup or glass, is to swallow them whole. Thus swallowed, without beating or admixing with anything else, they have but little taste, may usually be taken for long periods of time without protest from the stomach, and they appear to do more good than when otherwise taken. Egg-nog is appetizing and may be taken occasionally, but sweetened preparations will be pretty sure to upset the stomach if taken too frequently.

Good, thinly sliced bacon, fried until it is nearly crisp, is one of the best of foods for tuberculous persons. Further, a moderate quantity of the fat is a help in the digestion of other foods.

As food, alcoholic preparations, malted, vinous, or distilled, are worse than useless. As food or remedial agents they are now allowed in but very few of the sanatoriums for the treatment of persons with tuberculosis.—Ed.

HAPPY GREETINGS TO MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE COMFORT SISTERS!

I've just read Mrs. Lowe's letter and your answer in the September number so am moved to ask for permission to have a little "say so," too. I'll try to be as brief as I can, but somehow brevity seems to have been left out in my mental composition. I endorse every word, so can't say anything to make that fact more forcible.

I wish to call attention to another evil worm in the bud of morals; and that is the impure scenes presented to the minds of the youths in the moving picture shows, which I believe is more forcible than ideas received from the careless styles of expression in much of the present day literature. It is useless for me to endeavor to hold forth much on the subject; I'll leave it for those who have the gift of expression. "The pen of the ready writer," so state plain facts.

I noticed the other day that a film manufacturer aims to boost his affairs by the infamous notoriety of Benlah Binford! Now, I only read enough of such to catch the idea, then pass it by, so I think it rests upon all women who desire a higher plane of morals to denounce all such and cry out against the patronizing of any such shows.

All women haven't suffrage, yet they have the power of expressing their ideas with the privilege of staying away from any show that has a tendency to lower the standard of morals. Public opinion is a mighty factor, therefore if the pocketbook is depleted the showmen will conclude to drop all such. The question may arise, do I practice my preaching? I certainly do. As I needed to be trying to be doing something, the moving picture business presented itself. I sent for particulars, etc. I wrote for films without certain pictures. The answer was "no." Well, that is the nearest that I ever got into a picture show. If I can't make anything without pandering to the low, vicious instinct I'll do without, however, I suppose now one might do better.

As there is strength in union, I wish we could form a club to denounce with vehemence any and everything that has a tendency to pull down the high moral standards of decency.

Why some of the present styles are really and truly indecent, say anyone knows that anything indecent has an immoral effect. Do I admire styles? Yes, as long as they are within the bounds of reason and are becoming. Good sense ought to rule.

Our forefathers fought for freedom, now I think we ought to fight for fashion. I could write and write and the half wouldn't be told. What is the use? All of you see these things, all of you feel it.

One more item. I and others have received a letter purporting to be an "Ancient" instructing us to copy, some say to mine, mine said five others, then inclose ten cents to "Olive Clark, Lilletown, Ky., whom we have appointed to receive, etc." "I'll be instructed as to what to do with it." It is "For a great good work," etc., etc., and so on. Previously it is stated, that "it is said in Jerusalem that he who will not copy," etc. "will meet with misfortune, etc." vice versa. "On the fifth day of the fifth month be delivered from all calamity. Experience great joy," etc. Anyone that has ever received one will recall the rest. Now I call upon Olive Clark to rise and explain it "no," are to do so much it is only fair that "we" are somewhat informed. Well, I did not comply, if I "cast any bread upon the waters," etc., I like to see or feel the moisture a little bit. What do any or all of you think of such and can anyone locate Olive Clark?

With all love and good wishes, I am yours truly, Mrs. MAGGIE A. REESE, Winfield, Box 114, Ala.

Mrs. Reese.—Thanks for your stand against demoralizing moving pictures which is in accord with the views expressed in COMFORT's editorial last year on the Johnson-Jeffries prize fight, and in order that such of the sisters as have not read of this notorious Benlah Binford may appreciate the force of your remarks, I will explain briefly about her. Last June, Henry Clay Beattie, a son of one of Virginia's wealthy and aristocratic families, took his lovely young bride of less than a year out in his automobile to a lonely piece of country road where she was cruelly shot to death. He was accused of having killed her with his own hand, and the jury which tried him in September found him guilty of deliberate and cold-blooded murder and the judge sentenced him to pay the forfeit of his life this November for the atrocious crime which has shocked the entire country. The first anniversary of his wedding day occurred during his trial.

It was charged that he committed the murder because of his unholly love of Benlah Binford, and much of the testimony was directed to proving his immoral relations with her, which appear to have been of such a nature as to indicate in her a depravity but little, if any, less than his. During the long trial she was kept in jail with the expectation that she might be called as a witness, or even be tried herself, for instigating or participating in the murder.

Because of her disgraceful notoriety thus acquired a theatrical manager sought to engage her to perform on the stage, but the public outcry against such a shame, and especially the strong denunciation of the women throughout the land prevented its accomplishment; nevertheless we read in the papers that directly after her release from jail she was posing for a moving picture artist.

COMFORT calls on the women, and especially the wives and mothers of America, to lead in a movement to clean up the moving picture shows and to prevent the public exhibition of pictures of woman known to the public only through the scandal which connects her name with a murder trial and exhibits her in the character of one reputed to have outraged decency and disgraced womanhood.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was pleased to see my letter in print and hope it may be the means of helping someone to health. You seemed desirous to know the treatment I am taking, so will endeavor to give a brief statement of it.

To begin with, I live an outdoor life. I have a tent-house built on a southeastern slope. The spot is considerably higher in elevation than our home. Besides, our house is surrounded by orchards, which in fall when the leaves commence to decay make the air very impure.

If any of the sisters do not know what a tent-house is, I will describe one. Mine is a neat little building, twelve by fourteen feet square, and ten feet from floor to ceiling. The floor is of wall of colored lumber is built up from the floor. Then nailed to this wall and reaching to the roof is common screen, or fly netting. Over this netting outside is unbleached sheeting that is fixed to let up or down at will. The floor to keep it sanitary is painted. I clean it with water and disinfectant every other day. I use rugs that can be thoroughly cleaned and aired daily. The bed is a white iron, single bed (which is always to be preferred in illness), I use no bedding but light linen and coverings that can be kept perfectly sanitary.

I am very particular as to the diet and bathing, which are two very important essentials to health in this malady "white plague." On arising in the morning I first take a warm sponge bath, then immediately following this a cold saline bath. I throw this latter over face, neck, chest and back between shoulder blades. I then follow this delightful, refreshing bath with a brisk rubbing. I rub until the skin is all aglow, then wear thin wool in hot weather, exchanging it for heavier in cold weather. I never remove wool from next my skin. I sleep in night robes of heavy, soft dannel, using a clean one each night, the clothes worn during the day should always be removed and thoroughly aired, and the reverse is also true. Whenever possible this airing should be done in the sunshine and open air. I take a warm bath just before retiring also. I believe it proves quite beneficial to the health, just so it does not act debilitating. In my case it helps wonderfully.

The hands, nails, hair, and the teeth in particular should be kept perfectly clean. I use peroxide to cleanse teeth, mouth, throat, etc., immaculate cleanliness must positively prevail at all times, for filthy teeth and bodies not only retard the patient's recovery, but help to spread the disease as well. I am not on any special diet now. I took eggs and milk for a while, but they disagreed with me, so I take the same as an individual in health, trying to have the diet consist of cornstarch, cream, toast, cocoa, tender meats and things containing flesh-producing properties. It is not fat that we want, but good, healthy flesh. I have gained seven pounds in the last three weeks, so I think my outdoor life is pleasantly agreeable, and a regular crank on fresh air. I dislike to be indoors at all lately.

I have a heater in my house and when it rains, I build a little fire, to keep everything dry. Never get over tired, or cold, for that may change the

The Perfect Soda Cracker

Uneeda Biscuit are the perfect soda crackers. The flour used must meet a perfect test. The very purity of the water is made doubly sure. Even the air in the mixing and bake rooms is filtered. The temperature and humidity of the atmosphere is accurately regulated to a uniform degree. The sponge is kneaded by polished paddles. The baking is done in the cleanest of modern ovens. Then Uneeda Biscuit are packed fresh in the purple and white package that keeps them crisp and good from oven to table. Is it any wonder that

Uneeda Biscuit are recognized as the National Soda Cracker?

5c

In the moisture-proof package

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case from a favorable to an unfavorable one. In the morning after dressing I take physical culture for ten minutes; when I commenced it I could not take over two minutes' exercise without great difficulty, and shortness of breath. I am gradually increasing the length of time as you will notice. I practice nothing but deep breathing for two moments. I use a lung developer for that. The other time I engage in chest, shoulder, back, and hip exercises. An hour afterwards I eat a light breakfast, then sit in an easy chair and engage myself at fancy work, reading or the like. The tent is cleaned nicely and all the laps up night and day, only when it is very stormy.

I could talk on this subject for a week I actually believe.

I am twenty-two years old, dark wavy hair, fair complexion, light blue eyes, weigh one hundred and thirty-four pounds.

I remain your sister, RUBY SHARP, Vancouver, B. C., Wash.

Miss Sharp.—I appreciate very much your clear, intelligent letter regarding the treatment which you are giving yourself for lung trouble. You most certainly are on the right track and your letter is also a good guide in preventing contagion of any disease. It takes considerable courage and perseverance to carry out a systematic course of treatment for months at a time and I admire one that can do it. I sincerely hope that each day brings you nearer to a complete recovery, and we are interested and want to hear from you again.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have a few moments to spare, so I thought I would write a word or two to the Sisters' Corner. I don't know anything about goats besides what has already been said, except that their milk is certainly fine for what was brought up on it, and it agreed with me I suppose, for I was always large and strong. Am twenty years old and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, so I can't say goat's milk did not agree with me.

I am giving a table in equivalent of weight in measure which I think will help some sister in canning and baking. I know they help me many and many a time when I am in doubt as to just how much to use and have no measure or scales, so I will gladly pass it along.

I would love to hear from any of the sisters. I have a fine table in equivalent of weight in measure and am five feet six inches tall, so you see I am not one of the baby-doll type. I am the mother of two children, both girls, age five and two years. I was married at fourteen years of age and have never regretted it once. I remain,

MRS. JAMES CARMAN, Blue Island, Gen. Del., Ill.

COMFORT FRIENDS AND SISTERS:

Mother and I have read COMFORT twenty-one years, and as I am twenty-one years old you see COMFORT and I grew up together and I think a great deal of it. I would be pleased if some of the sisters would write to me and very glad to receive calico pieces for a quilt.

I have a baby girl seven months old; she is such a darling and has the bluest eyes and the dearest little red head in the world. Some people decry red hair (but I adore it).

Best wishes to COMFORT, MRS. BEATRICE FARRELL, Hemstead, Long Island, New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you admit a young California COMFORT reader into your happy circle? I have taken COMFORT several years and I like it better than any other magazine we take.

I am eighteen, have brown hair, blue eyes, and a light complexion. I weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds.

I want to advise a few mothers. Never say you wish you had no children, when the little ones aggravate you. A woman once became angry at her little daughter and said, "I wish I didn't have any children!" A few days later, an epidemic of scarlet fever entered the town and the woman's three children had gray eyes, brown hair, and the dearest little red head in the world. Some people decry red hair (but I adore it).

All at once it came back to her—the words she had said and her heart was broken. She pined for her little ones until she became insane. Not long ago I heard of her dying in an insane asylum. Maybe it was better so, for she had gone to join her children in the land where no sorrow enters. She was a young mother, only twenty-one years of age; and a beautiful lady.

May God bless dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters. Love and best wishes, MISS LEONA DARE, Fresno, Cal. Del. Cal.

TO OUR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

My last letter was received so kindly that I venture to write again. Despite the fact that I am a New Yorker I received several letters from the sisters.

I notice how many sisters are looking for babies to adopt. Let me tell you about the New York Foundling Asylum. Mothers willing to act as nurses are taken in with their infants; yet there is a room and a tiny bed therein. It is in this bed that the unwelcome babe is laid; no questions are asked; there is no one in sight, yet there is a watchful one waiting for the mother or the one who puts the child in the bed to leave, then she will appear and carry the child to the nurses where it is sheltered until some yearning mother's heart adopts it. Often the person concealed will leave the child in the bed an hour in the hope that the departed mother will regret and return for the babe, for once it leaves that bed it is lost among the many other foundlings. Sometimes it happens that the poor, erring mother will return and snatch the babe to her breast and hurry away out into the streets of big New York to suffer for its sake, only our God knows what.

I wish that all the empty, aching mothers' hearts hungry for baby lips to press could witness some of the scenes—how willingly the poor creature standing beside the waiting bed with the little mite of humanity, child of shame, in her arms, how willingly would she, though with a breaking heart, give her babe into their keeping, for she, poor child mother, cannot face the world with it and even if she could, she could not work—earn a living for both and keep it. No, she must give it up and she tenderly lays it in the bed only to snatch it to her breaking heart again to weep over it and finally to lay it down again and go forth alone. These poor creatures are not always to blame.

There are no end of asylums and homes where children can be had for adoption. One has only to prove to the world properly for them. Some one would, I suppose, have to appear in person to claim the babe, for a child could not be sent away alone, so if the sisters want to adopt babies and are willing to come to Brooklyn or New York for them, I can give them the address of these places and they could communicate with those in charge.

When I said I received quite a few letters from the sisters despite the fact that I am a New Yorker, I regret to say not a few think us—look upon us—as highwaymen.

My previous letter mentioning some of the large buildings and attractions of New York I hope would not impress anyone enough to think of leaving their country homes for the sights of New York. Far be it from me—for it is indeed a very, very dull place when one's heart is lonely. I love the country so much that I moved to the suburbs. I composed the following lines while in the city:

How I long for the hills, for the rocks and the rills,
For the cliff and the woodland glade,
And the water's fall that seems like the call
Of a fond lover to a maid.
It seems to say, "come do not stay
Away, thou hast been too long."
And I force back a tear as I turn a deaf ear,
To the sound of the water's song.
How oft have I sat on the sand-pebbled beach,
And watched the boats go by,
And saw the sun sinking in the west
And its glory illumining the sky.
And the nightingales' song on the breezes borne,
It seems to sing to me,
Where'er I roam it is home sweet home,
In the woods or by the sea.

I wish Mrs. Wilkinson would tell me if there is any merit to that poem. I would not dare ask Uncle Charlie.

In conclusion I would say that I would be lost without COMFORT.

MRS. FRANK McCaffrey, Hempstead, L. I., R. R. 3, New York.

Mrs. McCaffrey.—"A Song of the Heart," that yearns for the sweet and holy is what I shall name your poem, for it speaks of harmony of thoughts and a love for nature's liberty and life. Uncle Charlie I am quite sure would agree with me, and how I wish that he, poor fellow, could live by "the rocks and the rills" and listen to the music of the "water's fall."

I hope that the young people especially will profit by what you say regarding the dullness of the large city, for there is no loneliness to compare with being one of a surging mass of humanity, where, whichever way you turn, 'tis only the indifferent, disinterested glance you meet, no matter how heavy the heart or how aching the body, no friendly hand greets you, for all are strangers.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

CHAPTER I.

By Charles Garvice

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It was a stormy evening in March; heavy rain was falling. The silence and solitude of a deep valley, lying between a high and rugged range of hills, was broken only by the screeching of gulls, and by the figure of a man, who moved about the hillside in a stooping attitude, examining the ground closely as he went, and occasionally slipping into his pocket fragments that he picked up or extracted with a small trowel. In face and figure he was utterly incongruous with the scene; and he moved stealthily, glancing about him cautiously, as if he did not wish to be seen. Suddenly he started and hastily concealed himself behind a huge boulder, for on the crest of the hill appeared a small figure, mounted astride on an Exmoor pony, which came full pelt down the steep slope, and only pulled up at the brink of the swollen stream which tore zigzag through the valley. With a little laugh, the rider put the pony at it; and they went on down the valley, picking their way between the boulders, and sometimes leaping them, until, with the turn of a hill, they came in sight of what must once have been a substantial mansion.

The rusty iron gates and grass-grown drive were in keeping with the dilapidated condition of the house, which not even its mantle of ivy could conceal. The open door was paintless, a shutter hung by one hinge, some portions of the coping of two of the chimneys were lying upon the roof. But for a light in one of the down-stair windows it might long since have been a dead end.

As the rider came in sight of the house, the rider shifted her position to side-saddle; she was a girl. A girl of barely seventeen, yet she moved and bore herself like one of twenty. She was extremely pretty, with short, dark, curly hair, and brilliant gray eyes, full of resolution; indeed her face and form were more like that of a handsome well-built boy, and she moved with a boy's lithe grace as she led the pony to the tumble-down stable, and carefully dried and fed it.

Entering the house by the back door, she looked into the huge kitchen, and said, in a strangely deep contralto:

"Has father come in, Martha?"

A middle-aged woman turned from the fire and answered:

"Yes, Miss Nora, he's in the library. Lawks! How wet you are! Do'ee go up and change at once, now."

"All right," said Nora, laughing, as she shook her dripping skirt. "We had to swim the river—it has risen tremendously. I'll go up presently; but I must see father first."

Disregarding Martha's adjurations she crossed the large, but dingy hall, and entering the library on tiptoe, put her arm round her father's neck. He was asleep before the fire; and he started up with an air of confusion.

Reginald Ryall was a strange contrast to his daughter. In her the strength she derived from a Scotch mother might be seen in every feature, and movement; while the weakness of his face was accentuated by his extreme fairness. He was little more than middle-aged; but his blue eyes were uncertain and wavering, and a foolish, deprecatory smile seemed always hovering about his loose lips. As usual, this weakness was accompanied by an inordinate pride; the Ryalls were one of the best families in the county, though every acre of their land was mortgaged, and their ancestral home almost in ruins.

From almost as long as she could remember Nora had managed the estate, the house, and herself. Young as she was, there were few better judges of a horse or a heifer, and she was almost as strong as her devoted henchman, Ned the farm-boy. Nora seemed to get wet, she simply shook it; her skirts were abnormally short, her riding boots of the most workmanlike description, and her usual headgear a rough, home-knitted tam-o'-shanter.

"Where have you been, Nora?" asked Ryall, peevishly. "You've been away all day, and it's precious lonely here; besides there were ever so many things I wanted to speak to you about."

"I have been over to Nelsworthy, father, with the steers," she said, cheerfully; she was gentle and long-suffering, even with this foolish father of hers.

"Oh," he said, "I suppose you sold them at a precious bad price?"

"Well, not so much as I expected. Cattle are low."

"Then why didn't you let Ned bring them back?" grumbled Ryall.

"We wanted the money too badly," she said, shaking her curly head. "We're behindhand now with the interest; we shall have to be very careful this quarter, for Mitchell's bill becomes due."

"Careful! Bill! I'm sick of the words," he said. "One might just as well be dead as go on living in this fashion; one dreary, unending round of debts and difficulties, without any break."

"Why, father, it's scarcely a month since you were in London," said Nora, laughing.

"Fraid I shall have to go up again," he said, shuffling one foot, and lowering his eyes.

"Oh, will you, my dear?" said Nora in dismay. "Must you really?"

"Yes," he said. "I have business there, business that must be attended to."

Nora knew of no business, but she asked no questions; and, going to the bureau, she took out an old wash-leather bag; in looking for which her eye fell upon an envelope, perfumed, and addressed in a lady's handwriting strange to her.

"Why, who is this from, father?" she asked, curiously.

Ryall took the envelope and reddened; then he dropped it upon the fire.

"Oh, I forget," he said; "something from some linen-draper, addressed to me by mistake, I imagine."

"Someone who thought you wanted a new frock, and so you do, dear," she said, laughing.

"Yes, I'm shabby enough, and so are you," he added complacently. "Nice thing for the Ryalls to go about like scarecrows, while those proud upstarts, the Ferrands, go flaunting about in fine feathers. They've got a dinner party up at the Hall!" he laughed scornfully. "Over twenty people, Martha tells me."

"Never mind the Ferrands and their doings, father," said Nora soothingly. "After all they may be nice people. Lady Ferrand looks—"

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't talk about the Ferrands, Nora!" he said, peevishly.

"No, we won't think about them, father, I'll run up, and change, and get some supper."

When she had run out of the room, Ryall, with a half-fearful smile, took a perfumed letter from his pocket, kissed it, and read it slowly.

"Awkward about the envelope," he said, with a snigger; "but I put her off rather cleverly, I think. Poor Nora! It's as much for her good as mine; but there'll be the devil to pay, I expect!"

CHAPTER II.

Nora changed, and ran down to her supper in the warm kitchen. She wanted to discuss butter and poultry with Martha; but Martha could only give her a divided attention, for her mind was taken up with the grand doings at the Hall. "They're saying that old Sir Joseph has been terrible rich, and that he's made a sight of money lately out of some mine. The Aill's a regular blaze of light tonight."

"I wish you could forget the Hall for a minute, and attend to me, Martha," said Nora, laughing. "Now, about the fowls; next spring I'd get a setting of Minorca hens, and we'll try and buy one of those moveable runs."

"You've got the ideas in your head, Miss Nora,"

said Martha, admiringly, "if only you'd got the money—but it do fret me to see you worryin' about such things—"

"I wonder what would happen to us all if I took to lolling in the drawing-room," said Nora, laughing, and, throwing an old cloak round her and drawing on her tam-o'-shanter, she went out in search of Ned.

She found him at last, in the barn, fast asleep. He had had a very heavy day, and she had not the heart to wake him. Returning to the shippen, she found that one heifer was missing; and, slipping on some high boots, she sallied forth in search of it.

The sky had cleared, and the moon was almost full. The heifer was neither to be seen nor heard in the home fields; but presently she came to a gap in the hedge bounding the Ferrands' land, through which Brindle's tracks were clearly visible. Hesitatingly she followed them; they brought her near the house, and within sound of a woman's voice. Unconsciously Nora drew a little nearer; then she stooped suddenly, for she saw a young man sitting moodily on the coping of the terrace, his chin in his hand, his eyes downcast. He was evidently not a guest, for he wore rough riding cords; but neither was his bearing that of a servant.

Nora wondered who he was; and as she waited impatiently, hoping he would go away, some ladies and gentlemen came out upon the terrace. Nora looked at them with interest; some of the women were beautiful, all were richly dressed. She was particularly struck by one young girl with a cigarette between her lips, who was talking to a man beside her; an extremely pretty girl, with a mass of fair hair, and dark eyes, but whose face, notwithstanding its beauty, somehow repelled her.

Presently the group passed in again; and Nora continued her pursuit. She saw the heifer peacefully grazing in a little clearing of the shrubbery, and she was approaching it cautiously, when she was intercepted by the young man she had seen on the terrace.

"Hullo!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

Nora bit her lip. "I have come after my cow," she said; "she has strayed on to your land; she was just in front a moment ago."

"I suppose you come from Ryalls?" he said.

"Yes, I come from Ryalls," she said abruptly.

"I will help you get the cow," he said cheerfully, and walked beside her, glancing shyly at her. She had drawn her cap well over her head, the old cape covered her short skirt, and just showed the long boots. She thanked him, and they walked on.

"I've told you my name," he said bashfully; "perhaps you will—"

"My name is Ryall, Nora Ryall," she said, with a frank smile.

He colored deeply and raised his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I wasn't sure—I am very sorry."

"What about?" asked Nora, her smile growing sweeter. "You have been very kind. Good night; and thank you very much. I'll do the same for you some day, if I get the chance."

His great strong hand closed round her small one—she had inherited the small hands of her



"There it is," he said presently. "Couldn't one of the men have come after it? It's wet under foot for a girl to be tramping after a cow, and at night, too."

"I don't mind it," said Nora; "I'm used to it. But don't trouble, please. You'd like to go back and listen to the music."

He flushed.

"You saw me on the terrace?" he said. "Yes, I was listening to the music; but I suppose I ought not to have been there," he added a little bitterly.

"I thought you were one of the people," said Nora casually.

"You did?" he said, flushing again. "Well, I am in a sense. I am Sir Joseph's cousin."

They had come up to Brindle by now, and Nora covered her surprise by driving her forward. Then she said, a little awkwardly:

"Then why weren't you with the others?"

"Ah," he said. "That's rather a long story. I am Sir Joseph's cousin, but I'm not one of the family, so to put it. My father—but why should I bother you with my affairs?"

"I am sorry I asked," said Nora. "I'm not curious."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, good naturedly. "Well, it was this way: We lived in Australia; my father came to grief; he's dead, and there wasn't any money. Sir Joseph heard about the trouble and offered me the job of looking after the horses he's breeding. I know you are thinking I'm rather young for such a berth."

Nora nodded. "But I've been used to horses all my life. Oh, I can manage all right," he added, with quiet confidence.

"Yes, I'm sure you could," said Nora. "But I wonder that Sir Joseph should have a relation at the Hall and—"

"Treat him like a servant," he said, quietly.

"Yes, I don't suppose he likes it; but then nobody knows—except you. And—" he laughed, "I don't know why I told you."

"I shan't tell anyone," she said. "But it seems rather mean."

They were so engrossed in their conversation that Brindle, taking advantage of a turn in the path, crashed through a bank of laurels, and sailed on to the lawn, making straight for the house. To Nora's dismay she saw some figures on the terrace, and she heard the girl with yellow hair exclaim:

"Oh, look, there's a cow broken loose—how amusing! Why, it's a romance, don't you see? They are sweethearts, and they've forgotten to look after the cow! What a good-looking boy. Who is he, Sir Joseph? Do call him up! I want to speak to him."

A short, thick-set man, with a fat, sallow face, and heavy eyelids stood beside her, with a big cigar in his mouth. He turned it over, shrugged his shoulders, and said, in a thick, husky voice:

"Certainly, Miss Florence; it's one of my men, but he's rather a shy fellow, and I doubt whether he'll come. Elliot!"

The lad heard, but did not even turn his head.

"Stupid boy," said the lady, with an impatient little frown, and called out imperiously:

"Girl! come here, want to speak to you."

Needless to say Nora also disregarded the summons. In silence she and Elliot drove the cow to the gap in the boundary. Then Nora said, with an air of indifference:

"Do you know who the lady is that called to me?"

"Her name is Miss Florence Bartley; her father is Sir Somebody Bartley; and she seems to be the belle of the party."

Nora nodded. "They called you Elliot," she said.

"Is that your name?" "Elliot Graham."

"One of them," he replied.

"Why, you're Scotch," exclaimed Nora. "My mother was Scotch—she was a Cameron. There is Ned coming! Please don't trouble any more."

Ned came forward shamefacedly. Elliot stopped, and looked down at the pretty, resolute little face beside him.

"I've told you my name," he said bashfully; "perhaps you will—"

"My name is Ryall, Nora Ryall," she said, with a frank smile.

He colored deeply and raised his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I wasn't sure—I am very sorry."

"What about?" asked Nora, her smile growing sweeter. "You have been very kind. Good night; and thank you very much. I'll do the same for you some day, if I get the chance."

His great strong hand closed round her small one—she had inherited the small hands of her

"Good evening, Miss Ryall," he said. "I am afraid I am trespassing; but this is the only long bit of straight near home, and I thought you wouldn't mind my stretching this youngster on it."

"Not in the very least," she said, meeting his gaze frankly. "Come here whenever you like. That's a good horse."

"Yes, he is," he said. "young and a little hot at present, but I'm getting him into shape. That's a fine pony of yours, thoroughbred Exmoor, isn't it?"

Nora nodded. "Yes; he's a very good pony. I believe he could race that horse of yours, taking the rough and smooth together—but I am late, and must go home. Good evening."

He looked rather disappointed, but raised his hat, and made way for her to pass. Nora glanced at her shabby raiment, and frowned.

The following afternoon, after she had seen her father off at the station, she went up to her room, and looked at the few contents of her wardrobe with a reflective air. Presently she took out a coat and skirt, and a white blouse, and put them on. She arranged her hair carefully, blushing a little as she thought that if Elliot Graham had seen her thus he would not have mistaken her for a farm hand.

Leaving Martha, who exclaimed admiringly at her appearance, Nora went out and down the road leading to the Rectory; but presently she stopped, then turned off down the valley in the direction of the level stretch on which she had given Elliot Graham permission to ride. But there was no sign of him; and she was turning back, half-conscious of a feeling of disappointment, when she saw a man fishing in the Ryall water, a little way off.

The stranger was young, and dressed in a brand new Norfolk suit and shining gaiters. His fishing was as unспортmanlike as his get-up; and Nora thought he must be one of the shop-people from some neighboring town. She was a keen angler; and having watched him miss two fish, she went up to him and said:

"They're rising short, you must strike more quickly."

He dropped his rod, and stared at her, first with surprise, then with half-insolent admiration. Seeing her gloveless hands he jumped to the conclusion that she was a daughter of one of the farmers; and his smile became still more insolent.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Did you speak?"

Nora had come up to him frankly enough, but when she saw his face, with its inane and vacuous expression her voice grew hard, as she repeated her former remark.

"Oh, thanks, thanks," he drawled. "I am only just amusing myself; and I'm new to this river. Suppose you show me the *modus operandi*—I mean the proper way," he added condescendingly.

Nora hesitated; the man probably did not know that he was offensive; so she took the brand-new rod, and made a throw or two.

"Your cast is too short," she said; "and any trout with a grain of sense would see that the fly was not a real one. I will try for that big one under the opposite bank, if you will stand a little further off."

The cast was so short that Nora had to stand on the brink of the river; but she hooked the trout; and the young man, pretending that he thought she was slipping in, sprang forward and put his arm round her waist.

"You are quite safe," he said with a simper, pressing her closely to him.

Nora uttered a cry of amazement and indignation; but before she could speak or move there was a thud behind them, the young man suddenly released her, lost his footing, and fell into the stream.

The rescuer was none other than the faithful Bob. He stood on the margin of the river barking and glaring savagely at his floundering victim; and Nora's anger gave way to her sense of the ridiculous, for, indeed, the would-be gallant cut a ludicrous figure. Presently he found his feet, and waded to shore, stuttering angrily:

"That beast of a dog of yours ought to be shot—I might have been drowned."

Nora laughed in his face. "Shoot Bob for doing his duty?" she said. "You deserved your ducking."

"I thought you were slipping," he said sullenly.

"That's not true," said Nora contemptuously. "I was never near slipping." And, calling to Bob, who was still growling threateningly, she turned away.

As she did so, Elliot Graham, who had observed the incident from afar, came riding towards them; he pulled up, and looked, naturally enough from her to the dripping youth.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"This gentleman—has fallen into the river," explained Nora, her eyes dancing, her lips twitching with merriment.

"Bob," said Elliot. "How did he manage that?"

"Bob managed it for him," said Nora demurely. "Bob thought—but never mind. Please do go home and get dry," she added, turning to the unfortunate young man.

"That's all very well," he said, sullenly. "But who are you? I suppose you belong to a farm about here, or so?"

"This lady is Miss Ryall of Ryalls," cut in Elliot, who had dismounted. "You seem to have been fishing the Ryall water—and without permission."

The young man looked slightly disconcerted; then he said, with an air of hauteur:

"I am Mr. Ferrand, and I thought this was our water. I apologize, and buttoning his dripping coat, he raised his limp cap and turned away.

The other two watched him for a moment or two; then Elliot said:

"How did it happen? I thought I saw him—"

Nora reddened. "Oh, he thought I was falling, or pretended that he did, and—"

With a face as red as her own, and an ominous light in his eyes, Elliot was for springing on his horse and going after Mr. Ferrand; but Nora stayed him with a touch of her hand.

"He is not worth it," she said, fully comprehending his intention. Then she looked up quickly; it had struck her that a quarrel between Sir Joseph's dependent and his only son, might result unpleasantly for the former. "It's my affair; and I don't want you to say anything about it. Promise me, please."

It was more of a command than a request; and he yielded, with a sigh; but he patted Bob as if he envied him his part of protector.

They walked on, Elliot leading his horse; and presently he said:

"You ought to have a board put up; you don't want all sorts of people trespassing here; and some bolder or other—"

"Thank you," said Nora. "I can take care of myself. Besides, what would be the use of a board? We can't afford a keeper."

"I wish," he began shyly—"I wish I were your brother, and could help you with this." He glanced round the starved lands.

"Yes," she said, a little wistfully. "It would be nice; I've never had a brother; but you see you are not."

"All the same," he said. "I'll take precious good care Mr. Selwyn Ferrand doesn't bother you again."

"I don't think he will," said Nora. "But mind, you have promised not to quarrel with him."

"That's all right," he said simply. "I always keep a promise."

They walked on, talking of other things, and when they came to the gate and she stopped to say good by, he looked up as if surprised that they were so near the house; then he mounted the fretting horse and held it in check until he had watched her slight figure disappear in the old doorway.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader for a year and received many useful hints and lots of help from dear old COMFORT. The best paper printed I think.

I am twenty-two years old, five feet eight inches tall, fair skin, dark blue eyes, black curly hair, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. Have been married three years to one of the best men that ever lived. Not a "John," but a Walter.

Am stepmother to seven children, from four to thirteen years of age, and have one little girl of my own two years old. So I have six girls and two boys.

I am one that agrees with Mrs. Hayes in regard to teaching girls to work. My four oldest are girls, and they can cook a meal almost as good as I can, and they like to do it, too.

We live on an eighty-acre farm and keep horses, cows, pigs and chickens. My husband is an engineer and is away from home part of the time so the girls and I run the farm and do the chores.

I think that young housekeeper Vermice Aswill is just the dearest, noblest girl I ever heard of. She was left a young housekeeper at the age of twelve with five younger ones to care for; the youngest a boy of eleven months. I kept house for papa until I was married. I suppose some of the sisters who have no children will think when they read this that I have had my share of experience with them, but sisters, there is no greater joy on earth than trying to please the little folks. As long as I think I am doing right I am happy.

Well, I have talked children enough for the first time, although 'tis what I most care to talk about, but will tell you something about our country. It is quite hilly here, although our farm and several farms connecting are raised corn, wheat, oats, barley and all small grain. We also have an apple orchard with a few plum trees. The corn is being cut here now. Everybody is filling their silos and we fill ours tomorrow. The thrashing is all done around here now.

Well, I will say good by and God bless each and every COMFORT sister. Would be pleased to hear from all.

Mrs. W. J. SCHMIDT, Prairie Farm, R. R. 2, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Over a year ago I wrote you that my little girl was stricken with that dreaded disease, infantile paralysis. Well friends, we've tried everything, Christian Science has a soothing effect, but it has not made her walk. Melissa is now in the Good Samaritan Hospital, 23rd St., Portland, Oregon. She went to the operating table with a light heart and high hopes of getting the use of her legs. God alone knows how it will all end. The doctors took the tendon from the leg of a lamb and sewed it into the bone of the left leg. For six weeks the plaster cast will be kept in place and Melissa will be kept in bed. After that she will be allowed to walk with the cast on her legs until the sewed-in tendon which is tied up with grown tissue has become a part of her anatomy. The operation is believed to be the first of its kind in Portland, and not many cases have been found in the United States. My heart is too full for words, but I know you will be able to read between the lines all I would say.

Let me thank those who have written such cheerful, heartfelt letters. Many letters I answered; in fact I tried not to neglect one, but several of my letters came back unclaimed.

I can assure you that my days in this big city are not drifting by like a dream. What different degrees of life can exist in the same block! Take two adjoining rooms and how vast a gulf may yawn between the character of lives lived in each.

But friends we know that God is our Father and His spirit can be with us everywhere. With an enlightened and noble view of God we need have no fear of death. We may shrink from it physically, as the dumb animals do, but we have no fear of what may lie beyond death.

I can't tell you what a rush of memories come over me as I write this. Oh, the happy past when my little girl could run and play as other little girls do. Oftentimes I think of dear, tired pen friends whose hands have written me many a kind card and sent some token of friendship to my afflicted child. A little angel made by an old lady with one hand my little girl has with her in the hospital.

I shall always try to answer letters and cards.

Sincerely,

Mrs. M. E. OADES, 648 E. 24th St., Portland, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come to your cozy corner for comfort and have a little talk with you?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and it is a comfort indeed. Now I ask for help. We were burned out, losing everything we had, excepting the clothing we wore. Now I am going to ask if the sisters will help me by sending some pieces with which to make quilts as winter is coming on. No matter how small or what kind. Please also some yarn or cotton with which to tie them. I would be so thankful for the same.

God bless each heart is my prayer.

Mrs. ELIZABETH YATES, Bangor, R. R. 2, Box 15, Vanuren Co., Mich.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I was writing some letters to COMFORT sisters, I thought I would write one to our corner. I have taken COMFORT about three years and greatly enjoy it, but always feel so sad after reading about the sick and shut-ins, wishing I could help one and all of them. I know if my pocketbook was as large as my heart, I could help them. I have three little children and they love to help someone poorer than they. They save their pennies all the year, and at Christmas time they buy toys for little boys and girls, that have no Santa Claus. I try to teach them to love and help the poor and sick, and they love to do it.

I must not forget to tell you that as well as having three fine children I have a grand good husband and father, and he finds no pleasure outside of his home and family.

I never see letters from these parts, any nearer than Philadelphia. Trenton is the capital of New Jersey and I think a pretty city; we have a fine Capitol and last year built a million dollar city hall. The population is one hundred thousand, and we have fine parks and stores, and nice, clean, paved streets. Trenton is a good city to the poor which is more than most cities can say. There is no family that suffers the city finds it out. They do great work the year around among the poor.

I would enjoy hearing from the sisters.

With best wishes to all.

Mrs. S. J. HOWE, 1675 S. Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

What pleasure we all derive from letters!

The following pretty poem, from an unknown author, expresses our own sentiments in a delicate and pleasing manner. Many a warm heart will respond to it; many a bright eye will lighten up with joy, and think it "just the thing" to send to some absent, but dear loved one.

"Write to me very often;
Write to me very soon;
Letters to me are dearest
Than the loveliest flowers in June;
They are affection's torches,
Lighting of friendship's lamp,
Flitting around the heart-strings,
Like fireflies in the damp.
Write to me very often;
Write in the joyous morn—
Or at the close of evening,
When all the day is gone;
Then when the stars are beaming
Bright on the azure sky,
When through the fading forest,
Coldly the with winds sigh,
Draw up thy little table,
Close to the fire and write—
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night.
Write to me very often;
Letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other,
Lettering mind to mind—
Giving to kindly spirits,
Lasting and true delight;
If you would strengthen friendship,
Never forget to write."

Mrs. GEORGINA B. THOMPSON, Beaverton, R. R. 2, Box 3, Oregon.

DEAR SISTERS:

May I offer my mite?

I am five feet four and one half inches tall, have brown hair, blue eyes and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Am twenty-five years old. I have four dear children: three boys, Harold seven years, Ernest nearly three years, Arthur four months, and little Aline five years old. I am kept quite busy, as I do all my own work including sewing.

Here are a few hints which may prove useful:
Borax will soften water and bleach clothes and drive roaches away if sprinkled where they run.

One part borax to seven parts corn-starch will cure sore nipples.

Borax and honey is good for thrush in babies.

Half doses of Castor oil will cure diarrhoea.

Butter will drive away soreness and prevent black-and-blue marks if rubbed on baby's bumps.

Hoping these will be of help to someone, I will close with best wishes to all.

Mrs. ELORENCE (DEAN) KLATT, Warren, Cochise Co., Arizona.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from this part of the country, I will try and pen you a few lines.

I have taken COMFORT for a number of years and can say I enjoy reading it, especially the letters and the comments by Mrs. Wilkinson. May God bless her, also Uncle Charlie in their noble work is my dearest wish.

I live on a homestead five miles from our little village of Brewster in the mountains and can say I am delighted with our home.

We named our farm the "Mount O'Pines Stock Ranch." It overlooks the Columbia river and is surrounded with pine trees; all kinds of grain, fruits and vegetables grow very abundantly here, and the climate is fine.

I am a lover of fancy work and I get many ideas from COMFORT.

Wishing you much success, I remain,

Mrs. ROSE WAKEFIELD, Brewster, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I was left out in the cold the last time I wrote to this corner, I thought I would try again.

As Mrs. Wilkinson has asked us to tell how we amuse our children these long evenings, will say that I read to the children and we sing together and sometimes we play games. I believe in doing all we can to make them happy.

Mrs. E. T. Lowe. I think as you do, that the "head of the family" should set a good example for often a father's example has more influence over a boy than a mother's teaching.

Mrs. C. R. Eskridge. I agree with you about having large families. Of course there is reason in all things but I have often noticed that an only child doesn't learn as quickly as one from a large family.

Some say if we are poor we can't educate them, but give me a boy that works for his education. They are as healthy as anyone could wish, although I was never very strong.

I would be pleased to get letters from any of the sisters. Yours with best wishes,

Mrs. MATTIE VOORHEES, Oakfield, R. R. 15, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In looking over my COMFORT I saw a request for hiccough. Do not laugh now when I tell you how I stop hiccough almost instantly. Just as soon as you can, let the tongue out as far as you can for about a half minute. 'Tis a sure thing. Try it sisters, and let me know through COMFORT how it works.

If some of the sisters would care to send me a few silk pieces with which to make a few gifts for Christmas I would appreciate them very much.

This happens to be my birthday, September 7th. I am fifty-seven and badly crippled with rheumatism.

Mrs. LIZZIE MOULTON, New Lisbon, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish all who could please make me some woolen crazy patch blocks, fifteen inches square.

We have had much sickness and expense the last few years. Last fall nine of us had typhoid fever. One dear girl, left, oldest is fourteen. I have so much work to do, and am not very well part of the time, so will appreciate your help very much. Some of my quilts had to be burned.

I wish each sister would send address on corner of package when sending blocks. Thanking you in advance, I remain yours sincerely,

Mrs. NELLIE COX, Sandy, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I will try to give what information I can in regard to the Indian Runner ducks. They are supposed to have been brought from the West Indies to England about one hundred years ago, but their real origin I do not think is known. They have only been recently introduced in the United States, and have forced their way to the front more rapidly than any variety of poultry was ever known to.

They are originally brown and white, but as we are never satisfied with what we have, we have set a new standard with requirements that are impossible to obtain. Fanciers in search of something new have almost ruined the breed in this country by the introduction of alien blood. Our Indian Runner standard requires them to be fawn and white, although there are pure white, drab, brown, penciled, and various other combination of colors. The Runners should have their legs set close together as this gives them an upright carriage and a running gait. I find the penciled varieties give the largest percentage of pure white eggs, while the fawn and white give the largest percentage of green eggs. While their eggs are all marketable. I think the preference is given to the white eggs and everyone who has the interest of this wonderful new breed of poultry at heart should endeavor to obtain white eggs, breeding and selecting for that purpose. Running water is not absolutely necessary, but they must have plenty of water for drinking at all times. There are but few people who realize the great possibilities of this grand new variety. They are more profitable than chickens if they can have a free range and they secure the greater amount of their food even while quite young, and are fully matured at twelve weeks and begin laying at four and a half months. Lice and mites do not bother them and they never droop around peeping and fretting as young chicks are apt to do. They are genuine hustlers and require very little care after they are two weeks old. They should be given water slightly warmed when they are ten or twelve hours old but no feed for thirty-six hours. Then old bread soaked in warm milk or water; the water is preferable as milk makes them sticky and dirty. After a day or two give corn meal and shorts in equal parts with a little clean sand and pulverized charcoal just wet enough for them to swallow easily. Green food is acceptable to them at all times. I feed nine lots of onion tops, dandelions, lettuce and young grass or white clover, which they relish and it also reduces the cost of feed. If I want to force their growth or get them in laying condition quick, I feed them commercial beef scraps, and all the table scraps and cooked vegetables I can spare, but I never dope or doctor them with poultry foods or medicines. I find the best results are obtained by giving pure water and good, clean food, and do not overfeed as that will cause indigestion in young ducks, especially if they are not allowed to run. In case one should have any trouble with ducks keep in pens a drop or two of sulphuric acid in their drinking water and it will soon correct any trouble.

And now for a little advice. Most people seem disposed to start in the poultry business on too large a scale. Get a few birds, or two settings of eggs is enough to start with. Do not try a large flock of these ducks until you can successfully handle a few. Do not introduce new blood every year by procuring eggs from reliable breeders. Indian Runner ducks when fully matured should weigh four pounds and the drakes five but it is not unusual for them to weigh five and six pounds. As for color the fawn and white are very pretty while the penciled are brown and white, rather mottled or penciled are also good to look upon. The white ones seem to be very scarce, although have seen them advertised I do not think they are very much known, but imagine they must be odd and pretty.

Some breeders are sacrificing egg production, color of eggs, everything to color of plumage. While I think color of plumage should be maintained I also think we should strive for egg production and uniformity in color of eggs. Hoping this may help anyone who is interested in these wonderful little Indian Runners, I am yours sincerely,

Mrs. CHAS. CROSS, Sextonville, Wis.

Mrs. Cross.—Your letter is very welcome and adds greatly to the store of knowledge which we already possessed regarding "these wonderful little Indian Runners." I hope from time to time as our sisters interest themselves in this industry that they will write of their experiences. Your advice regarding breeding is excellent.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for seven or eight years and think it is a fine paper. I, too, think there is lots of good done one another from the information we get through this corner.

For the benefit of those wishing to hear from this part of Arkansas I will describe our country. We live at the foothills of the Ozarks. There are some

Let Them Help You Keep Young



Listen, Madam:

You could, if you wished, spin flax and weave cloth—knit the men's socks—do your sewing by hand, just as our grandmothers did. And you can, as they did, bake beans.

But don't you think women's time is now better employed? And don't you know that modern women keep younger?

Our part in the change lies in baking good beans. Our chefs are now baking for a million homes.

They send the beans to you all ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor. And this expert service costs you less than home baking, because our chefs bake for so many.

They use Michigan beans—just the whitest and plumpest, picked out by hand. They make their sauce from whole vine-ripened tomatoes. It costs five times what common sauce would cost.

They bake the tomato sauce, like the pork, with the beans. The delicious zest goes clear through.

They have steam-heated ovens always kept at 245 degrees. Thus they give to each bean more than twice the heat that gets to most of the home-baked beans. As a result, Van Camp's digest. They don't tax the stomach, don't ferment and form gas, don't go to waste like home-baked beans.

The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole—none broken, none mushy, none crisped, none hard. That's because we bake in steam ovens.

The home way requires full sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. The meal for tomorrow must be started today. Our way means a dozen meals, ready on the pantry shelf.

Don't you know of a way to spend bean-baking time in some happier way out of the kitchen?

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Another pity is, with home baking, folks don't get beans enough. Beans are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutritive. They are richer than beef in nutritive, yet cost but one-third as much.

Beans are our racial food—the favorite dish of the hungry. The only reason why

you don't serve them often is this bother of home baking.

Please try the best beans in America. Not common baked beans—not inferior beans. Tell your grocer to send Van Camp's.

Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

(185)

hills with valleys ranging from five to twenty miles wide between. Land is cheap but is advancing rapidly, ranging from five to eight dollars for unimproved, and from ten to twenty dollars for improved.

Cotton is the principal crop but everything else does well. We have been here two years and a person can grow enough cotton in one year to pay for the land, and from some of it the rent will buy the land. There is no rock except on the ridges. We have good water and lots of timber, free range and plenty of grass on it. We have good neighbors, good schools and churches.

I am twenty-seven years old and have four children. Wishing success to COMFORT and its readers,

Mrs. ANNA SPENCER, Austin, R. R. 3, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT has been a welcome visitor to our home for many years. I enjoy both the sisters' and cousins' letters and have never written before, but when I read the editor's request for home-made cheese I thought perhaps the sisters would like soda cheese. We like it fine and can never get our fill.

Take clabber milk, beat it up fine, put in an enameled kettle, put on the stove and let come to a boil, stirring often so that it will not scald in cakes. Now drain through a cloth and when it is cool enough to handle work and squeeze out with the hands every bit of the whey for it will not drip dry enough. Now empty out of cloth into a smooth pan. To every two gallons of milk scalded, put in a rounding teaspoonful of soda. Work with the hands till it is well mixed and sticky. Now put one half cup of butter and one and a half or two cups of good, rich sweet milk in. Set the pan in another pan with water, keep it boiling, stirring the cheese often till it is smooth and "ropy." Pour into a dish to cool and it is ready to cut out and use while fresh.

I hope the sisters will try this and report.

Mrs. AMANDA KAUFFMAN, Atlanta, Ind.

FOR THE SISTERS' CORNER IN COMFORT:

I have often thought I would write something about Louisiana as I have never seen anything written from there.

Hammond is fifty-two miles north of New Orleans on I. C. R. R. It numbers something over three thousand inhabitants. There are nine churches, a fine school and some lovely residences here. We are to have a fine new union depot and government post-office soon. The contractors are let for these buildings.

Hammond is a summer resort for the New Orleans people, as there is a nice, cool breeze off the lake so if it is warm out in the sun, a person can get in the shade and find it nice and cool. People from the North spend their winters here because it is warm and of the fine pure water we have. There are flow and pump wells. A pump well costs twenty-five dollars; pipe and driving.

We can raise every crop here that is raised in the North. In fact we raise three crops, while the North raises but one, for we plant every month in the year.

We set strawberry plants from November 15 to December 15, and finish harvesting them in May, when they are immediately plowed under and the land is prepared for a crop of corn, sweet potatoes or some other crops.

Irish potatoes are planted the 22nd of February and bring one dollar a bushel. Strawberries were taken care of net one hundred dollars an acre. The returns for this year's strawberry crop for Tangipahoa Parish this year was \$3,000,000, and half as much went to waste that could have been preserved had there been a canning factory here. The dairymen get twenty-four cents a gallon for their milk in winter, and from eighteen to twenty cents in the summer. Milk is ten cents a quart delivered. A person cannot buy a grown hen here for less than sixty cents. Eggs in the winter sell from thirty to forty cents a dozen.

We came here seventeen years ago last June, and have seen snow but once, when it staid on the ground one day. Then everybody made snow balls. Last winter they would get snow off of the through trains and make snow balls.

I can say that this is the healthiest place we ever lived in and children grow like weeds. I have nine children, five boys and four girls, the oldest a boy of seventeen, the youngest eighteen months. And we have never had any of them sick to amount to anything. Sometimes a cold.

How many know that by putting a pack wrung out of cold water on the throat at night, covered with a dry cloth, will relieve tonsillitis. I have tried this when it seemed as though I would choke to death.

Also washing the throat in very cold water every morning is excellent.

When any of the children take a bad cold, I make a syrup of cider vinegar, butter and sugar and give them a teaspoonful every hour. This simple remedy cured a baby of a bad case of croup.

I will bring this missive to a close, hoping it may help someone.

Mrs. MAE ANDERSON (nee BANNER), Hammond, La.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have been a reader of COMFORT for over a year and a half and have often thought of writing to the Sisters' Corner, but am afraid I haven't anything interesting to write about. We live on a farm and I can always find plenty to do. This summer it has been so very dry here, the crops have suffered for water and many people have had to haul it for stock and their own use, too. Fortunately we are blessed with a good well. Then, too, the river runs right by our place, so we have had plenty of water.

I have been making some comforters for winter. I take worn-out pants, wash and press them—then place them in large squares. I get some dark outing flannel to join and line them with, and they make such warm comforters, and do not soil easily.

I am twenty-three years old and have been married nearly three years. We have a sweet little girl seventeen months old who runs everywhere, and is just beginning to talk.

We have a Ladies' Aid Society which meets every week. We had a bazaar in April and made about eighty dollars from the sale of children's aprons and dresses, men's shirts, ladies' aprons and sunbonnets, besides numerous fancy articles. Then we served hot dinners, a lunch in the evening and ice cream.

Now I will give you a few hints.

To bake pancakes without grease on a common iron griddle, take a small white cloth and make a little sack, fill with salt, tie up and rub this over your griddle. The cakes will not stick and it bakes them a much nicer brown.

To keep grape jelly from getting "glassy," put one half teaspoonful of glycerine to one cupful of the juice when putting it on to cook.

A pinch of nutmeg will often check the bowels when too loose.

When we butcher I always make the most of my sausage into little cakes, fry them and put them into tin quart cans or syrup buckets and seal them up. It keeps just fine and I have kept it until the following winter.

Put a little white cloth the size of your fruit jars over your fruit and it will take up the mold if there happens to be any on the fruit.

With success to COMFORT and all its readers,

Mrs. A. B. GENTNER, Neosho Rapids, Kans.

Mrs. Gentner.—For the benefit of those who do not know what the "Glass" is that forms in grape jelly, I will state that it is crystals of cream of tartar, such as we use in cooking in a powdered form. Cream of tartar was discovered in 1767 on the inside of wine casks in a crude form called argol, and when purified by recrystallization, gives cream of tartar. The crystals found in grape jelly are pure, and on melting the jelly they will dissolve.

I congratulate you on your successful bazaar in April, and we should be glad of details concerning the work of your Ladies' Aid Society. This is something we are all interested in.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As a rule, people that never mingle with us Texans think we are all rough cowgirls and cowboys. With the broad statement that such a belief is of a very untrue color I come and beg for a short chat.

I am a young housekeeper, living in Dallas, one of the most prosperous and growing cities. Dallas has about one hundred thousand population. A twenty-two story hotel and seventeen story office building with many other buildings of smaller size are in construction.

I was married a year ago today, so you see husband and I are celebrating this day. We live in Oak Cliff, one of the prettiest suburbs in this city. We have a pretty green lawn with cement walks, gas, electric lights and other first-class conveniences.

My husband is a salaried man—a mail clerk at the post-office, and in order to make the most, we have to adopt the best available systems of economies. Our back yard therefore is not filled with trash, such as old cans, leather, bones, etc. We raise us a nice garden and am taking great love and delight in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Farmer Hicks's Thanksgiving

By Jean Mater Beeman

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"P A, what do you reckon Rover's barking at? I don't calculate anyone would be comin' away off here in the woods a night like this. Just listen to that wind, how it howls—my, it makes a body shiver to hear it!"

The old farmer lit his pipe and settled back into his comfortable armchair by the open fire. "Oh, you're always imaginin' things, Ma. Like as not the dog hears a bear prowlin' 'round in them trees and I hope he'll give it a good lickin' if he gets hold of it. Ha! Ha!"

The great clock over the mantle ticked on and the dog continued his wild barking; now it sounded afar off, then again it seemed at the very door.

Finally the farmer's wife could stand it no longer. Neatly folding up her mending she went to the window and drew aside the curtains. Without all was covered deep with snow that had fallen in the terrible storm that had been raging for twenty-four hours and showed no sign of cessation. Winter had come early, ushered in by such a storm as sent the steamship City of Portland with every soul on board to the bottom of the ocean on the night before November 27, a few years ago. Bound from Boston to Portland, her passengers were returning home from Thanksgiving, and their tragic fate had turned the day into one of mourning in hundreds of Maine homes.

Suddenly they heard the dog scratching frantically at the door. The old man roused himself. "Well, what ails the critter? Maybe I'd better put on my overcoat and go outside a spell to look 'round."

"Take your muffler, Pa, it's dreadful cold. Dear! I do hate to have you go out tonight. Be careful of that bear, Pa. Take your gun along, 'cause if you should get killed, what ever would I do?"

"There, there, Mandy, don't you worry. There ain't likeliest nothin' to happen to an old fellow like me. Cheer up! It's only one of the animal's pranks, he's just barkin' at somethin'. Keep the little bolls, I'll be back soon." Tenderly he bent to kiss her, then taking his gun he went out into the storm to discover the cause of the disturbance. As the door closed behind him, his wife bowed her head, "O Lord, take good care of John and bring him safe home again." Then she returned to her mending by the fire.

Farmer Hicks followed the dog's lead through the great snowdrifts until they came to a bit of woods about a quarter of a mile from the house. The animal ran forward, sniffed around and then back again to the old man, then onward as though urging him to make haste; when the spot to which the dog led was finally reached he pawed frantically in the snow. "Well, old fellow, what do you think you have here?" said his master as bending downward he saw something which looked very much like the skirt of a woman; he was on his knees in an instant and cautiously lifting the garment, he heard a faint sound—as the wall of a little child. He leaned closer. "For the love of Mike, if it ain't a baby!" Just then the little thing opened its eyes and smiled. "Well, I never did! You poor young un, where did you fall from? I reckon Mandy'll be a surprised woman when I git you home!" Gently he wrapped the babe in the old skirt and lifting it into his arms, began to retrace his steps, the dog following, leaping with delight and rubbing his nose against his master's coat. "You certainly did a good job, old boy, but how you ever found this kid in all this here snow and wind is a puzzler to me."

Mrs. Hicks rocked backward and forward nervously. "My! it seems to me John has been gone a powerful long time. Dear, dear! I'm afraid that bear got him after all! But, there, it ain't trustin' in the good Lord to be worryin' 'round this." Softly she began to hum that dear old hymn, which has been the solace of many in times of trouble: "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee," and a deep peace stole into her heart.

"What's that noise! I do believe it's Rover comin' home! I must git John's socks and put them by the fire—he'll be soaked through, there he is now!" rushing to the door, she threw it wide open just in time to greet her husband as he stumbled across the threshold and pushed the bundle into his wife's arms.

"There, Mandy, open it quick and see if it's alive yet."

and now it's here, what on earth are we goin' to do with it? That's what I want to know." "Do with it? We'll keep it, of course. Just think what it'll mean to us to have a baby in the house again. It's a boy, too, Pa. It must be a month old and here's a tag tied to it. Come over and help me make out the writin'. It's pretty blurred like."

Together they turned the card over and over, the farmer got his spectacles and at last this is what they read: "Napoleon —, born Oct. 23, 18—." That was all. "Well, I never! 'Napoleon' Huh! Wonder if he's any relative of that there big general who led them French folks to war! If he is, he certainly ought to make his mark in the world!"

"Never mind who he was, Pa, he's ours now, ours for keeps," Farmer Hicks looked thoughtful as he read his pipe. They were both thinking of that little mound up on the hillside yonder where years ago they had laid away their only child, a winsome lad of two. With his death all the joy and sunshine had gone out of their lives and they had stayed ever since in the old house, carrying in their hearts the memory of their "Georgie" and comforting themselves with the hope that some glad day they, too, would hear the welcome summons to that Better Land, where "Georgie" would be at the Gates of Pearl to meet them.

"I don't know about that, Ma. We're gittin' pritty well along in years and can't expect to live 'til that babe is grown. It's a mighty risky undertakin' for the likes of us."

Meantime Mrs. Hicks was giving the child a warm bath, preparing some milk and making it comfortable for the night; fondling it to her heart's content, well repaid by the "coos" of delight which were heard as the little mite was put to bed.

Finally all was quiet, the child slept peacefully in its new home and the dog dreamed by the fire. Going over to her husband's chair the old lady wound her arms tenderly about his neck, saying: "Pa, dear, let's thank the good Lord this night for the blessin' He has sent us. He knew how lonesome we were, just you and me, and so He brought us this wee lamb to love and to care for. We have plenty for him and for us too. Think, Pa, 'spose it was Georgie! No one can ever take his place, of course, but for his sake, Pa, let's give this babe a home and we know the Lord'll be with us. Don't you recollect what the Good Book says: 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward!'"

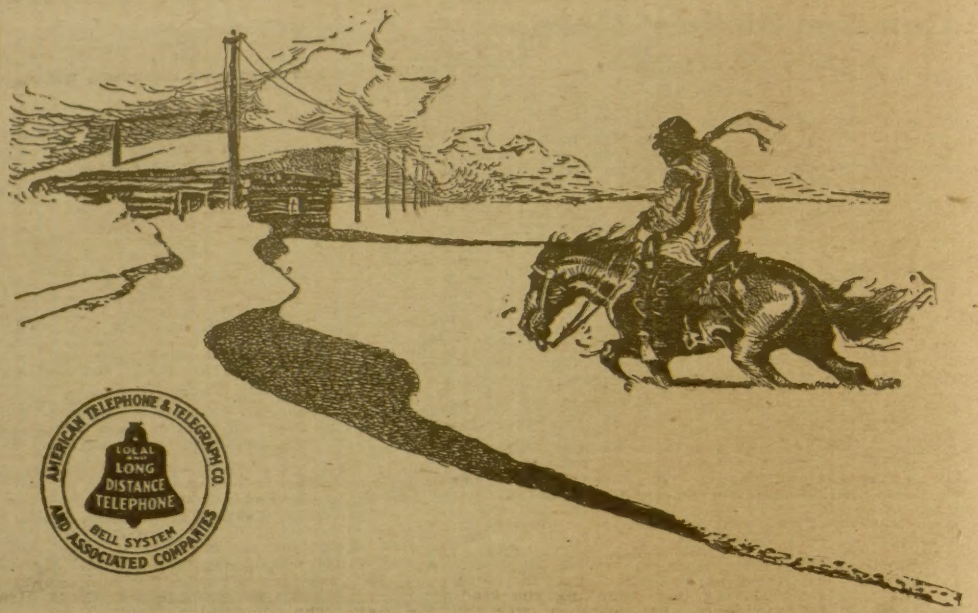
"You're right, Mandy girl, and I'm wrong. It was long first to think of takin' anyone else's kid in the place of our own boy, but for his sake we'll divide up what we've got with this little 'Napoleon'—God bless him! Surely we have something to make this Thanksgiving a happy one."

Thus "Napoleon" became a member of the good farmer's family. They kept the name—somehow they liked the sound of it, for his adopted father declared: "It ain't so common as some and maybe it'll help him along in the world."

The child soon won his way into the hearts of his new parents. He grew rapidly and developed into a very bright lad, the daily companion of the old man's life and the comfort of his home. "Minder," too, came in for her share of loving and "Napoleon" liked nothing better than to creep into his mother's arms when evening came and have her tell him over and over again stories of the "Christ-Child" and of those great men who lived and wrought such noble deeds for the betterment of mankind in the Bible times. It was not long until "Moses, Joseph, Samuel, David," and many others, were as familiar to him as the boys he played with at the little log schoolhouse.

The years moved on and saw many changes in the kindly farmer's household. "Napoleon" had successfully passed through his course in the great University and was on the eve of receiving his doctor's degree. The old folks had reached the large hall where the graduation exercises were to take place, and the usher escorted them to the very front seat where they awaited breathlessly the coming of their adopted son.

Suddenly a march was struck up, the door opened and in walked the seniors to their seats on the platform. "There he is, Pa, see him! Don't he look grand away up there 'mong all them learned folks and jist to think he is our son, our Napoleon!" The old man's reply was drowned by the opening exercises.



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wife away out in the forest rescued from death an abandoned babe. They took him to their hearts and home, loved him, cared for him, educated him and they are here today at his graduation. They have made me what I am. First, I have to thank the Heavenly Father for His goodness to them and to me all these years, and then the praise is due to that noble, unselfish Christian man and woman who adopted me as their son. The honor which is conferred on me tonight is more theirs than mine, although they are too modest to realize it."

Secret of the Great Cabal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

Jackson peering cautiously down into the shadow. He drew in his head, and again looked out, apparently but half satisfied with the poor opportunity his position afforded him. Someone inside whispered an inaudible direction to him, and the window was lowered. No doubt he was preparing to come down. I got to my feet, therefore, and I felt my way along the wall until my hand came in contact with the pailing. It was covered, on the corner nearest the avenue, with a straggling but long-limbed creeper of some sort, which clung partly to the brick wall of the house itself and partly to the wood. It was but a poor support, but by grasping with my hands the top of it, I was about to let myself down into the next yard, when a sound of voices whispering together somewhere near arrested my attention. A little above me was the last of the row of three windows in the second story of the House with Green Blinds. By getting my feet upon the top of the fence and standing upright, I could see that the glass was lowered slightly from the top. The blinds inside were closed, so that the room beyond was invisible. I had not a moment to decide upon which course I should pursue, for below me I heard Jackson coming along the passage to make his exploration of the yard. Again clinging lightly to the vine, I stretched out my foot until it touched the stone coping of the pailing, a little more dependence upon the creeping plant, which happily had fastened itself strongly against the wall, and I was standing upright in the shallow recess of the window. As Jackson came out of the shadow in which I had just been lying, I could see him plainly. He was followed by the taller of the other two men, and they made the round of the yard together, coming even to stand close under my feet and looking up at the vine. Satisfied apparently, that I had made my escape at this point, they then returned to the house.

I heard them set up the broken door against its hinges and go back along the passage. The drawing-room in which I had so lately been evidently connected with the room from which my window opened for by putting my ear close to the aperture I heard the two men enter and announce the surety of my escape. They went on then to talk rapidly in the language they had used together, madame's voice ever rising distinctly and calmly above the excited tones of the men. Finally, however, she seemed to take things into her own hands, for her voice alone became audible, the sentences dropping crisply from her lips, as when she had given me her commands. All that I could gather of their conversation, however, were the words "Tuxedo" followed by the name of the man who keeps a great establishment there. Then, after a few more apparently decisive directions, the party seemed preparing to separate. I could hear nothing more of the girl who had saved my life. Her

voice had not joined in the colloquy, and I decided that she had not been present while it was in progress, and that probably she had left the house as quietly as she had come. There seemed nothing further to be gained by remaining in my present position. I let myself back, therefore, to my former place upon the top of the pailing, and from there laboriously made my way, with what aid I could find, from one yard to another, until once more I found myself upon the street. Weary as I was, I could not yet allow myself the luxury of rest. As I walked rapidly along toward the goal to which I was bound, I forced myself to think rapidly over my adventure and some circumstances with which it was connected. The chief of them was my familiarity with madame's wonderful voice. A peculiarity in the human voice was something I had trained myself never to forget. I had no difficulty in recalling the time and place in which a voice singularly like hers, but proceeding apparently from a very different source, had first attracted my attention. Some eighteen months before I had been in England, where I had been so fortunate as to gain the friendship and esteem of a man whose pleasure it was, with the great skill which he had acquired, to unravel the mysteries and to discover the dangers which too often surround our fellow-men and women. At the time of my visit he had been engaged in unearthing an atrocious plot which had threatened the existing government. The scheme had developed almost to the point of the perpetration of a great crime, when my friend's foresight succeeded in capturing and bringing to the bar of justice the ringleaders themselves. With the usual caution and conservatism of the English nation, the whole affair had been handled with extreme secrecy and fear of public knowledge. Being kept almost entirely out of the newspapers, few people knew anything of it and the details of the case went little farther than the court. Through the interest of my friend, by whose sagacity the plot had been discovered, I was privileged to witness the trial. One of the prisoners had strangely interested me. He was singularly prepossessing in appearance; a curling mass of dark hair, worn rather long; eyes that burned like veritable fire; the contour of his face lengthened by the addition of a well-groomed beard, cut closely in the French fashion; his hands and feet small and finely cared for; his figure slender. In fact, the very opposite in personality and tradition to the usually accepted anarchistic idea. Yet devotion to the cause he had adopted seemed the very breath he drew. His voice, high in quality of tone for a man as was hers low for a woman, was, as I recalled it, very similar to that in which Madame of the White Shoulders had but lately addressed me. I distinctly remembered the particulars of the trial and its strange outcome. The boy—he seemed scarcely more—had been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor, with other members of the gang. They were taken at once to Portsmouth. Upon the third morning after their incarceration, his cell, together with those of one or two of the others, was found empty. The bars had been neither filed nor broken, but simply unlocked. Suspicion attached itself to one of the jailers, who, in turn, was arrested, tried for conniving at the escape of the several prisoners, found guilty upon strong circumstantial evidence (although stoutly protesting his innocence), and condemned to a long term of imprisonment. The only trace of the convicts which could be found were the several suits of prison stripes which they had exchanged in a small clothier's shop in Portsmouth during the night for more modish costumes.

There was but one link connecting this affair

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



"WHY PA HICKS, IT'S A BABY, A REAL LIVE BABY. BLESS ITS LITTLE HEART."

"Alive, why, John Hicks, what in the world have you got here? It feels like—like—" The smile went unfinished for very wonderment, as the woman sat down near the fireplace and began to undo the "bundle." "Why, Pa Hicks, it's a baby, a real live baby, bless its little heart. Come here, Pa, quick! See how it laughs! You poor wee lambkins," and the motherly soul gathered the foundling to her heart and cried for joy.

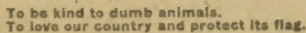
In the meantime the farmer had removed his wet clothes and had sat down to rest, near enough to watch his wife and her new-found treasure. "Yes, I reckon it's a baby all right. Rover wouldn't rest easy until I went to git it

Later on the President arose to announce the award of honors. "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me very great pleasure to inform you that the highest honors of the Senior Class have been won by Mr. Napoleon Hicks! Will that young man please come forward!"

The building shook with cheer after cheer. The old folks clasped hands under the seats and wept for joy. But "Napoleon" seemed deaf to it all as he moved slowly and modestly forward, his eyes fastened upon the couple in that front seat.

"Mr. President, may I say a word?" "Certainly, my boy." And this is what "Napoleon" said:

"One stormy night years ago a farmer and his



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tion. We have more reason as a nation to rejoice this, than we had last Thanksgiving. The present Congress is an immense improvement over the last one. Cannonism and Aldrichism are forever things of the past. If you know how to pray go down on your knees and thank Heaven for that. The people will soon elect their senators instead of allowing the trusts to do it for them. Again thank Heaven for that. We have a commerce court that has railroad rates, and soon this court will be fixing the prices of man-made articles, and when that day arrives, the government will also fix the price, and the hours of labor, and labor for the first time in the world's history, will no longer be at the mercy of conscienceless wealth. Thank Heaven for that. The Panama Canal is nearing completion, and soon our navy will be able to rapidly concentrate on our Pacific Coast, and so will protect our Western shores from Asiatic invasion. Thank Heaven for that. Education is spreading, in France is gradually vanishing, prejudice is diminishing, enlightenment spreading, superstition and science are winning more victories, dirt and disease are getting harder knocks, graft and corruption are meeting more stalwart enemies, wealth though all powerful, is less arrogant, a broader conception of citizen-

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I am only too delighted to welcome a young housekeeper into our magic circle. You can take the seat of honor on my knee, and I will exhibit you to an admiring world. I would rather exhibit a girl who proudly proclaims herself a housekeeper, to the world, than one following any other line of work or profession. The world needs good housekeepers. There can be but little happiness in the home, unless a capable housekeeper is running it. I wouldn't care how beautiful a girl was, nor how much I adored her, if she were not a good housekeeper, there would be a great big junk of contempt in my heart for her. When I meet a girl who knows nothing about cooking, nothing about housekeeping, I feel like putting her across my knee and giving her a walloping with the club of contempt. More of this some other time. What has excited me most in your letters, Amie, is your declaration that you love to fish hunt and hoe corn. You must have some very wild, sporty corn in your section, if you have to fish and hunt for it. I did not know that corn grew in rivers, ponds or lakes. What kind of bait do you use when you are fishing for corn? When you get the corn on your hook, does a very desperate struggle ensue before you can get out of the river? I mean does the corn fight when it gets on the hook? I should think it would take a pretty hot sun to ripen corn that was growing in a river, especially if the river was deep, and the corn was growing at the bottom. The corn you have to hunt, I presume is a different kind of corn to the variety you fish for? Is hunting corn a very dangerous sport? Do you chase it on foot or on horseback, and how many bullets do you have to plug into a cob of corn before it dies? I suppose you have to be careful when hunting corn that it does not bite you in its dying struggles. If you can send us a picture of yourself, gun in hand, hunting corn, with the corn stalk running for dear life, I certainly will have it published in the next issue of COMFORT.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you make room on your lap for a little Kentucky girl? I have lived in the country all my life. I don't think I would like to live in a city. I am a blonde, five feet and four inches tall, and weigh one hundred pounds, and am fourteen years old.

I can cook milk, make beds ride horses and sometimes clerk in my mother's grocery. Uncle Charlie please do not let Billy the Goat have my letter, I would so like to see it in print.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I will try to answer all letters and cards.

Your niece,
GEORGIA WEST.

Your letter is not very long, Georgia, and ordinarily it would have found a resting place in William Goatlee's tummy. You, however, have made a statement that lifts your short note out of the realms of the ordinary. I am glad to know you can cook milk. It is always best to cook milk, and so kill all the germs it contains.



COUSIN ALBERT REINHOLT (20), PALMARIDO DE
CANTO, ORIENTE, CUBA.

Milk is the happy hunting ground of the typhoid germ, so if you want to be on the safe side, boil your milk, and boil your water, and you will not get typhoid. Now, Georgia, I want to be a part of your letter, that has excited me to an extent that is quite alarming. You say you can make beds ride horses and sometimes clerk in your mother's grocery. Numbers of the cousins have succeeded in making beds ride horses, but you are positively the first that has ever been able to make a bed clerk in a grocery store. Say, cousins, wouldn't it be fun to peek in Georgia West's grocery when Georgia's feather-bed is measuring out molasses by the yard, selling eggs by the pound, dopping out bacon by the quart, and butter by the foot? I should think a feather-bed would make a very handsome grocery clerk, and I should imagine it would draw a heap of business. What wages do you have to pay your feather-bed grocery clerk, Georgia? I hope you will not overwork that feather-bed, and I trust you will pay union wages, if you can make a bed read from five to ten thousand letters a month, and dope out a hot line of magazine talk, that will keep six millions of people in hysterics, you can send it on to me, and I will pay you any unreasonable price you ask. Your letter, Georgia, has found its way into print, your feather-bed is famous, and I trust you are as happy over the matter as we are. Keep your eyes on that feather-bed clerk, and don't let him fall in the

molasses. You would have an awful time cleaning him up if you ever did.

COOK, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I was visiting at Tower last week, the place where we lived before we went to Cook, Minn. I went to a moving picture show with my friends. They showed pictures, showing how the Indians and the white people used to live during the Colonial days. It certainly was grand.

It certainly was grand. We have three cows that milk, we also have two helpers. I can milk cows but I don't like to. I milk a cow or two when my parents are busy. Otherwise my brother and father milk them. We also have a separator. I can also separate the milk. We have a colt. He is nearly two years old. My brother is training him now. He was out horseback riding yesterday, he went to visit some of his boy friends. I go horseback riding too.

I lost summer a friend of mine and I were swimming in a river a quarter of a mile from our place. I could swim but my friend could not, that was where the fun came in. I would help her a little and then she would try to swim alone, but she would always go beneath the water.

Last winter my brother and I skated to school. The river was frozen all the way and the ice was smooth as glass. A lot of the children skated to school and at dinner hour we went skating and had a good time. Hoping to hear from the cousins,
I remain your niece.

HELGA D. PEARSON. (No. 33,936.)

Helga, I am a great admirer of cooks, and I gather from your letter that you are the greatest chef in this country. You say that you lived at Lower, but you want to cook Minnesota. A young lady who can put a whole state on the griddle, and drop several thousand square miles of Uncle Sam's dominion into the frying-pan is some cook all right. I had a mother-in-law who when we did not get enough heat in our apartment, used to go out and roast the janitor, but I never before heard of a young lady who could cook an entire state, and doubtless do it to a turn. You must have some large cooking utensils, Helga, and a pretty big cook stove, and an enormous fire to cook a whole state. I have discussed the matter with Billy the Goat, and Billy thinks that those forest fires that happened in Minnesota last fall came about as a result of your gigantic cooking experiment. Now, if you did actually cook Minnesota, Helga, I hope you did it in the winter time, as a little extra warmth then would be quite agreeable, and I should think the snow would make very fine gravy. So few women can cook nowadays, it is quite refreshing to find a culinary artist who is as accomplished as you, Helga. I wish you would lend me your separator. There is a man who has owned me thirty cents for thirty years, and I would like to use it on him. You say, we have a colt and my brother is training him now. He was out horseback riding yesterday. Please let us know who was out horseback riding, your brother or the colt? Your letter leaves us in doubt. You also say: "He went to visit some of his boy friends." Who? Your brother or the colt? Glad you enjoyed the moving picture show. I have a lot of pictures of the actual show, and every one we have spring cleaning and dust the walls, we have moving pictures. You say: "We have three cows that milk." I am glad to know that cows are getting so helpful. Do these three cows milk the other cows, or just milk themselves? You might let us know. Presently you will have the cows running the separator, making butter and peddling cream. There is no knowing what an educated cow will do.

CLARKS. LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I thought I would write you and the cousins. Uncle Charlie we have a little brother, mama and papa named him after you. Mama says you are a great man. That is the reason she named brother after you. He was a year old the thirty-first of last December. I have two sisters and two brothers. I have a freckled face and dark hair. I was thirteen years old February fourth, 1911.

We all think there is no paper like the COMFORT. Mama says she will be proud to see the day come when women can vote the same as the men.

Love to Uncle Charlie and the cousins,
Your niece, NORA WHITE.

Nora, I feel highly honored that your baby brother has been named for me. I think, however, that you are doing the poor child a terrible injustice. I would not sacrifice my boy's future to hoodoo him for life and upholster him with a name that has been worn by such an ossified piece of human bri-a-brac as myself. When your little brother grows up, he will have a grudge against you all for life. He will be going to the courts to get the handle you have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ruby Carpenter reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill and dies. Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," he lets slip through a crack in a quiet desk. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year. Walter goes to the city and applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence and requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. As he leaves he encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby Gordon to a party.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart with his sweet way of saying things. Ruby Gordon arranges for Mr. Whitfield to meet him. Standing near the library door Ruby hears Edmund Carpenter, expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there. The conversation reveals his relationship. Edmund ignores it and Ruby learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education. Owen Ruggles invites Ruby to visit at his home.

Ruby Gordon and her brother visit Owen Ruggles and his wife. Walter Richardson arrives. A delightful week follows. Ruby and her brother return to the city. Mr. Gordon invites him to his home, and Walter calls. His pleasure is interrupted by Edmund, who is attentive to Ruby. He is displeased to meet Walter and warns him if he falls in his intentions it will be the sorriest day he ever knew. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and at Ruby's solicitation they send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Edmund Carpenter begs to open the ball with Ruby. She detects his rage as he reads Walter's name at the head of the list. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an enlarged likeness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Reverses come to Robert Gordon and he loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. Ruby secures a position as a teacher. The house is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter makes a proposal of marriage. She refuses; she does not love him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Mrs. Gordon is left a comparatively rich woman. Mr. Gordon in his prosperity takes out insurance policies for a thousand dollars. Mrs. Gordon insists upon a handsome suite of rooms in a fashionable street. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter. He renews his offer of marriage and with Ruby's firm refusal he reminds her it will be a dangerous thing for any other man to win her.

Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue goes with her. Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He seeks the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and she finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter's and her sister's deception. Walter, leaving Ruby goes up stairs, and confronts her sister-in-law with her duplicity and Mrs. Gordon realizes she is outwitted. Edmund Carpenter calls the next morning. He determines to ruin Walter's and Ruby's happiness forever. Walter calls. A heavy shower comes up and Ruby persuades Walter to stay over night. Edmund asks Mrs. Coxon for a room. Edmund overhears Mrs. Coxon and realizes her willingness to help Walter. They are unconscious that Edmund Carpenter hears all this. The next morning Walter rises early to take the train for Chester. As he arrives there he sees a fine-looking woman getting off the Southern Express—she appears to be looking for someone. The woman meets with a serious accident, and Walter gets a carriage, assisting the man with the baggage, noting the trunks were marked Mrs. M. E. Howland. He goes with the driver, and helps her to the house, and she requests to know to whom she is indebted. When she hears the name her face becomes flushed. She tells Walter she has a promise he will see her again. Madame Howland, as she is known, has been twice married, and years ago loses an idolized son. Walter calls every morning and at the end of a week he is invited to enter—madam desires to see him. He reminds her of someone she has known in her service. She gives a frightened look at Walter. An officer is there to arrest him. He demands the charge. Mrs. Howland begs an explanation. Mrs. Robert Gordon, living in Edmund Carpenter's house in Philadelphia, lost money and valuable jewels one week ago. This young man passed the night here, leaving early in the morning. If he proves his innocence he will be released. Walter admits being there, having gone to see Ruby Gordon, to whom he is betrothed. Mrs. Howland becomes responsible for his bail. Walter recalls the morning he leaves Edmund Carpenter's home he finds his coat lying on the floor. The Monday following Mrs. Gordon asks Ruby if she has been to her jewel box. Her solitary diamond earrings and one hundred dollars are gone. The servants are questioned and the coachman examined. Mrs. Gordon writes to Mr. Carpenter and asks him to suggest some way to recover the property. Mr. Conant arrives and believes the young man innocent. Mrs. Gordon under the plea of her eyes feeling badly requests Ruby to read the evening paper. There she learns of Walter's arrest. She believes him innocent as she is, and going to see him assures him of her belief in his innocence. She writes Mr. Ruggles and goes home to watch her sister and Edmund Carpenter. Mr. Ruggles comes to Ruby's rescue and she takes him into her confidence, telling him of Edmund Carpenter's proposal of marriage, his jealousy of Walter and the deception to get her to Forestvale. Going to the house they find Edmund Carpenter and Mrs. Gordon in earnest conversation. Mr. Ruggles confronts Edmund Carpenter and accuses him of being in the scheme to win Walter Richardson. If the plot can be unearthed it will be done. After Mr. Ruggles goes home Ruby goes to a seat around a large oak. Mrs. Gordon and Edmund Carpenter take seats on the opposite side and Ruby learns enough from his own lips to convict him—his placing the diamonds in Walter's coat. He fails to conceal the money and he gives it back to Mrs. Gordon, while she reverts—she having given the number of the bill to a detective. He suggests she send it to him and he will send a check. The next morning Ruby is on the alert and calling to Thomas reminds him she has a letter. Looking at those in his hand she sees one addressed to Edmund Carpenter. Dressing hastily she tells her sister she is going to the dressmaker in the city. Calling at Mr. Conant's office she learns he has gone to Chester to consult with Mr. Richardson. She is powerless to do anything and returns home. The evening closes gloomily. Mrs. Coxon builds a fire in the library. Mrs. Gordon and Ruby go there. The bell rings and Edmund Carpenter enters. He would enjoy a game of chess with Mrs. Gordon.

CHAPTER XXXVI. (CONTINUED.)

"I AM glad you came," the lady responded, with animation, "I was upon the point of subsiding into a fit of the blues myself. Come into the parlor—the table is there—and I will beat you with pleasure."

"Won't you be cold in the parlor, Estelle?" Ruby asked, feeling that it would be selfish to let them go away from the cheerful fire. "No, I am thoroughly warm, indeed the room has been getting rather close, and I shall be glad of better air," Mrs. Gordon answered, and then they went away, leaving Ruby in solitary possession of the library and the pleasant fire, much to her relief.

She had only been pretending to read before Edmund Carpenter came in, but now the book dropped from her hands and she fell into a fit of troubled musing. Presently Timothy, a handsome maltese cat of which she had grown very fond and made a great pet since coming to Forestvale, came purring to her side; then as she put out her hand to smooth his soft fur, he made a low, satisfied noise, gave a leap and settled himself cozily in her lap.

She put her arms about him with a sense of comfort, and somehow did not feel quite so lonely or friendless with him there.

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She sat thus for a long time, until the fire burned low and the charring embers dropped apart and, one by one, went out.

The house was very still, and she could not hear a sound, save now and then a low, brief "check" from the other room, where the chess players were absorbed in their game, and the gentle ticking of the marble clock on the mantel above her.

Suddenly she was startled by a strange sensation upon her foot, and, glancing down, she espied a tiny mouse upon the toe of her slipper. She started involuntarily, and the frightened little fellow sprang down and flew over the carpet, disappearing behind the great, old-fashioned writing-desk on the opposite side of the room.

"Timothy, wake up!" Ruby said, arousing the cat from his comfortable nap. "There's a prize for you here, if you will look sharp."

She put him down upon the floor; then, rising, went over to the desk to route his mouse-ship from his hiding-place and give the cat a chance to catch it.

The desk was a cumbersome piece of furniture, but it was upon rollers, and, by exerting her strength, Ruby succeeded in pushing it a little way out from the side of the house.

This gave her a chance to squeeze in behind the desk, and, bracing her knee against the back of it and her shoulders against the wall, she gave a vigorous push, and it rolled out still farther.

But the panel against which her knee was braced suddenly gave way, and slipped down out of sight into the desk.

The poor little mouse, however, had been frightened from his place of concealment, and Timothy, now all alert, captured him in the twinkling of an eye, and, growling out his satisfaction, bore him in triumph to the mat before the grate, where he performed all sorts of antics with his squeaking victim.

Ruby looked a trifle dismayed over the mischief that she had wrought, and, reaching forward into the aperture, she drew forth the broken panel with a view to see how it could be replaced.

As she did so, her hand came in contact with a paper which appeared to have slipped down behind a drawer.

She drew this out also, and found it to be an official-looking envelope, covered with dust and cobwebs, and containing quite a bulky document.

There was some writing on the back. Brushing the dust from it, she held it toward the light, and read:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
RALPH CARPENTER,
Oct. 15th, 18—

All the color faded instantly from the young girl's face, and a wild, startled look came into her blue eyes as she comprehended the significance of those words.

She knew at once that she had found the missing will, over which—or, rather, over the absence of which—there had been so much speculation and comment.

But how did it come to be there, wedged between the back of the desk and a drawer or compartment? Could it have slipped there by accident, or had it been helped into its hiding-place by a pair of guilty hands?

What should she do with it now she had found it? Should she call Edmund Carpenter and deliver it into his possession, or should she keep her own counsel until she could confer with the gentleman who had been Mr. Ralph Carpenter's lawyer?

It would seem that Edmund had the best right to the document, and she would not have hesitated a moment, had she believed him to be an honorable man.

The fact that a will existed, proved to her that Mr. Ralph Carpenter had bequeathed a share of his property to Walter, and knowing how Edmund hated him, how he had begrudged him even a home, not to mention his recent persecu-

tion, made her feel that the man might even now do something desperate to prevent him from coming into his share of the property.

Something seemed to tell her that it would not be safe to give it to him—that he might, in a moment of passion, and reckless of consequences, destroy it before anyone could ascertain its contents, and then the wrong that had been done would never be righted.

These thoughts, and many others, passed rapidly through her mind as she stood there holding that sacred document in her hands, her eyes riveted upon those thrilling words, "Last Will and Testament," etc.

"What shall I do?" she said, over and over, to herself, while she kept glancing toward the door, as if fearful someone would enter before she could decide the important question.

At last she lifted her head with a resolute air.

"I do not dare to give it to him tonight," she said.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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Turkey An' Pie

BY CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS (UNCLE CHARLIE).

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THANKSGIVING DAY has come again an' Pa says there is much for us to all be thankful for, an' then he starts to touch upon the various blessings that has happened through the year. An' the way that Pa just gets it off, 'twould do you good to hear. He says the harvest has been good, the corn an' extra yield. An' smiling plenty's been the rule in pasture and in field. An' for these acts of Providence, the turkey's got to die. An' wholesale slaughter will be waged on cran-bry sauce an' pie.

Pa says, of all the years he's known, the one that's drawin' out has been the one that most he's got to thankful be about. The summer-boarder crop this year has been the finest yet. An' one young city feller Sister Sue's caught in her net. She's been what they call "on the shelf" an' never had no beaus. An' just how glad she's off his hands, Pa says, there's no one knows; An' to show that we are grateful to Providence, we'll try to fill ourselves up to the ears with turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says when he compares this year with other years he's known. This one, for real prosperity, just stands out all alone. Grasshoppers and such birds of prey in other years have come. An' chawed up everything in sight, an' never left a crumb. But this year Pa says, they've been good so good, with joy we laugh. To think, instead of all the crop, this year they took but half; An' for this special favor, we think we all should try to swim around in cran-bry sauce an' pulverize the pie.

Pa says he thinks a great improvement steadily goes on. An' gives a feller hope an' grist with which to build upon. He says, this year, that Fortune's been smilin' extra kind. An' interest on the mortgage now's but sixteen months behind. An' he thinks, with great exertion, if we all wade in an' work. An' never leave a thing undone, and nothin' round us shirk. The organ for the parlor, on installments, we can buy. So we'll organize a fierce assault on turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says the tramps that's come around within the twelve months gone. Shows him a brighter era for humanity will dawn. For tramps that once would, for a crust, split up a cord of wood. Now help themselves and kick like steers unless the cookin's good. An', as for them mosquitoes; well, that's a thing that we have all got special reasons to extra thankful be. For they were but a puny crop some less than two feet high. So breathe a blessing 'tween the chunks of turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says, some folks they make him tired the way they soon despair. An' loads that break some backs, to Pa are trides light as air. An' there, out in the field, he sings with joy the livelong day. To think the skeeters, bugs an' things ain't carried him away. But left him here upon the farm, his back to labor bent. To pay the interest on loans at ninety-five per cent. An' that Pa he can do the job's sufficient reason why. We've wrestled with the turkey an' got hunkey with the pie.

We have been requested to reprint the above poem which appeared in COMFORT years ago as Uncle Charlie's first contribution to our columns and led to his engagement as a member of COMFORT's regular staff where he has served so long and made such a host of friends that he is now one of the most popular and influential writers in America. We are sure that our readers are thankful that, in spite of his infirmity against which he fights so heroically, he has been spared to scatter seeds of kindness and lift up the hearts that are bowed down with sorrow, and we pray kind Providence to leave him with us to carry on his good work for many years to come. EDITOR.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"backyard" farming. A partition divides our backyard and so you see we also have a poultry department. Fifteen healthy fat red chickens supply us with all the eggs we want to eat, and leave some to sell. Our hens do remarkably well. Besides the greens out of the garden as well as the scraps from the table, my husband mashes all bones that come with the meat. We average six to eight eggs a day, more or less. We bought yesterday three hens from a selected laying strain, and hope to do better yet in the future. Husband planted twelve fruit trees in the backyard and they are real beauties. We both were reared on the farm and some day again will live on an "interurban" or trolley farm. These farms that border electric railways are called that way. I want all the sisters to give me a real surprise party. Let us see how many Germans will mistake. We are Germans and lesen, sprechen, und schreiben deutsch. With best wishes, Mrs. PAUL KAUTZ, 624 W. Melba St., Dallas, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and think it is the best paper I ever read. Now I am asking for help from the corner, where I am sure I won't call in vain. I want to know if the milk from the common goats, the kind we have in Texas is fit for use? Mrs. GERTRUDE CANNON, Batson, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: As some kind heart paid for the COMFORT paper for me last fall I have been a silent reader ever since.

When I get lonesome I can pick up COMFORT and always find lots of comfort in it. Now I will tell you about myself. I am an old maid, fifty-six years old the 23rd of last March, and never walked a step, nor have I ever been to school a day in my life. What learning I have was taught me at home.

I am all drawn out of shape by rheumatism. I had a good home as long as my parents lived, my father dying twelve years ago and my mother eleven years ago. What a hard blow it was for me when my parents died! It seemed as if everything was gone, and that I could not live without them. I have one sister who lives in S. Dak., and after my mother died she came back after me to live with her, and I went out there, staying four years and a half, and her husband did not want me and she brought me back here and left me without any home. I lived around from place to place for about six months, trying to get into some Old Ladies' Home, but they would not take me because I was not old enough, and I was a cripple. So I came to the Oneida Co. Home, and I have a little room all by myself. I sit here in my room and make fancy work and I make little booklets on my typewriter. I make porch pillow covers out of gingham, some of them in cross-stitch and some in darned work, and I make two or three kinds of rugs. I make all these to sell to buy things that I need.

I am happy and I try to make others happy; I go up into the sitting-room in my wheel chair and cheer up the old ladies. I do like to write letters to my sister-in-laws, but I hardly ever have postage. God bless all the COMFORT kind is my prayer. Miss PHEBE A. HOUGHTON, Rome, Box 267, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT ever since I learned to read, but have never had courage to write before.

I will describe myself so you can imagine what I look like. I am sixteen years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. I have brown curly hair and brown eyes. I am married and have a little girl baby five months old. She is just beginning to sit alone and is cutting teeth now and is awfully cross.

We live on a farm and have seven cows and I churn every day. How many of you ever tried canning apple-sauce for winter use? It is lovely! We have dandy potatoes this year. With love and best wishes, Mrs. CARL WIGGINS, Altmar, R. R. 1, N. Y.

Mrs. Wiggins.—You are a busy little woman to be churning every day and you should have a commission on all the butter you make. About baby, make sure that her bowels are healthy, during teething. Regulate them with sweet cream, giving more or less, according to relaxed condition. She will be less "cross" and so save you.

One year I canned red Astrachan apple sauce and found there was no comparison between sauce made from fresh and stored apples. It was delicious and had I the time should always can my winter's supply from the best flavored fall apples. Porter apples are excellent.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been enjoying the COMFORT magazine for the last seven years and the first page I turn to is the Sisters' Corner, for there is always so many and varied interesting things in the sisters' letters that come from all parts of our country and they give so many useful helps, also the nice recipes and remedies of all kinds.

Then comes dear Uncle Charlie's "consistently" letters and the mercy list. I cannot do much for the poor shut-ins except to write letters and postal cards, or send pictures to the little ones. I cut out all the pretty pictures from different papers and save the picture labels off of canned goods, then I make up a story and give names to the pictures and write it out, and send it to some little one. Last month I sent a roll of them to Violet Avar, out in Oklahoma and received a card from Mrs. Avar saying that her daughter was quite pleased.

Then I have a shut-in friend who has been bedfast for many years. She lives in Canada. I send my COMFORT paper to her as soon as we are through reading, and she passes them on to six or eight other friends of hers, and she has told me that they have all enjoyed the papers, especially the Sisters' Corner has given them much comfort. I have been sending them ever since I first subscribed. I also have some other shut-in friends in Oklahoma, Indiana, Georgia and other states of our country to whom I write.

What to Read

If you have the blues read Psalm XXVII. If your pocketbook is empty read Psalm XXXVII. If people seem unkind read St. John XV. If you are discouraged about your work read Psalm CXXVII. If you are all out of sorts read Hebrews, Chap. XII. If you are losing confidence in men read First Corinthians, Chap. XIII. If you can't have your own way in everything keep silent and read James, Chap. III.

Now I better stop, or our dear friend Mrs. Wilkinson will pass me by, so with best wishes to her, Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie, and sister myself, Mrs. E. C. LEWIS, Stratford, Box 3, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS: Will those in this circle let a girl from the old dominion state enter your happy band? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for nearly ten years and I do appreciate the paper, especially the Sisters' Corner. I was born and reared in the state of Virginia and I don't think there is any other state that I would like as well. We have churches of all kind in our locality, good schools and good people.

I have dark eyes and hair, height sixty-two inches; weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. Member of the Christian church, my parents both are dead, and our home is lonely and desolate without them.

I would like to correspond with the sisters and perhaps we would feel better acquainted with each other, for letter writing is indeed a most effective medium of communication between mind and mind, heart and heart, life and life, for by means of it we can enter into each other's personality. It is possible to convert our mail service to the highest and best uses. Each letter brings some thought or purpose with it, and sets our brains working, our conscience judging, and our will deciding. If every letter was what it ought to be, upright, honest, pure and full of the spirit of love, our nation would soon be regenerated. Have you ever noticed the difference in letters you receive? It matters not whether they be of business, or of a social character, they either have a tendency to lift up or pull down. The former are so bright, cheerful and tender, that they grow warm as you read them, and you almost feel there is a real life in them. The whole day is made brighter and happier by simply reading them. They have given you a different feeling toward everyone until you begin to believe that this old world isn't so awful bad after all, and that there is really something worth living for even in this present life—to say nothing of the future. I have often read about young men and girls

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leaving their farm homes for a life in the city. They should think well before taking the step for the young man or woman who leaves the farm to live in the city may be facing not only absolute failure but ruin as well. The city isn't flowing with milk and honey and out in the country we can breathe fresh air and have pure water to drink.

My sympathies are all with the suffering and shut-in people, the more we suffer in this world, the sweeter will be our rest in eternity.

With best wishes for COMFORT and all its readers, I will bid you all good by, I am, most gratefully yours, Miss RUTH BROWN, Ewing, R. R. 1, Box 3, Va.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Here comes a sister from Florida wishing to join your charming circle and to offer a remedy for cold on the lungs.

Our baby boy who is now sixteen months old had pneumonia last December while we were in Ohio, and since then every time he gets a little cold it settles on his lungs. Our doctor who is said to be the best in southern Florida told me to make a mixture of one tablespoonful of ground mustard and five tablespoonfuls of flour and enough hot water to make it about like soup. Wet a flannel cloth in this and wrap around the child, leaving it on from five to thirty minutes or until the skin turns red. Repeat every four hours, giving oil right and morning. I have found this so much help as we live in the country and it is not always handy to get anything else.

I am five feet ten inches tall, have dark brown hair and eyes and am almost twenty-five years old.

We like here very much. The winters are delightful but we have so much rain in the summer. I do enjoy reading COMFORT and when I get homesick or a little down-hearted I read some of the cheery letters and they do me worlds of good.

Love and best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Mrs. C. C. ROBERTSON, Ellenton, Florida.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for some time and I enjoy it very much, especially the sisters' letters, for I find so much help and encouragement in them.

I liked the talk given by Mrs. Falconer. I am one that has been since fifteen years old without a mother, and had a cruel stepmother who almost wrecked my life. I feel that had it not been for the Christian influence of my mother, I would have been doomed, but at the age of fourteen I learned to lean on the arm of Jesus. But there are so many orphans who are not Christians and have no one to give them a kind word. Sisters, I think this is one of our duties, to ever be ready to speak a kind word to those who need it. Kind words do not cost anything, and be we each so poor, we can have a bright smile and a kind word for all we meet. I know my experience is that a kind word and a bright smile is better than gold and dear sisters this is my mission. I now have a home of my own and a good husband, yet I don't forget those who have no home. I like that old saying: "Be kind to a man when he's down." I am sure God has put us here to help each other and if we do this we are happy.

I want to say to mothers, be sure to teach your children the right way and live a good Christian life before them, and they will never forget it. I am thirty years old, and today my mother's life and training is still my guide.

I know sometimes that mothers become discouraged and think their advice to a girl or boy is all in vain. But don't give up, every good word is a seed sown in the heart that will live after mother is gone, if you live as you should before them.

Now a word to children, always be kind to mother while you have her, for she won't live always, and when she is gone it will be too late. Bear hardships and care for her, be ready to take mother's advice, and when she is taken away you will feel that you made her life brighter by your kind deeds.

Mrs. R. H. MILLS, Kennett, R. R. 1, Mo.

Remedies

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—One cup of strained honey, two tablespoonfuls of common table salt, two tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper. Boil with very strong sage tea, strain and bottle. Use freely as a gargle four times a day.

MATTIE STOFFER, Waverly, R. R. 1, Box 24, Ohio.

ECZEMA.—Let sulphur soak in rain-water several days, shaking occasionally. It will relieve the itching almost instantly.

RED WETTING.—Let the children eat the common pumpkin seeds.

MRS. RUBY CHAMBERS, Salem, Mo.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Two ounces of glycerine, one dram of oil of citronella, one dram of gum tragacanth, one and half pints of warm rain-water. Soak the

gum overnight and strain if lumpy, then mix all together.

Miss LETHA BRIGGS, Milwaukie, R. R. 1, Box 82, Oregon.

COUGH AND HOARSENESS.—One cup of sugar made into a syrup. Put into a bottle and add two ounces of pure olive oil and two ounces of paregoric and shake well. Dose: One teaspoon every three hours if very bad.

Mrs. E. M. HILSINGER, Cincinnati, R. R. 3, Box 57, N. Y.

FELON OR "RUNAROUND."—Make a salve of equal parts of pure hog's lard and calomel. Apply night and morning. Each morning wash the finger in a strong solution of blue vitriol. This remedy saved my finger (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Care for the Breeding Season

THE wise poultry keeper will not delay getting things in order for breeding season. New blood is necessary, to keep up the vigor of the flock. Buy the best male bird you can afford. The rooster is more than half the flock. A good bird will grade up young stock next spring. Remember, even if you have pretty good birds of your own rearing, there is danger in inbreeding for more than one season. A flock of thoroughbreds will run down quickly if left to themselves for two or three years. Put on your thinking cap. Weren't there a lot of things you wanted to alter and improve last spring? Were brooders and brood-coops in good condition? Now is the time to overhaul things. There is no opportunity when spring comes, for then there is always a rush, and you will bring trouble on yourself by using coops which haven't been properly cleaned, or which have no fastenings, or have broken hinges or leaks in the roof. The boys want something to amuse them during the winter evenings; get them interested in showing off their mechanical skill by making feed-hoppers and drinking fountains. Self-feeding hoppers save a great deal of food, especially round brood coops. They prevent the grain being spilled or trampled in to the ground or spoiled by thunder showers.

The brand of tea which we use in the house comes in square pound tins, and these we convert into self-feeders by cutting out two inches of the front an inch from the bottom, and fitting a sloping false bottom inside. Any handy boy can look at the picture of a self-feeder in a catalogue, and make one that will be just as serviceable. Pound baking powder cans can have a hole the size of a pea cut about an inch from the top, and when filled with water and turned upside down in a two-inch tin pan just a trifle larger in circumference, make capital little drinking fountains for brood-coops, and cost only five cents for the dish, so there is no excuse for not having plenty of them, and they save chicks getting drowned or the water getting defiled, which is usually the case when open dishes are used. Having all the little things ready and in order counts for a lot in the spring, when everyone has more work than he can comfortably do.

Turkeys and geese should be well cared for now, if early and strong youngsters are to be expected. Breeding flocks should be made up without delay. Turkeys and geese won't accept strangers as quickly as our fowls do. Both turkeys and geese should have some kind of shelter from winter storms, and judicious feeding. It is no use setting eggs that are only half fertile, or hatching youngsters that are so weak in vitality that they will die after a few weeks of miserable existence, no matter how much you pamper them. Better bestow care and time on the old birds now, and have a high percentage of fertile eggs when it comes to setting-time, and young ones strong enough to fight their own way in the world against all ordinary ills. All poultry needs vegetable food, but geese want a great quantity. If you have a silo, give the geese a palful every day; if you haven't, grow sprouted oats; failing that, chop up clover hay, and steam every night. Turnips, beets or cabbage may be chopped, and fed raw or boiled, and mixed with bran or stock feed, but remember that potatoes belong to the fattening birds—don't give them to the breeding stock. Cold nights there is no better supper than whole corn, but you must not use it for every meal, or the birds will get too fat. Animal food is also necessary, for the birds can't find worms and bugs at this season of the year.

General farmers, keeping only small flocks, or of come very often, will find it easier and cheaper to buy prepared animal food, which is sold by all poultry supply houses and incubator firms. There are several different makes on the market, put up under such names as "beef scraps," "bone, beef and blood," "animal scraps," etc. They are all pretty much the same, and cost from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a hundred pounds. You only want to use one third to two thirds of grain, so it is really not very expensive, especially when you take into consideration the difference it makes in the number of eggs laid, and the strength of the chicks hatched.



WHITE WYANDOTTE COCK.

Correspondence

C. D.—I would like to know which breed of chickens is the most valuable to raise—as layers as well as for table use. I have had a mixed flock, but got a small flock of Buff Orpingtons just lately. I am very much interested in chickens and want to raise those that pay best. Any information will be appreciated.

A.—Orpingtons are as good as any other breed for general purposes, for they lay well and make good table birds.

P. S.—The combs are very bright red at first, then turn a dark purple.

W. B. C.—Will you please tell me through Comfort what is wrong with my hens? They keep their heads in a quick motion very nearly all the time. I cut one open and found a pad of real small worms around the windpipe.

A.—Read answer to Mrs. P. and B. B. in October issue.

J. W. S.—I am a subscriber to your profitable magazine, noticed the advice to barrel dock and other

weeds. Please tell me if you barrel it dry, or freshly cut. What is a good cure for the gapes? also diarrhoea? Please answer as soon as you can through your columns.

A.—The weeds should be freshly cut. Packing in a barrel is really like using a small silo, so you can judge for yourself the condition things should be in. For gapes, try the following: Steep a teaspoonful of cut tobacco in half a cup of warm water, for ten minutes. Pour a spoonful of the liquid down the bird's throat, keeping his head up, and close the two holes at the base of the bill with your thumb and forefinger whilst you count five slowly. Then suddenly release, and turn the bird head downwards, holding by its feet. It will gasp, sputter, and usually eject the worms. For diarrhoea, take away the drinking water, and replace it with rice water. (Boil rice in water until it is thick and milky, then strain, and when the water is cool, fill the drinking fountains.) If the attack is very severe, add two drops of laudanum to a teaspoonful of rice water, and pour it down the bird's throat.

L. B. D.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my young chicks? They are crying, size. Their heads are sore, mostly around the eyes. Have two that are nearly blind. The sores get raw, otherwise the chicks are peart; eat heartily, if they could see how to get the feed.

A.—The birds have inflammation of the mucous membrane of the eyes, caused by cold, dirty coops, or injury. Bathe daily with a solution of permanganate, or permanganate of potassium. Add few drops of eubrasia to each pint of drinking water.

B. U.—We have a turkey which hatched a brood of young turkeys this spring, and shortly after, her face became very red and swollen. Nothing seems to cure it. I have used peroxide of hydrogen on it, and once when it was very bad we lanced it. It seemed to ease it. A thin red fluid ran out. She seems well otherwise, but has great difficulty in swallowing. A white matter runs from her eyes, causing her to be nearly blind. Sometimes she is better, so that she can eat wheat off the ground, but otherwise we hold it for her, and then she can hardly see to eat it. I would be very glad if you could tell me what it is and how to cure it.

A.—I can only advise you to read answer to L. B. D. Examine the bird more closely. If there is a disagreeable odor, it is roup; but it may be a tumor—the result of some injury. A bread poultice could do no harm, and might remove the trouble. I can only suggest possible remedies, as from your description I cannot be sure what the real trouble is.

F. C.—I have R. I. B. chicks, hatched on or before the 1st of July, 1911. Will the pullets produce eggs that will hatch, say next March? I have read that pullets will not hatch. I would like to start my incubator about the first of April or 15th of March if I can get hatchable eggs. The hints for little chicks came just in time for me, but perhaps too late for some.

A.—Well-developed pullets' eggs hatch all right. The trouble with your birds is, they were hatched so late that cold weather will check their development, and in all probability they will not commence to lay until the real warm weather in April, and even then they are not sure to reach standard weight or size. To be profitable for laying, birds should be hatched before May 1st, though it would be better to sell your late-hatched pullets as roasters during the holiday season, and buy a few year-old hens with the money, for then you would be sure of strong, well-matured stock.

I. N. O.—I am a subscriber to your paper, and like Comfort very much. A dear lady friend had it sent to me in December, 1911. She is dead now, so it comes as a remembrance of her as well as, I think I shall take it as long as it is published. I am trying to raise chickens. Have about sixty chicks and fifteen hens, and fourteen ducks. All are doing well. The hens are moulting, but they lay anyway. I expect to raise a few hundred chicks next season, and I should be so glad if you could tell me anything about caponizing, and the system of raising poultry. I have heard something about it, but not enough to learn anything from; or can you tell me where I could get books that would explain it thoroughly, and also about the gins, which are used to hold the value of each fowl. Many kind wishes to you.

A.—The system of poultry culture you refer to, advertises very largely, so you can readily find their address and write them. Of course, I cannot explain their system in these columns, much as I should like to help you. You will also find the address of firms which make the tools needed in caponizing. There are several in the columns of Comfort. They send full directions with the instruments, and not long ago we had an article on the subject.

G. G.—I cannot answer letters by mail. Read answer to L. B. D.

M. E.—Will you please tell me what to do for my hens and chickens. I have about two hundred and fifty, and they are dying off three or four a day. They are nearly all sick. Their heads and combs turn dark, and they have a bowel trouble, and droop around and die. They eat well until a day or two before they die. They have plenty of fresh water, and I feed them corn and oats. They are not shut up, but have free range. Please answer soon.

A.—If a strong offensive odor is noticeable, it is roup; if there is no odor, I should say it was a case of violent indigestion, probably brought on by some poison. Putrid animal meat is a frequent cause of such trouble, and when birds have had free access to land to which commercial fertilizer has been applied, they are very apt to get bowels trouble, as they will eat the fertilizer greedily. If there is no odor, administer a teaspoonful of Castor oil to each bird, and keep on soft food for a few days. Stale bread-crumbs, soaked in scalded milk, is the best. If, on the other hand, the disagreeable odor is noticeable, dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a pint of water; use one teaspoonful of the mixture, diluted with two teaspoonfuls of water. Swab out the bird's throat and nostrils, and bathe the face with the mixture. Roup is a contagious disease, so the chicken-house and all the fixtures must be thoroughly disinfected, and it would be a wise precaution to add a teaspoonful of kerosene oil to every quart of drinking water for the entire flock.

W. E.—Can you please tell me what is the matter with my hens? Their wings will droop, and they seem to be the right wing, and I notice one that seems to be in her legs and hips. Then they won't eat, and finally die. I keep henhouse well cleaned; they have free range. Sometimes the combs turn pale.

A.—You don't say how you feed the birds. Conditions as described show want of strength and constitutional weakness. Feed a little mixture of iron and cod liver oil. Put a mash made of stock feed, beef scraps and bran in the morning, scratch feed at noon, and all the whole corn they will eat up clean at night.

O. E.—Please tell me how to tell the difference between a goose and gander, and how many geese I can keep with one gander. They have free access to water.

A.—I cannot tell you in these columns how to distinguish between geese and ganders. People who are us: to them can usually tell by the difference in their cry, but that is impossible to describe on paper. Is there no neighbor who can help you? Not more than five geese can run with one gander.

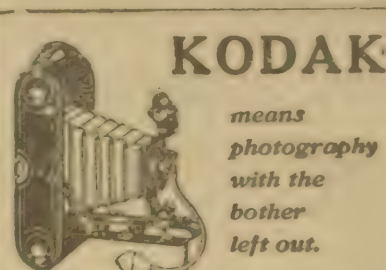
J. E. B.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They seem all right in the evening, but next morning they are sleepy, and in a day or two they die. I have opened a good many and looked at their entrails. They seem to have liver trouble. Their liver looks green, and filled with green pus, and the liver is twice as large as a natural liver. Their gall is enlarged, and looks as if it had burst on the liver. I have lost a great number in the same way. They have good range and plenty of fresh water. I feed wheat and corn. I have had some die with a trouble that I have had no experience in. They commence to gasp and their combs turn white, and when they die their heads turn black. They have a diarrhoea of a yellowish water, or like the yolks of eggs; then their droppings will turn a greenish, bloody color before they die.

J. C. S.—Thank you for clippings about Indian Runner ducks, which will be most useful.

M. C. S.—Could you please tell me through your poultry column what would be the cause of a chicken or chickens laying small eggs the size of a bird's egg. I was told they were snake eggs, and it was bad luck, and all kinds of superstitions talk like that. I have raised chickens for eight years, and raise the fancy Buff Leghorns, and never before got eggs like that, and cannot catch the chicken that is laying them. Have received about eight in all. Will wait for your answer.

A.—Of course it is all nonsense about snakes' eggs, and bad luck. Hens which are about to stop laying, or about to lay, or when they are getting broody, often lay small eggs. When they have had a rest and commence to lay again, their eggs will be normal.

H. W.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my fowls? They seem to have a diarrhoea, and sit with their hind parts raised, and feathers not lay-



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ing smoothly. They eat well, and are laying good, but don't seem active. My rooster has yellow ulcers in his throat, and at times stands with his mouth open, as if gasping for breath, and it seems hard for him to crow. If it is roup, though, have I and will you please describe symptoms of roup? My chicks are the White Wyandottes, and I have only had them about a month. Please send remedy.

A.—Either roup or canker. Canker springs from a common cold, and may develop into roup if not checked. Read answer to M. E.

E. C. B.—I have a large Bronze turkey gobbler. He was one year old last spring, and the eggs of the hens he associated with were not fertile. Wish you would advise through Comfort whether or not he would be all O. K. next spring.

A.—It is impossible to tell about next spring. Some of the eggs should have shown signs of being fertile this season, though gobblers are not supposed to be fully matured under two years. If he is a good bird in other ways, it would be advisable to keep him.

D. E.—Will you please tell me where I can get the White Plymouth Rock chickens, or the catalogue from someone that has them.

A.—I don't personally know poultry-keepers in the South. If any of our readers in Alabama can help you, and care to enclose a postal card bearing their address, I will gladly forward it to you.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

WISCONSIN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I thought you would like to hear from a Farmer Boy. I am from the snow-clad hills of Wisconsin far away. I regret to say that I am no longer a boy, tho I remember with joy the scenes of my boyhood days, which I have made plane in a song. I am twenty-six, 5' 9 1/2 in. hi. We 185p. I live on a farm three miles from — Wis. I was large and strong for my age at sixteen. I run many foot races and most always took a prize. In one race I took sweet money, I ran a hundred yards in ten seconds. I also ran half a mile in three minutes, then I had creeping paralysis. I did not think I would see the snow fall on the golden leaves of autumn when the Robin Red Breast southward fls, but two years later I grew strong again. I could run again in twelve seconds, and a half mile in three minutes, but my running days are past for me then I thought I would like to have one of my own songs on my Neighbor girl's piano. I had it Pub in Chicago, then I got the habbitt of song writing and wrote "On Wallnuka's moon kissed shore," named for an Indian Chief's Daughter, who is buried on this shore, "there tonight the curfew bell is ringing." (Say girls did you ever get kissed by that moon man, he always has his eye on you). Here is chorus number one.

'Neath the green Clad mound there lies an Indian made of a copper shade
'Neath the moon beams the daughter of Decota—the princest lies.
The sweetheart of an Indian brave neath—the sky so blue she's waiting
There to night the village bells are ringing—on Wallnuka's moon kissed shore.

I will now close, bedding you all good bye.

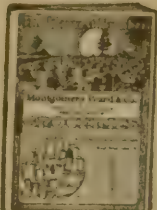
I remain your cousin very sincerely yours,

BYRON B. OLDS.

Byron, I greatly enjoyed your letter, more possibly than you will ever know, and I am sorry I cannot give your complete address. Your letter was written largely with the view of creating a demand for your song products. You will note I had to cut out the titles of many you mention, and also the prices. You must remember, Byron, when you go into a store and purchase an article you have to pay for it. The storekeeper lives by what he sells, and if he starts to give his goods away he will end in the poorhouse. A magazine is largely supported by the patronage of its advertisers. It is one of the basic, iron-clad rules of the publishing business never to advertise an article unless the advertising is paid for. People who want publicity for articles by which they make profit, must pay for that publicity. The publicity we give to the little articles that are sold by our shut-ins, is done in the sweet cause of charity, and by the way it is a concession made by scarcely any other publication in the United States. I explain this matter, Byron, so that you and thousands of others of our readers will know why it is impossible for COMFORT to boost the hundred and one things they are anxious to sell, through our columns, and which in the innocence of their hearts they think we will advertise. We do advertise them in Billy the Goat's stomach and the waste paper basket and nowhere else. Now for a consideration of your letter, which I am sure our readers will enjoy immensely. You speak of "the scenes of your boyhood days, which I have made plane in a song." From this I infer, Byron, that you plane your songs instead of writing them, and that you construct them with lumber instead of pen and ink. You are the first one I ever knew to construct a song along these original lines. There ought to be money in it for you. I should think a wooden song would be exceedingly useful, if not from a musical point of view, at least in starting fires in the winter time. It must be lovely to hear wooden music. You say you are 5' 9 1/2 in. hi. and we 185 p. That certainly is a highly original way of telling us your height and weight. The spelling reformers would throw up their hands with delight, Byron, if they only saw that. In your letter you refer to yourself as a runner. Instead of a runner, I suppose a runner can get over the ground a good deal faster than any ordinary runner. You say: "In one race I took sweet money." I don't know what "sweet" money is, but I hope, Byron, that it is better than the ordinary kind, and also that after you had taken it, you were honest enough to return it. From the fact that you took the money in a race, one would almost infer that you had good cause to hurry as soon as you got it. You also say: "I run a hundred yards in ten seconds." I hope while you were running you had some thing more on you than ten seconds. I have run a hundred yards in a suit of clothes, but never in ten seconds. These must have been powerful and very offensive scents to make you move so fast. You must have looked like a whole perfume factory running wild. I once fell through the skylight of a Limburger cheese foundry, and I believe I ran a hundred miles in twelve seconds, and twelve strong and awful scents they were too on that occasion. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that you mean you ran a hundred yards in ten seconds. If you did that, Byron, you are some runner. We are exceedingly glad that you recovered your health, though you must certainly have risked losing it again when you tell us that you ran for a half mile in three minutes. How you ever succeeded in running a public race, attired only in three minutes beats me. Possibly the police could not catch you, or you went so fast they could not see you. Run in an overcoat the next time. It is necessary to cover more than your hands, no matter how fast you can move. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean three minutes instead of three seconds. Let us all fervently hope so. I have had your letter printed exactly as you wrote it. As you are an author, or rather a lyricist, that is composer of song words, I did not feel I had any right to take any great liberties with your polished sentences. We are all very much interested in "Wallnuka's moon kissed shore" and that Indian chief's daughter who is buried on that same shore. The moon will get its lips exceedingly dirty, if it keeps on kissing Wallnuka's muddy shore. You say that lake is named after an Indian chief's daughter. I did not know that the Indians had acquired sufficient knowledge of the culinary art to aspire to the dignity of being chiefs. The Indian is pretty good at boiled dog dinner, but in the cooking line that about lets him out. I am glad this particular Indian had enough ambition to become a good cook, and I hope he is somewhere in Chicago, hustling out the corn beef and cabbage, and kidney stew in a restaurant, or some other bash house where grub finds a ready sale. The Goat says you mean Indian chief's daughter. I hope however, this is chief instead of chief, as chiefs are so much more useful. Are you sure the chief's daughter is buried instead of buried? It is not pleasant to be buried, but it may be real enjoyable to be buried. However I trust she was disposed of in such a way that the board of health had no kick coming and that she did not contribute one of those twelve scents that made you run so fast. If I were that Indian chief's daughter I would object to that curfew bell as you call it, ringing every night. It is exceedingly annoying to a person if they are "buried" to have anyone ringing an old bell over their heads. The curfew bell is bad enough, but your "curfew" bell must be terrible. In the first line of your chorus you say: "An Indian made of a copper shade." Now if you had only written "Indian maid of a copper shade" it would have been very romantic, but when you speak of an Indian made of a copper shade, you might be referring to some parchment-faced, asidied, rum filled old Red Skin nine hundred years old with a copper hide. It takes more than copper shade to make an Indian, it takes flesh and blood, Byron. A poet of your high order should have written of a copper shade, not made of a copper shade. The "Moon beams, and the princest" in the second line are fine, I don't know what the moon beams are, but I guess the moon after getting its mouth full of mud, kissing Wallnuka's shore, could not throw off

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any ordinary beams, and so had to distribute beams instead. I have seen many a princess, and very ordinary every day mortals they were too, but never a princess. If that Indian made of a copper shade ever gets wise to the fact that you have called her a princess (and she will know it all right when she sees COMFORT), she will be back from the happy hunting ground on the double quick, and you will have to do more than a hundred yards in twelve seconds, or there will be one song writer minus a scalp, or I don't know what I am talking about. You have to be awfully careful what you call Indians. You can't fool with them the way you can fool with the whites. You say: "I will now close, bedding you all good bye." Bedding is perfectly correct. Byron, in this instance, though the spelling book says it should have been "bedding," she will have got us all in bed, at least you have got me there all right, and Billy the Goat is under the bed having fourteen fits, and could not run a yard in one second let alone a hundred in twelve. On behalf of COMFORT's family, Byron, I thank you for your letter. I am sure we have all enjoyed it hugely. We all hope to hear from you again, when the "Robin Redbreast southward fls," or as you might have said southward fls.

SILICA, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

May a mischievous little girl enter your charming circle? I received my membership card O. K., but you evidently thought that I was a boy when you filled it out. Never mind Uncle, papa sometimes calls me Bill.

Uncle, I am about five feet tall, weigh ninety-five pounds. I have brown eyes and hair of the same color, and am thirteen years young. I would be awful pretty if I wasn't so ugly. I live among the West Virginia hills, but my old home is in Pennsylvania. We came out here about two years ago.

Papa is in the lumber business and I am one of his cooks. I have three brothers and three sisters. Cousins, I have a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems and I wouldn't take anything for it. It is just lovely. Uncle's biography is in it, and when I read that part the tears will come to my eyes, it is all about his shut-in life.

Uncle, I am a regular first-class Dutchman, won't you come out and talk German with me? I know you must be tired of that old chicken coop, you may bring Maria, Billy and Toby with you.

I will be pleased to hear from any of the cousins, will answer all that I can.

As Billy is getting hungry I will ring off, with a heartfelt love and sympathy for all the shut-ins and a dozen kisses for Uncle Charlie, I am,

Your niece and cousin,

FRANKIE E. BAYNE, (No. 32,922.)

Mischievous little girls are just as welcome as other little girls, in our charming circle, Frankie. I am sorry we got you listed as a boy. Of course your name is somewhat boyish. Ordinarily when we list boys for girls, and girls for boys, it is due to bad writing on the part of the applicant for membership. Your handwriting, Frankie, is perfection. I have, thank heaven, magnificent eyesight, and have never had to wear glasses yet, but a few months ago I strained my eyes so badly reading by gaslight the letters hundreds of you write, for I have to read by night as well as by day; letters written with pencil, and written so faintly as to be almost illegible, that it looked for a while as though I was going to lose my eyesight and become blind. Thank heaven that calamity was averted. Now I never attempt to

read a pencilled letter except by daylight. The trouble with a pencilled letter is that the writing grows fainter, especially, if the paper is poor, and then only half is legible and you have to guess the rest. Hundreds of League membership cards are returned to us in the course of the year, owing to the fact that people will not write their names and addresses legibly. The letters containing the cards come back to us stamped "Insufficient address" or "Unclaimed." One can generally guess at the meaning of a sentence, no matter how badly it is written, but it is impossible to guess at names and addresses. Write plainly, study penmanship. Bad spelling is a calamity, but bad writing is a tragedy. Frankie you say you would be awfully pretty if you were not so ugly. That is the trouble with most of us, my dear. We would all be beautiful if it were not for our faces. However, handsome is as handsome does, and if that adage is correct, Frankie, I have no doubt as far as we are concerned we are raving beauties. You say: "Papa's in the lumber business, and I am one of his cooks." For the land's sake how many cooks has papa got? He must have an awful appetite if he requires more than one cook. I hope your cooking did not drive him into the terrible things at times. I have been chambermaid to an elephant, but I never was cook in a lumber camp. I have also been housemaid in a lively stable. I used to have to wake the horses up in the morning, and help them put their clothes on, so they could be in time for work. Some of them were fierce sleepers. It was an awful job to wake them up. I was two days trying to wake one horse up. He seemed to have a bad case of the sleeps all right. Later on a veterinary came, and gave me the laugh. "To wake up a dead horse," I remember when I was walking home from Buffalo once I passed a lumber camp. The men were all in the woods at work, and I went up to the cook who happened to be a Chinaman and asked him if he would give me a hand out of grub. It was on a Monday, and I remember it well. I told him I would like something to eat. He said: "Do you like fish?" (fish). I said, "Yes, you bet I do." He said, "Belly well, come around Friday (Friday)." What do you think of that for a sassy Chink. Frankie, I hope if I come around you will have a nice meal for me, and that I won't have to wait a week to get it.

ARREDONDA, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Can you tell me the address of the "Carnegie Hero" commission? What does it take to constitute a hero? I am a great admirer of COMFORT. My mother and I have many a hearty laugh at some of the replies to letters you write. I wish there were more men in the world with your big heart.

Suffering makes most of us better. I will thank you for a reply. Respectfully,

MRS. H. R. STOKES.

If you address the secretary of the Carnegie Hero Commission, New York City, they will doubtless be able to deliver your letter, for about everything that is good or bad has its headquarters in this melting pot of the races, this cauldron of diversified humanity. It may interest our readers to know that there are no more than one million Hebrews in New York, and many now humorously style it Jew York, instead of New York. Geographically New York is part of the United States, racially it is an an-



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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"I will conceal it somewhere; then I will call him, and tell him I have broken his desk. If he knows of anything about this having been hidden there, he will betray some anxiety and consciousness when he discovers the mischief that I have done. If he does not, I shall feel sure that he is innocent of having concealed it, and I will give it to him, trusting to his sense of justice or fear of the law to do what is right. But where shall I hide it?" she added, looking anxious and perplexed.

Her eyes wandered around the room in search of some safe place, until it finally fell upon a picture hanging over the mantel.

The thin board which protected the canvas on the back had become warped a little on one side, and stood out a trifle from the frame. She doily slipped the envelope between this and the canvas, pressed the board tightly back into place, and fastened it there with a stout pin, and then went back to her chair, trembling like a leaf, and tried to calm her excited nerves somewhat before attempting the next act in the thrilling drama.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. CARPENTER'S SUSPICIONS.

At last Ruby arose with an air of determination, and proceeding directly to the parlor, approached the chess players, who appeared to be wholly absorbed in their game and entirely unconscious that anything unusual had been transpiring in the adjoining room.

She stood looking down upon the board for several moments without speaking, and hardly knowing how to broach the subject on her mind. "Is anything the matter, Miss Ruby?" Edmund Carpenter asked, glancing up at her with some surprise, for it was an unheard-of thing for her to come into his presence voluntarily; while something in her manner impressed him strangely.

"Finish your game—I see you are nearly through—then I will tell you," she answered, without lifting her eyes from the board.

She drew back a trifle, but continued to watch the game, her eyes fixed, as if fascinated, upon the white, shapely hand of Mrs. Gordon's antagonist, as it made its wary moves, while she wondered if it could have been guilty of the crime of tampering with his father's will.

"Check!" murmured Mr. Carpenter, as he bore down upon Mrs. Gordon's king with his knight.

She moved her king. "Check!" was repeated, as a bishop swept diagonally across the board and confronted the much tried monarch.

He retreated again behind a pawn when Mr. Carpenter marched his queen forward and took the inoffensive pawn with a victorious "check-mate" and the game was done.

Mrs. Gordon looked up with a sigh.

"Well, you are the most successful player it was ever my privilege to meet. I call myself pretty good at chess, but you checkmate me two out of every three games," she said, viewing the men wistfully, as if she would like to try again.

"I am usually successful in all games," he answered, lightly, as he began to gather up the pieces and put them back into the box. "Indeed, I seldom fail in anything that I really set about doing."

"Now, Miss Ruby, command me: I am most happy to be at your service," he added, looking up at the young girl, while both his face and tone softened into something of tenderness as he spoke.

She thought his boastful words had sounded very egotistical, and she could not help saying to herself that although he might have been always successful hitherto, she believed his luck was on the verge of changing, and all because of a tiny mouse. But she simply remarked:

"Mr. Carpenter, I have broken your desk."

"Broken my desk? Well, I do not believe you can have done any very great damage to that cumbersome old thing; so there is no need to look so serious over it. How did it happen?" he asked, indifferently, as he deposited the last pawn in the box and slipped the cover over it.

"A little mouse ran behind it, and I attempted to move it out so that the cat could catch him," she explained. "It was not an easy thing to do, and in bracing myself between the wall and the desk, I broke a panel out of the back of it. I am very sorry."

But Ruby did not have a chance to finish her sentence.

Edmund Carpenter sprang quickly to his feet when she said she had "broken a panel out of the back of it," and, with a hurried tread, passed into the library.

He went directly behind the desk, dropped upon his knees, and peered into the aperture where the panel had been, with a face which Ruby, who had quickly followed him, was sure wore a very anxious look.

He inserted his hand and felt all about, but only drew out the panel that had fallen within. "Did the mouse get in here?" he asked.

"Oh, no, he only ran behind the desk, and I caught him almost immediately after I had moved it out."

"Did you find anything in here, Miss Ruby?" Edmund Carpenter inquired, feeling about once more in the hole.

Ruby's heart leaped at the question. He never would have asked it, she thought, if he had not known something about the will being there, while his anxious, hurried manner condemned him in her opinion.

How could she answer him? For an instant her lips were powerless to move. She could not tell a falsehood. She would not give up the will. Then she said, with apparent surprise:

"Why! what should I find, Mr. Carpenter? Have you lost anything down there?"

"No, no; of course not. Only—sometimes, in these old desks, valuable papers slip out of sight, and are lost for years," he answered, hurriedly, and turning away from her to hide the flush on his face.

"Now I am confident that he knew something about it," Ruby thought, with a rapidly beating heart.

But she said quite calmly, and as if she were willing to be helpful:

"Let me go and ask Mrs. Coxon for a small lamp so that you can examine the place more thoroughly. Perhaps you may find something."

He turned and looked at her sharply, almost threateningly. The almost unconscious emphasis which she had put upon the pronoun made him suspect her.

She saw it, and gazed steadily back at him. "Oh, no; pray do not trouble yourself," he said, after a moment, "and do not worry about the desk. There is no special damage done to it. The glue and become old and the panel warped, so that it is not strange it gave way when you pressed it."

Still, as if not satisfied even yet, he reached down again into the hole and felt all about it.

He knew it was the very place where the will ought to be, and he was very much disturbed not to find any trace of it; but he only drew forth some papers and dust, at which he looked exceedingly disgusted and annoyed.

He arose, pushed the desk back to its place, and then sat down by the grate, looking moody and thoughtful.

Ruby picked up her book, seated herself by the table, and began to read again, hoping he would soon take his leave, and then, after Estelle should arrive, she could regain possession of the important document.

But Mr. Carpenter evidently was in no hurry to go. He soon began to talk to Mrs. Gordon, and kept her engaged in conversation for some time; but Ruby was sure, though she did not

once look at him, that he was watching her intently.

The clock struck ten, then the half-hour, and still the master of Forestvale sat on.

Ruby began to grow very nervous, and wished now that she had concealed the will about her person; then she could have slipped quietly up to her room and felt perfectly safe about it.

At last it occurred to her that, if she made the first move, the others would soon follow, and then, after the house was quiet, she could slip softly down-stairs again and secure her treasure.

So, with a half-suppressed yawn, she laid down her book, and, rising, excused herself and bade her companions good night.

"Good night, Miss Ruby," Edmund Carpenter responded, his keen eyes searching her face eagerly; "but I shall doubtless be here to greet you in the morning, for it is raining so hard I do not intend to return to town tonight. Pleasant dreams and a refreshing sleep to you."

Ruby merely bowed in reply as she passed from the room; but there was something in his tone that gave her a feeling of uneasiness.

"He suspects me," she thought, as she slowly mounted the stairs, while she reasoned that if he knew the will had been there in the interior of that desk and could not be found now, he must be sure that she had discovered and concealed it; and she knew that she should not dare go down to the library for it while he remained in the house.

When she awoke in the morning it was still raining, and being darker than usual, she had slept later than she was in the habit of doing.

"I wonder if he has gone yet?" was her first thought, as she glanced at her clock and found that it was nearly eight.

She arose and dressed, occupying more time than was her custom, so that if Edmund Carpenter had not gone, he might have plenty of time to take his departure before she went down.

At last she stole quietly down-stairs, and thought she would just glance into the library before passing on to the dining-room.

But, as she turned the handle of the door, it resisted her efforts—it was locked.

For a moment her heart stood still, and she was sure now that it was to be "diamond cut diamond;" but with a resolute settling of her chin, she told herself that she would not yield one inch of her vantage ground until she was convinced that justice would be done.

She went on to the dining-room, where she found Mrs. Gordon dawdling over a late breakfast, and looking as gloomy as the weather, while there were evidences that someone else had broken fast there that morning.

"Is Mr. Carpenter here yet?" she asked, as she bade her sister good morning.

"Yes; he said he had some important writing to do today, and begged the exclusive use of the library, which, being his own, one couldn't well refuse, though it's the coziest room in the house on such a day as this. What a dreary, full sign, as she viewed the descending torrents without.

"Yes; and I am sorry enough, for I intended to go to town again this morning. I wonder if Thomas wouldn't take me as it is?" Ruby said, wistfully.

"Of course not, in such a pouring rain. What can you be thinking of? It would be very imprudent, and you've nothing of importance to take you there."

"I wanted to go very much," Ruby answered, with a grave, preoccupied air, and wondering how she could manage to see Mr. Conant, or Mr. Ruggles, or someone whom she could trust.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Ruby," said a voice behind her, and in a faintly sarcastic tone, she thought. "I regret your disappointment, but perhaps I could execute your commissions, if you would intrust them to me, as I shall be going to the city by and by."

Ruby flushed slightly, but she replied composedly, as she helped herself to a slice of toast: "Thanks, Mr. Carpenter; but I am afraid that my dressmaker would not accept you as my substitute."

"Oh, then it is merely the making of a dress that makes you so anxious to go into town. I imagined that it might be something of vital importance, you seemed so much in earnest about the matter. But surely, Miss Ruby, you can curb your vanity for a day or two, rather than brave such a storm."

"Certainly, the dress can wait, and I can wait also," she answered, indifferently.

"Did you wish for anything in the library very particularly as you came down?" the man pursued, coming nearer, where he could look more fully into her face. "I regret that you were fastened out. I could not find it in my heart to lock any door against you."

"Surely, Mr. Carpenter does not need to apologize for acting his pleasure in his own house, under any circumstances," Ruby said, coldly, adding, "Estelle usually goes there to read after breakfast, so it was natural that I should peep in to find her on my way down."

"Ah, that was it, then," he returned, blandly, but with a peculiar smile.

He had spent the long night in the library. He had searched every nook and cranny of that quaint, old-fashioned desk, and knew that his father's will was no longer there.

He knew, also, that he could never have got away without hands, and he was satisfied that Ruby Gordon had the document in her possession, or had concealed it in some place where she could get it whenever she wanted it.

He had noticed that she watched him closely when he was upon his knees behind it, searching in that aperture to find the long hidden document.

He was furious with himself afterward, for having betrayed so much anxiety in her presence—he might have waited until everyone was in bed, for he could see that she was arguing that he must have been an agent in his concealment from that very fact, while her eagerness to get into town this stormy morning, proved to him that she had something of more importance than dressmaking in her mind.

But she was very cunning and plucky. The more he betrayed his suspicions, the more cool and self-possessed she became, and he admired her accordingly. He was determined, all the same, that he would extort the truth from her before the day was out. He was a desperate man, and ready for desperate measures.

She had not seen fit to make any reply to his last remark, but went on quietly with her breakfast, and an awkward pause followed.

It was broken by the entrance of a servant, who handed Mrs. Gordon a telegram.

She broke the seal in an agitated manner, and read it with a blanching face.

"What is it, Estelle?" Ruby asked, observing it.

"My sister Emma is very ill—dying, they fear—and they have sent for me to come to Harrisburg immediately," Mrs. Gordon replied, in trembling tones.

"You will go?"

"Of course, I must, in spite of the storm; but what will you do, Ruby? Will you come with me?"

Ruby looked thoughtful.

She did not wish to go to Harrisburg. She would not stay there at Forestvale another twenty-four hours, and there seemed to be only one thing for her to do.

"Mr. Carpenter, do you know where Mr. Ruggles stops when he is in the city?" she asked, turning to Edmund before replying to her sister.

A peculiar light flashed into the young man's eyes as he mentioned a house with which she was not familiar.

"Will you allow Thomas to take a note to him for me when he carries Estelle to the station?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied, heartily. "Thomas is at your service in any way."

"Then I will go to Redville, Estelle," Ruby said, speaking to Mrs. Gordon. "I will write him to come for me today, and if he is not ready to return I will go and spend the intervening time with Florence. Now come and I will help

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you get off, for, of course, you wish to start as soon as possible."

She pushed back her plate and arose as she spoke, and preceded her sister from the room. Edmund Carpenter's eyes following her with a sinister, triumphant expression.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW.

Mrs. Gordon hastened off to Harrisburg with all possible expedition; and as she bade Ruby good by, something of remorse seemed to stir her heart for she looked wistfully in her face and said:

"Ruby, somehow I cannot bear to go away and leave you. I wish you would come with me."

"I do not think it would be best. Besides, there would not be time now, unless you should wait over another train, and—I think I would rather go to Redville."

"Yes, I imagine you will be better off there than anywhere else," Mrs. Gordon answered,

thoughtfully.

Then she threw her arms about her young sister, and kissed her with almost passionate tenderness.

This sudden news which she had received, and which seemed likely to result in the death of her own favorite sister, had had a softening influence upon the proud woman, and she began to feel a good deal of compassion for the part she had taken against the fair girl whom she ought to have protected.

Ruby accepted it as a good omen, and accompanied her to the door to give Thomas the note that she had written to send to Mr. Ruggles, when who should drive up the avenue but that gentleman himself.

Ruby was never more glad to see a friend than she was to see him.

Mrs. Gordon's sudden flitting was explained, the last farewell said, and then she drew him into the parlor with a sense of security and comfort such as she had not felt before in a long time.

But she could not get a moment alone with him, for Edmund Carpenter followed them and persistently remained in the room throughout his call—thus she had no opportunity to tell him of her discovery. She was almost tempted once to brave everything and reveal it in his presence, but she dreaded a scene, while there was a possibility that the young man might not know as much as she feared he did.

She told him that she had concluded to go to Redville to stay with him for the present, and Mr. Ruggles appeared much pleased with her decision, only he said he had intended to go home that afternoon since he had ascertained that he could do Walter no good until the time of his trial.

"I can be ready to go with you this afternoon," Ruby said, eagerly. "I am not afraid of the rain."

"But I can wait until fair weather rather than take you out in such a storm," replied Mr. Ruggles, considerably.

"Please do not. I would rather go today," Ruby interposed, nervously, and then flushed as she realized her own eagerness to get away.

Edmund Carpenter frowned, and set his teeth hard. He knew that she was anxious to be gone from his presence, which was hateful to her.

Mr. Ruggles understood also, and answered: "Very well; then we will take the four o'clock train, and I will send a carriage for you in season for it."

"Thanks; I will be ready," Ruby answered. But as he arose to take his leave, she began to grow excited.

Oh, if she could only get one word alone with him, to tell him her secret, and ask him what she ought to do about it. But it was impossible, for the master of Forestvale followed them to the door, and remained there until the last word was said. But after her friend was gone, and it was too late, she blamed herself for not having spoken while she had the opportunity.

She turned as the door closed after him, to go up-stairs to pack her trunk, but Edmund Carpenter came forward, laid his hand upon her shoulder with something of an air of authority, and said:

"Miss Gordon, I would like a few minutes' conversation with you."

Her heart bounded into her throat, and she might have lost her self-possession entirely, but that his familiar touch angered her so.

She drew back from him and lifted her head proudly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

it, I did. I have a very small medal, about the size of a dollar that was presented to me when I began to sing a song once, and I have one as large as a soup plate which they presented to me on condition that I would stop singing. Everybody that heard me sing applied for a Carnegie hero medal, and Andy not only handed them medals, but pensioned them all for life. The husband of one of my lady friends presented me with a beautiful medal for eating a cake that his wife had made. That was heroism all right. I earned that medal at the risk of my life. I will quit talking of my own medals, and give you a general idea of what I consider is real heroism. The man who marries, and can live with one of those duffy, hobbie-skirted, painted, powdered, puffed, rat-haired, empty-headed, work-scoring, modern feminine geese, who can't cook, can't keep house, and can't do anything except primp, giggle, and blow in a poor guy's wad; that man is a hero, and deserves a stack of medals a million miles high. The average women, who can live with the average grouch, fault-finding, close-fisted, unwashed, rum-swilling, tobacco-reeking, unkempt, bedraggled man, and make the few paltry dollars which he grudgingly gives her, feed and clothe herself and six or eight kids, is a heroine and deserves a stack of medals a million miles high. The men and women who can exist in a country which took over two hundred years to give us postal savings banks, and then doled them out one at a time, and which has declined so far to give us parcel post, income tax, popular election of U. S. senators, and other reform measures that the people have long been demanding, and permits its government to be halted by a senate, largely composed of men whose sympathies are entirely with the monied interests, as against those of the plain people, are heroes and heroines deserving of a stack of medals that would knock the whiskers off the man in the moon, and skim the cream off every star in the Milky Way. You are also entitled to a hero medal, and can fairly call yourself a hero or heroine if you can listen to the average fifty minute sermon without going to sleep; or allow a mosquito to keep its feet on your nose for half an hour, without knocking its left eye out, and using language that would make a minister run for his life. You are also a hero and heroine if you can hear the same joke thirty-seven times (especially if it is one of mine) and still smile, and give evidence of heroism if you can hide a sixty-four inch waist under a twenty-seven inch belt, and can put a number seven foot into a number three shoe, and walk ten miles without saying things that would make the angels weep. You are a hero if you can listen to the average child recite: "Curfew shall not ring tonight," "Asleep in the night," and play "Swanee River" and "Old Black Joe" on the parlor organ with one finger and two feet, without tearing the wool out of your cocoonut. If hubby, barefooted can walk the floor at night, with a screaming colicky baby in his arms, and then after treading on a couple of tacks, hoof it six miles through the snow to town for a doctor without throwing sixteen fits, and filling the air with sulphurous language, he is a sure hero. I think, Mrs. Stokes, I have given you a line on the hero business, that will be really helpful. We are all heroes more or less (most of us less) but, alas! millions of hard-working men and women who have developed this mighty country and made it the wonderful land it is, men and women who have lived hard, laborious lives, with little rest and less pleasure, have gone down to their graves unwept, unhonored and unsung. These are the real heroes and heroines in our land, but no medals were pinned on their breasts, no monuments placed over their graves—not at least in this unappreciative land of ours—but in a land beyond, the unrecognized heroes of earth, will receive their medals from that Omnipotent One, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and who never has, and never will, let a noble deed or a noble life go without its reward. It matters not the little whether or not Carnegie decorates us, for his decorations can be worn only a few years at the best. Let us strive to live heroic lives, caring naught whether we win the applause of men, as long as our deeds win the approval of Heaven, and the reward that lasts, not for a day, but for eternity.

TROOP A, FIRST CAVALRY, SEQUOIA PARK, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I received my membership card and the C. L. O. C. button all O. K. I think the rules of this League are just fine. I am a member of Troop A of the First Cavalry, and I think soldiers life is just fine. We will be stationed in this park until Sept. 15, and then we will leave for San Francisco which is three hundred and eighty-five miles distant, which will take us fifteen days marching on horse back. I will be twenty-one years old next coming grass, am five feet nine inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty-two pounds; have dark hair and dark blue eyes and a fair complexion. I would like to receive cards from all of the cousins. Will answer all Uncle, please don't let Billie the Goat get this, as would like to see it in print.

ROBERT BASS.

Robert, I am always glad to hear from a soldier boy. I suppose you have been up in the Sequoia Park, guarding the big trees, watching to see the tourists didn't put them in their pockets and carry them off as souvenirs. It must be quite a task guarding trees, as they are liable to leave any time. Strange thing too, though they leave every year, they always stay in the same place. I suppose that is because they have got a rooted objection to moving. You say you belong to the first cavalry. That evidently is a new branch of the military service. I suppose Uncle Sam got tired of having cavalry around and decided that cavalry would be a heap sight better. One soldier boy wrote and told me that he had joined a cavalry regiment. He was mixing a regiment of mounted men with a very sacred spot in the Holy Land. It is not cavalry neither is it cavalry, but just plain cavalry. Talking of your trip from Sequoia Park to San Francisco, you say it will take about fifteen days "marching on horseback." Robert, I am sorry I can't see you marching on horseback. A man who can march three hundred and eighty-five miles on horseback is some marcher all right. However do you march on horseback anyway? It is hard enough to sit on an old geezer, without marching on one. You ought to be in a circus, Robert, instead of being in a cavalry regiment. From the horse's tail to his head it would be only about two yards, and then if you were not mighty careful in your marching you would go overboard. It seems to me it would be much more comfortable marching on the road than marching on horseback. If you had said it would take you about a fifteen days' march to reach San Francisco, I would have known instantly what you meant. I could have pictured you sitting comfortably in your saddle, with the horse doing the marching, and reaching your destination without accident, but when you tell me you march fifteen days on horseback, I have a moving picture of you in my mind marching from the horse's head to his tail, and from his tail back to his head, and tumbling off every few minutes. You see Robert it was not really necessary after you had informed us that you belonged to a "cavalry regiment," to tell us that you were going to march on horseback, as we naturally knew that mounted troops would not be marching on foot. The next time your regiment moves, Robert let the horse do the marching, and you retain your seat in the saddle. It is a dangerous thing to march on horseback, you are liable to break your neck. I advise you to get a rubber neck if you are going to persist in that kind of stunt, or you will break the one you have sure. Robert, a "soldier's" life no doubt is fine, if he doesn't get soled too much, but I think a soldier's life is better still. Let us all hope so. P. S. Better write to San Francisco, if you want to reach Robert.

HAYWARD, BOX 101, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live in the northern part of Wisconsin on a farm. You couldn't really call it a farm—just a lovely country home. Father owns and runs a sawmill. The past four years I have spent most of my time in the larger cities, and anyone being familiar with both country and city life, surely get pointers from both styles of living. One subject that especially interests, while it disgusts me, is a certain class of city people that are always commenting on their fellow beings. For instance, a poorly dressed, ill-mannered person is immediately called a "Bube" or a "Farmer." I have found that the great majority of ignorant people are found among the so-called society folks. It is especially noticeable in business places. The rich "society" people are impudent and ill-mannered to their employees, and expect everyone to jump when they speak, simply because they have the money. I never could see life from that point of view. I don't say there are many as extreme as that, sincerely hope not, but I have found more ignorance in the so-called, "high class people" than among country people. A great many country people do not dress in the latest fashion perhaps, that is no reason though that they should be called ignorant or uneducated.

I have spent a year in western Canada, but it can't come up to the U. S. A.

Uncle you are surely doing a grand work. I try to help the shut-ins as much as possible. I am not "over loaded" with this world's goods, but am willing to share what I have.

Your book of poems, Uncle, is a wonderful cure for the "blues." Get a copy cousins, you will never regret it.

I am nineteen years old, have dark hair and gray eyes. Will be glad to hear from the cousins.

Your loving niece and cousin,

JOSEPHINE MORTIMER.

Yours is a pretty name, Josephine. Yes, you are quite right, the city people do like to buy the country people. It is one of the frailties of human nature that we like to poke fun at one another. The New Yorkers guy the Brooklynites; Minneapolis makes fun of St. Paul, St. Paul of Minneapolis. Chicago is always joking at the expense of St. Louis. It is all good-natured badinage, and no one is harmed. Once upon a time the farmer was at a considerable disadvantage. He was isolated, and wrestling with nature in the wilderness, did not give him much of an opportunity to read, or acquire culture and polish, so when he and his family came to town, their ill-fitting out-of-date clothes, and uncouth manners, made them the jest of the corner loafers of the city. Today all that is changed. When the farmer goes to town today, he either goes in an automobile, or drives in a spick-and-span rig, behind a couple of well-groomed, valuable horses, with his wife and daughters dressed in the latest Parisian styles. When the old-time farmer came to town he usually came to negotiate a loan at the bank, and thus added another mortgage to the farm. Today the farmer spins in in his automobile, to collect his rents from the city folks, and deposits money in the bank. The farmer is no longer a Rule, he is an up-to-date business man, with telephone, rural

free delivery, electric suburban lines, automobiles, and vast quantities of good literature. His family is no longer isolated or ignorant. The fact that he lives in the country does not make him a Kube, but it does make him a man. The country makes men, the city makes wrecks. The farmer is the foundation, the backbone and the mainstay of the nation. The people in the average small town could not exist for ten minutes if it were not for the farmer. Always remember that the world lives on its producers. Few of the city people are producers, and a good many of them are merely parasites, and perform no useful function, and if they are making a bluff at work, they are simply adding to the cost of the products which labor produces, and for which the ultimate consumer has to pay through the nose. The "superiority" of the city man over the country man exists only in the former's arrogance and impudence. Speaking of ignorance amongst people of money, Josephine, it is not so much ignorance as arrogance and impudence, though of course arrogance and impudence in the last analysis are the offshoots of ignorance. The American nation is money mad. The people are all anxious to get money, first of all so they may be safe from worry, care and the fear of poverty, and after that they may revel in luxury and cheap pleasure, and astonish their envious neighbors by their loud clothes and vulgar ostentation. Nothing will spoil the average man or woman so quickly as too much money. I prefer my friends poor rather than rich. I have had good friends who have become wealthy, and nearly all who have acquired riches have passed out of my life. I never see them. Once in a while I hear from one of them. They apologize for not having visited me. I always reply: "Don't make any excuses for not coming to see me. It is not necessary. I never expect to see rich friends, but if you ever get poor, remember me and call." If a rich friend ever comes to visit me, I know it is a duty visit, made to stop the gnawings of the remnants of a conscience. It is not done for pleasure. I say remnants of a conscience, because riches too often blunt all the finer susceptibilities. The rich, if they notice their poor friends at all, treat them in a spirit of patronizing condescension. Dollars are only to associate with dollars. Mr. Dollarbucks is arrogant and overbearing in his treatment of the dollarless, and subservient and cringing to those who have more dollars and a higher social position than he. Nothing will de-humanize a man or woman so quickly as the sudden acquisition of riches. We have only to look at dollar-tainted Newport and the disgusting orgies that constantly take place there. Mobbs of half-intoxicated all night dancers, rushing from a fancy dress ball in all their weird, gaudy costumes, parading at six o'clock on a Sabbath morning, headed by a band of music, serenading their sleepy neighbors and howling like dervishes, and all this on the Lord's Day and a few short miles from Plymouth Rock. There are some who

use their wealth wisely, but they are in the minority. When wealth does not spoil it de-humanizes and deteriorates the individual by robbing him of that unaffected, simple, hearty, kindly, natural manner, and those wholesome, rugged, frank, breezy qualities, that were his chief and greatest charm. Everyone should strive for a competence, so they may have sufficient for a rainy day and old age, but don't be a slave to riches. Wealth does not make gentlemen or gentlewomen. On the contrary it too often makes snobs and parvenues. Remember though you are as poor as Job's turkey, you can still be a gentleman or gentlewoman, one of nature's noblemen, and when you are that, you are equal to any human being that exists on God's green footstool. For remember as Bobby Burns says:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

TANETOWN, MD.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

This is my second time, I ask for Admittance in your charming Circle as I am a Member of the C. L. O. C. I thought I would try and write you an interesting letter. I live in Corroll Co. Md. My Occupation is Farming at present.

We have 23 acres of corn out it looks fairly well. If no drouth sets in. The wheat look that it may make a good crop But the hay—will be a failure on account of the drouth. The land is mostly hille some fertile ground. I live about six miles from the town called Taneytown Wich has a population of 1,000 people It has four churches and three hotels.

Uncle Charlie & Cousins if you ever get down the way were I live I insure you Of a good time. Cousins I am very fun of all kinds of sport. Cousins I guess I have to describe myself. I am 18 years Old My Birthday came on The 16th of July blue eyes five feet 4 in. Weigh 185 pounds. Now Cousins if you want a better Description send for my photo. Send me a letter or postal And I ans all I I haf to Stay up at Night and ans them. I would like to Correspond with girls from Alabama, Arkamas Western California & Michigan. As My letter is getting long and the wase Basket so Near I close With Good Wishes to the C. L. O. C.

Hopping to see this in Print

I Remain Your Cousin

NORMAN L. CROUSE. (No. 33,496.)

The second time is the charm, Norman. I am publishing your letter exactly as you wrote it, as I don't believe one artist has any right to mar the work of another artist. The first thing that interested me in your letter was your statement that your "occupation" is farming. That statement is rather mystifying. Norman, Why didn't you tell us who your "occupation" was? Is this patient of yours a man or a woman? He must be quite a healthy guy if he can do farming. Do you make all your patients do agricultural work? Better have them doing farming than taking dope. You must be quite a physical culturist as well as an agriculturist. Somebody has suggested that you meant your occupation was farming.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"Is it anything very special? I have all my packing to do, you know," she said, coldly.

"It is of so much importance that I must insist; but I hope not to detain you many minutes. Come into the parlor, if you please, as what I wish to say to you is of a private nature."

Ruby knew now that there was to be war, and she longed for the protection of Mr. Ruggles.

But she braced herself for the interview, passing on before him into the parlor, where he immediately locked the door.

She turned upon him with flashing eyes at this act.

"I consider that a very unnecessary proceeding, Mr. Carpenter," she said, haughtily.

"I do not, begging your pardon for disagreeing with you," he replied, with a smile of triumph.

"But, to come to the point at once, Ruby—"

She made an impatient gesture.

"I object to being addressed so familiarly," she said, authoritatively.

Edmund Carpenter laughed outright at this.

She looked so pretty and spirited in her anger that he rather enjoyed arousing it.

"Very well, Miss Gordon, if that suits you better," he replied. "But, as I said before, to come at once to the point, I believe you have something in your possession that belongs to me."

"To what do you refer?" she demanded, meeting his eyes steadily, and not changing color in the least, although her heart was beating with a rapidity that almost suffocated her.

Her self-possession baffled him somewhat, and he studied her face earnestly for a moment.

"You know to what I refer," he answered, speaking confidently. "A paper or document that you found last night when you broke my desk."

"What paper? What document?"

She was determined to make him confess before she would acknowledge anything.

"What is the use of pretending to be so innocent?" he returned, impatiently. "I knew that you were watching me last night. I know I betrayed myself, and now I want you to give me that paper. I know you have it, because I have spent hours searching for it, and it could only have got away from that place in the desk by human agency."

A feeling of exultation took possession of Ruby.

If he had searched hours for what he wanted and had not found it, it was evident that she had found a pretty secure hiding-place for it, and he would not be likely to find it, even if she were obliged to go away and leave it still there until she could get advice or send some official to take charge of it. But she was bound to hear from his own lips the extent of his knowledge and guilt, and, with a little shrug of her shoulders and an uplifting of her eyebrows, she said, with tantalizing persistency:

"If you would please be a little more explicit, Mr. Carpenter. What was the document to which you refer?"

"My father's will, Miss Gordon, since you are determined to make me say it," he answered, with blazing eyes, but with pale lips.

"It is useless for you and me to play at cross purposes," he went on, after a moment; "for I am confident that you have found it, and that you are resolved to make the fact public. But that is something that I shall not allow, after all this time, if I can help it, and I insist upon your giving it up to me."

"You have known ever since Mr. Ralph Carpenter's death that his will was concealed in that desk?" demanded Ruby, without appearing to heed what he had said last.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you even put it in there yourself, Mr. Carpenter?"

"It was not all my doing," he confessed, his glance wavering before her clear, steady look.

"It was partly by accident. It slipped down a crack while I was examining some of my father's papers, and I simply allowed it to remain there."

"That was very honorable!" Ruby said, with a curl of her red lips.

"There never ought to have been a will made," the man retorted, sullenly, "and when fate slipped it down that hole, I could not get at it without breaking the desk to pieces."

"Would you have given it to the public if the accident had not occurred?" Ruby questioned, sternly.

A lurid flush shot over her companion's face, and he shifted his position uneasily.

"No, you would not," she went on, in the same tone. "You would have found some other hiding-place for it; or, perhaps, you might even have destroyed it, in order to have kept one, whom your father loved, out of the portion which you feared he had bequeathed to him. Yes," Ruby continued, in a clear, ringing tone, "I did find Mr. Ralph Carpenter's will last night, and my first impulse was to give it directly to you; but, remembering how much I had heard said about it—that some believed a great wrong had been done—which belief I confess to having shared myself, since knowing of your implacable hatred toward Mr. Richardson—I resolved that I would try you first. I reasoned that it might possibly have been an accident while might have occurred during your father's life, and of which you would thus be entirely ignorant. I felt sure that I could tell whether this was so by your manner when you should learn how I had broken your desk. If you betrayed no anxiety or knowledge, if you did not look for anything, I should have been convinced of your innocence, and would have given you the document at once. But when you betrayed that you knew, I felt that such a course would be unwise, and I resolved to retain it until I could be sure that justice would be done. I am afraid I have made a great mistake, however. I think I ought to have told Mr. Ruggles when he was here in spite of your presence."

"Where is that document, Miss Gordon?" Edmund Carpenter demanded, with an evident effort at self-control, while his face was absolutely devoid of color.

"Will you please to have it produced at once if I will tell you?" Ruby asked.

"No, I will not. It shall never see the light of day, if I can prevent it," he cried, in a low, ominous tone.

"Do you mean that you intend to destroy it?"

"It is no matter what I mean; but of one thing you may be very sure—that I will never share my inheritance with Walter Richardson," the young man affirmed, in a dogged tone.

"It is a great crime to destroy a will," said Ruby.

"It is a great crime to steal a will," Miss Gordon repeated, imitating her manner and tone.

"I had better give it to me."

"When I did, I could tell that I had found it; I could do so."

"Now would have to prove your statement, and, since you could not possibly have been so dishonorable as to read it—"

"I do not mean to read it," she interrupted, quickly. "I do not mean to read it, but I mean to see it. I want to see it, and I want to see it with a clear conscience."

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anything that she asked; and when he had once got the will in his possession, he would not have hesitated to burn it before her eyes, and then let her prove, if she could, that such a document had existed.

It would have been a doubtful question to settle, while no one would have been the wiser as to its contents.

After a few moments, however, he said:

"Very well, I accept your condition. I will call Thomas, who has just returned from the station, and he shall be the third party."

"I should prefer that you would call Mrs. Coxon," Ruby said, and remembering for the first time that she had not seen the housekeeper that morning.

"Mrs. Coxon is not at home today," Mr. Carpenter answered.

He had been afraid that Ruby would make a candidate of her, so he had posted her off at an early hour to superintend the cleaning of his bachelor apartments in the city, and she would not be back until evening; meantime, he was determined to secure and destroy the will—after that she might tell whom she pleased.

"I am sorry," Ruby said, greatly disappointed, for she knew that Thomas was completely under his master's thumb, and would doubtless swear to suit him, "for, in that case, I shall feel obliged to wait until I can see Mr. Ruggles again."

Edmund Carpenter was in despair.

He saw that Ruby was resolute; he had not believed that she possessed a tithe of such determination.

"I shall not permit you to remove your trunk today," he said, angrily, imagining that she might have the document concealed in it.

"Very well," she returned, quietly. "I presume you will allow me to take a few necessary articles in a traveling-bag?"

"Yes; but I must see you pack them."

The young girl's lips curled with scorn, not unmixed with amusement.

"Thank you," she returned. "I will pack them in the presence of one of the servants, and yourself, if you desire."

"Ruby Gordon," he cried, "I believe that document is concealed about your person!"

His eyes glowed fiercely, and he took a step or two toward her, as if to search for it.

With the agility of a squirrel she flew to the bell-rope and rang a sounding peal that woke echoes all through the house.

Then she turned upon him, her face burning with indignation.

"Do not dare to come a step nearer!" she cried, dauntlessly.

"You forget that the door is locked, Miss Gordon, and no one can come to your aid," he said, with an evil smile.

"You will unlock it at once, or I will cry for help, and arouse every servant in the house, and proclaim the truth before them," she retorted, defiantly.

He knew she would do as she said, and as a step sounded in the hall, he walked to the door, with a crestfallen air, and unlocked it, for he did not wish a scene, and, besides, another plan was taking form in his mind.

The next moment a maid appeared.

"Mary," said Ruby, turning to one of her winning smiles to the girl, "I am going away this afternoon. Will you come up-stairs and help me do some packing?"

"Indeed I will, miss," was the ready reply.

"Did I understand that you wish to superintend the work, Mr. Carpenter?" Ruby asked, with sarcastic politeness.

"No; pack and take away whatever you like," he answered, turning abruptly upon his heel, and leaving the room; for he had become convinced that the will was concealed about her person, and he must adopt some other measure to secure it.

Ruby uttered a sigh of relief, and sped nimbly up-stairs to her work, but feeling afraid she would be obliged to go away after all without her treasure, for she should not dare attempt to get it while the man was in the house.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RUBY FALLS INTO A TRAP.

Ruby hurried her things into her trunk with all possible dispatch, finding action her only safeguard, for she was so excited by her recent interview that she must have broken down entirely if she had allowed herself to give way to her thoughts.

In the midst of her packing she glanced from the window and saw Edmund Carpenter driving away in the storm.

A sense of safety cheered her as he disappeared from view, and she hoped that she should never meet him again.

"Now is my time to get the will," she thought; and leaving Mary to fold some clothing, she sped down-stairs to the library.

But the door was still locked, and the key missing.

Ruby was bitterly disappointed; but she stole out upon the veranda, thinking perhaps she might get in at one of the windows. She hated to go away without that will, for the house might burn or a hundred things happen before she could return to secure it. But every blind was closed and securely fastened on the inside; so she was obliged to give up and return to her work up-stairs.

"I will tell Mr. Ruggles, the moment I see him, and he will know what to do about it," she said to herself, and after that, knowing she would not have to encounter Edmund Carpenter again, she became more composed, and began to feel quite happy at the prospect of going to Redville, in spite of the distance that would separate her from Walter.

By the time her trunks were ready lunch was served, and she went down to the dining-room, more to while away the time than because she was hungry.

It was very lonely in that great house, with only the servants for company; every noise startled her, and she began to grow nervous and depressed again, and to wonder how she should spend the time that would intervene before the carriage would come for her.

She bitterly bemoaned Mrs. Coxon's absence, for she had conceived a great liking for the good-hearted woman, and she could not be reconciled to going away without taking leave of her. She had thought it very strange, at first, that she should leave home on such a stormy day; but she was sure now that it had been Edmund Carpenter's work, in order to prevent any communication with the housekeeper about the finding of the will.

She tried to read after she had finished her lunch, but she could not get interested in anything, and finally, throwing down her book, she went to the piano and resolutely practiced for an hour.

It was then half-past two, and at three a carriage came dashing up the driveway and stopped before the door.

It seemed as if it had never rained harder than at that moment. It was raining, and the house was dripping; the driver was enveloped in a huge rubber coat, and his head was covered with a havelock, in which there was only a space for breathing and two holes for his eyes.

"The gentleman said I was to come for you, and then take him up on the way back," the coachman said to Ruby, as he held the door open for her to enter the carriage.

"All right," she replied, and sprang quickly in. The door was shut, and the next moment she was speeding toward the city.

The rain seemed to come down almost in sheets, so that it was almost impossible for Ruby to distinguish the names of the streets through which she passed. But at length the hack stopped before a plain house in a quiet street, with which she was unfamiliar.

The man sprang to the ground, ran up the granite steps, and rang a bell.

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A neatly dressed servant soon answered his call, and he stood talking with her a moment, after which he entered the house.

He was absent several minutes, and Ruby wondered what could detain him so long.

Presently he came out again, and opening the carriage door, he said:

"It's rather unfortunate, miss, but the gentleman has been suddenly taken sick, and don't care to come out in the rain. He's sorry to disappoint you, but he says would you just step up and see him for a minute; then I am to drive you to some nice quiet hotel, or anywhere you choose to stop for the night."

Ruby's face fell. She was bitterly disappointed for she had made up her mind that she would be cozily settled in the hospitable farmhouse at Redville before night, and now it was evident that she must wait at least another day, or until the storm was over, if Mr. Ruggles was ill.

But of course she would go up to see her kind friend; then she would send her trunk to the station, and go to spend the night with her friends, Florence and Annie Partridge.

She alighted and passed into the house, the hackman shielding her from the rain with an umbrella.

A servant-girl met her in the hall, with a pleasant smile, saying:

"This way, if you please, miss," and led her up-stairs.

The house was large, the halls and stairs richly carpeted, and there was an air of quiet elegance about everything that impressed Ruby.

The girl led her up three flights, and she was nearly exhausted when she got to the top of the last one.

"It's a long climb, miss," the maid said, in a tone of apology; "but the gentleman wanted a room at the top of the house where he could get good air."

She opened a door, as she spoke, and ushered Ruby into a pretty parlor, with a bedroom opening out of it.

But no sooner had she stepped over the threshold than the door was quickly closed again, there was a sound as of the click of a key turning in the lock, and—Ruby Gordon was a prisoner.

She realized this in an instant, and her heart gave one startled bound, then sank like lead in her bosom, while a deadly whiteness spread over her face.

She darted into the bedroom, with a faint hope that she might find her good friend there.

But no; it was empty!

There was another door, however, in the room. She sprang to it; but, of course, that was locked also.

She went to a window and looked out. But she only saw, far beneath, a small court, inclosed with high brick walls.

Back into the parlor she ran, and looked out of a window there.

Four stories beneath her lay the street—a very quiet street—and she did not recognize the locality, while the houses on the opposite side looked gloomy and forbidding in the extreme, with their windows half-shuttered and their curtains drawn low.

She tried to raise the window, but could not, for it had been securely nailed down.

She knew, without being told, that Edmund Carpenter had sprung this trap upon her.

He had sent a carriage early in the morning to before Mr. Ruggles, and had brought her to this place to try to break her spirit and make her give up the will.

She wondered now that she had not suspected something of the kind. She might have known, she thought, that, desperate as he was, he would not have left her so peacefully at Forestvale except to adopt stronger measures for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Doubtless he believed that she had the will concealed upon her person, and intended to keep her there, a prisoner, until she would give it up, or pledge herself to secrecy regarding it.

She could not acknowledge that the whole thing had been so cleverly planned and she felt a good deal relieved, and at the same time a little triumphant, that she had not the will with her after all.

She believed it would be safe where it was, and she could thus defy Edmund Carpenter to the end. He would not find her a very submissive prisoner, and she would at least have the satisfaction of trying his patience to the utmost.

Still, her position was anything but agreeable, and she sat down and tried to think calmly what she could do to ameliorate it.

She knew that Mr. Ruggles would be very much troubled by her mysterious disappearance. Still she reasoned that he would be likely to suspect Edmund Carpenter, and would leave no stone unturned to discover her whereabouts.

Yet everything had been conducted so skillfully she doubted if he would know where to look for her; she believed it would be difficult for even a detective to find her.

Mr. Ruggles had promised to send a carriage for her; one had come according to his word, and she had entered it and been driven away, while it was doubtful if, in the rain and confusion, any of the servants had noticed the number of it; she had not thought to look herself, while her driver could never be identified, for he had been so disguised by his waterproof and havelock. Perhaps, after all, it had not been a public carriage, but a private vehicle hired for the special purpose of decoying her.

A feeling of dismay took possession of her as she realized that she might be kept there for weeks, perhaps months. Meantime Walter's trial would come off, and she alone knew of the plot that had been laid to ruin him; she alone could save him from shame and imprisonment, for he would surely be convicted if Estelle's diamonds were found upon his person, as his enemy had planned.

Oh, if she had only told all to Mr. Ruggles that morning! She saw now that she ought to have done so—that her shrinking on account of Edmund Carpenter's presence had resulted in a delay that might prove fatal to him whom she so dearly loved.

It was a very pale and distressed face that Ruby wore as she thought of all these things,

shut away in that room on the fourth story of an unknown house.

But she was a brave little body, notwithstanding, and would not allow herself to give way to useless weeping and repining. She, on the other hand, determined to put a bold face on the matter, and show her captor that she would not yield an iota to him, while it would go hard with her if she could not set her woman's wit to devise some way out of her trouble.

"I can sit at the window, day in and day out, and watch for someone whom I know; then I will break a pane of glass and cry out for help. There must be some way to get out of this dreadful place," she said, resolutely.

Just at this moment she heard steps outside her door, then something heavy set down in the hall.

The next instant the key was turned, the door opened, and Edmund Carpenter walked into the room.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Breathe Deeply if You Desire Beauty

DO you crave an exquisite skin with pink waves of color in either cheek? Do you long for bright eyes, a rosy mouth and a full chest? Do you, in short, desire to be "a perfect woman, nobly planned?" Then practice deep breathing!

When a girl is so unfortunate as to have a blotchy skin, narrow chest and a heavy, unwieldy waist, she should begin to breathe deeply, as only in this way will she be able to regain her lost beauty of face and figure. I often wonder why so many women fly to cosmetics for relief, when all that is necessary is to give the lungs plenty of air. Beauty follows as a matter of course.

Perhaps you have never realized the value of giving the lungs plenty of opportunity to breathe. You probably thought, if you thought about it at all, that breathing was an involuntary function, which it is not, entirely. Students of hygiene say that normal breathing does not exercise the lungs sufficiently to strengthen them nor to supply the blood with sufficient oxygen to purify it.

Don't you want to practice deep breathing this winter? I wish you would, for several reasons. First, it would be the means of making you look as pretty as a peach long before spring. Second, it would make you less nervous, cause you to sleep soundly and keep you from growing tired.

If you have resolved to mend your breathing ways, let me help you by a little advice.

Every morning when you first get out of bed you should throw open wide your bedroom windows. This is so you can breathe in absolutely fresh air as you go through your various breathing exercises.

Are you afraid of getting a cold? Don't be! Colds are impossible of acquisition if you breathe deeply, as the blood will be far too active to become chilled. Fresh air is splendid for you, so splendid, that it is a great, big pity you cannot be in it all the day long. Most doctors nowadays are enthusiastic about the health and beauty possibilities of fresh, pure air. Witness the many outdoor schools for sick children and the open-air life advocated for victims of the great white plague. You can't go far wrong if you will but be a spendthrift of fresh air.



DEEP-BREATHING EXERCISES. FIG. 1.

Morning Breath Exercise

Standing in front of your window, take two or three deep full breaths, and exhale violently, entirely emptying the lungs. Then fill them to the fullest extent, and standing erect reach upward until hands are outstretched over head, as shown in illustration Fig. 1. Still holding breath, bend knees and extend arms downward until armpits touch knees and the finger tips reach the floor. Regain original position and exhale breath.

Go through these movements for five minutes then pass on to the next exercise, which is a wee bit more difficult.

Stand erect with hands on hips, body slightly inclined forward and shoulders thrown back. Inhale through the nose, rising on the heels as you inhale, then slowly lower toes again to the ground, exhaling slowly through the mouth.

Do this half a dozen times, then drop your hands to sides, and holding chin high in air, fill your lungs with the fresh air to their fullest extent. Hold breath and slowly raise arms sideways until they are shoulder high, then exhale. Holding arms extended and lifting up chest, take another deep full breath and stretch arms to right and left as far as possible, then exhale slowly through the mouth.

Next, stand with your feet apart and trunk slightly lowered forward (by this I mean the spine is held straight but the body is bent from the waist line), take a deep breath and raise the arms forward and swing them suddenly sideward and backward as fast as you can. Do this twenty times, then exhale.

You will feel a decided expansion of the chest muscles as you swing the arms to and fro.

Now take a full breath and swing the arms in large circles for a minute or two, then let breath escape through slightly parted lips.

So endeth the first lesson. Dress now in a hurry down to breakfast. In all your breathing exercises should not have occupied more than twenty minutes.

"Is that all?" you ask. Why, you lazy little thing, of course not! I want you to breathe deeply all the day long! Breathe down to the bottom of your patent leather boots whenever you think of it. Breathe freely and consciously as you wash the dishes, cook the dinner, mind the baby or read the latest "thriller." If you follow my instructions, you will gradually find you don't have to think to take a deep breath, you will do it unconsciously. Of course that happy time is several months in the future. You could hardly expect to break yourself of the habit of scanty breathing in less time than that.

Don't make the mistake of taking in the air through the mouth instead of the nose, as this habit will give you dull eyes, a yellow skin, swollen lips, sore throat, and render you an

easy victim to any fever that may be going the rounds in your neighborhood. You wouldn't relish having scarlet fever or small pox or typhoid, would you? Then be particular to close your pretty lips and breathe in and out through your nose.

Another thing you must surely do, if you intend to be the owner of a full bust and a straw-berries-and-cream complexion, is to sleep with your bedroom windows open, so the fresh air can circulate freely through the room as you sleep. It is no longer considered healthy to sleep with the windows closed. All over the country the doctors are saying to their patients: "you need more air."

Breath is indeed life. The quality in the air which makes the fire burn is oxygen, and it is oxygen which, taken into the lungs and from the lungs disseminated by the blood corpuscles to every part of the body, promotes life. You can see it behooves you to become a deep breather and a fresh air fiend at once. An abundance of pure air will put you on the road to health and beauty.

Be a deep breather. Don't forget!

Questions and Answers

Prairie Queen, Sunflower, Janet, Miss A. and others.—Ugly hands should not be tolerated for a minute. I suggest that you hold them, for fifteen minutes every day, in a bowlful of warm, sweet almond oil. When you have done this for a week or two the skin of your hands will become soft and white. Won't that be nice?

V. D. T., Gertrude, Skinny and others.—If you wish to develop your thin calves, practice standing on tiptoe. Plant feet firmly on the floor, then rise on tiptoe, stand poised in this manner for a few seconds, then allow heels to sink to ground. Practice this exercise for five minutes at a time, morning, noon and night. If you do as I suggest, it won't be many days before your calves will be delightfully rounded. Milk is a splendid bust developer. You cannot do better than to try it if you wish a full bosom. How much shall you drink? Why, from two to three quarts. The gain through the bust measurement will average half an inch every seven days.

Mrs. M. E., Mass.—The reducing liquid should be thin and murky in appearance. I think you put ingredients together properly.

Opal, Vanity, Kate N. and others.—This is the way I would advise you to make a perfume cap. Get a pretty nightcap pattern and make double, of pink, yellow or blue silk, laying between a thin layer of cotton profusely sprinkled with the following sachet powder:

Rose Sachet

Ground red rose petals, six ounces; ground sandalwood, one and one half ounces; oil of rose, one half dram; oil of geranium, one half dram. Cover outside of cap with a pretty silk, mull or gauze, or you could use lace. Have a double or triple ruffle of lace go all around the edge of cap. The cap streamers should be of wide ribbon, to match in color foundation silk or figure in covering material. Cap must fit snugly and should be worn for an hour or two every day. When not in use put it away in a tin box which has a good tight cover. Line sides and bottom of box with a layer of sachet sprinkled cotton.

C. C. F., Lexington, Miss.—I cannot send you the recipe you ask for. I should inquire of your druggist.

Bettie, Lettice, Mrs. T., Maiden Aunt and others.—Why not massage scalp nightly, for twenty minutes, with the following ointment? It is so penetrating in character that it goes right to the roots where it is needed.

Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, three quarters dram; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

If your scalp is all over pimples it would be wise to consult a doctor, as that shows something is wrong with your blood. You cannot have a healthy scalp if you yourself are in a run-down condition. Build up your strength and the scalp will probably regain its old-time vigor.

Discontinued Subscriber, Young Miss, Farmer's wife, Jess, Papa's Pet and others.—I am sure if you will use this bleach you will soon have a white skin:

Bicarbonate of Soda Face Bleach

Almond meal, four ounces; pure honey, two ounces; bicarbonate of soda, one half ounce; almond oil (sweet), one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; boracic acid, one quarter ounce.

Smear this paste thickly over the face and cover with a square of thin cheese-cloth. As you will have to let paste remain over for several hours, this is just the time to take a good long nap. When you awaken it will be time to wash off this beautifying mixture with warm olive oil, and then with warm, sudsy water.

Miss S. S. Dak., Brownie, Texas Girl and others.—Milk-white arms can be yours if you will dampen them once or twice daily with my sulphur complexion lotion.

Dissolve one teaspoonful of flower of sulphur in a half cup of sweet milk and let stand for several hours, then strain.

A Comfort Reader, Discouraged, Inquirer, Comfort Admirer and others.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Please refer to my reply to C. C. F., Lexington, Miss. If you wish to reduce lips, and I imagine that is what you meant by your inquiry, massage them vigorously every day for ten minutes, using dry fingers. The heavy pressure causes the fatty cells to break down.

E. H.—Since you wish to know how to make cosmetic sage tea, I suppose I must let you into the secret.

Sage Tea Hair Darkener

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop, dried), two ounces.

Put in a pot of iron and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water—preferably soft, cover closely and let simmer until reduced to one third, then take from the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours, after which strain and bottle. Wet the hair with this lotion very thoroughly at night just before going to bed.

Miss Isabella, Sue, Sweetheart, Long J., Miss B. D. and others.—The following is a most satisfactory face lotion:

Epsom Salt Face Lotion

Fill a pint bottle almost full with epsom salts, then add one teaspoonful of camphor, five drops of glycerine and perfume and shake each the size of a pea. Now pour in soft water until the bottle is full. How do you use this lotion? I will tell you. First bathe the face with hot soapy water until the skin is free from dust and powder, then pour a few drops of this expensive lotion into the palm of the hands, which should then be rubbed over the face until the pores of the skin have absorbed every bit of the magic liquid. This lotion is excellent to use in cases of pimply skins,

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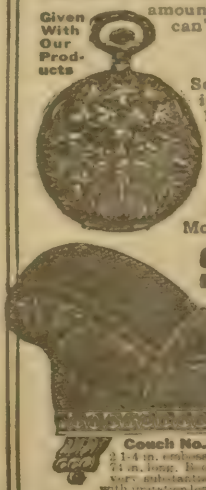
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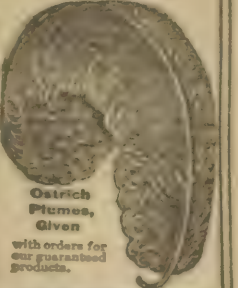
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blackheads and sallowness. Should you wish to perfume it, use a drop or two of rose-water.

Your measurements are excellent. Superfluous hair is a great affliction but if you will dampen hairy growth daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen I think the roots will die, not immediately, of course, but after treatment has been continued for a number of months. It is comparatively easy to reduce the abdomen. Simply stand erect with arms extended above head, then, keeping knees absolutely rigid, bend until finger tips touch the ground. This exercise should be practiced for ten minutes twice daily.

Maude N.—If you wish a cucumber paste, slice several ripe cucumbers, then boil them in water until they form a jelly-like mixture. This paste should then be spread over face and left on for an hour—unless skin becomes irritated. Cucumber is a good skin whitener. Is this the formula you were asking for?

Egyptian Face Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, one ounce; tincture of musk, two drams; tincture of ambergris, four drams; rectified spirits, five ounces; orange-flower water, one and three quarter pints.

It is a simple matter to prepare this lotion. All that is necessary is to add the tinctures to the spirits and then stir in the perfumed water. This lotion is cooling and refreshing to the skin and efficacious as a freckle-and-tan remover.

Mrs. Geo. W. R.—The preparation you refer to is very good, as it whitens the skin and banishes liver spots. If your druggist does not carry it, have him order it from a wholesale chemist. I do not sell cosmetics and for obvious reasons cannot give addresses in these columns.

Anxious.—Peroxide of Hydrogen will not cause hair to grow on face.

Freckles, Troubled, S. S. S., Lily and others.—I believe you would get good results from this remedy.

Simple Freckle Remedy

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces.

Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. The best way to reduce a full bosom is to swathe it in thin rubber sheeting during the day. This rubber sheeting causes a heavy perspiration and this breaks down the fatty tissues. Be sure to sponge bust off thoroughly with alcohol as soon as bandage has been removed at night.

B. D., Wife and others.—Please refer to my reply to Freckles. It is not difficult to firm a flabby bosom. Simply douche it several times a day with ice cold water to which you have added a tiny lump—about the size of a pea—of alum. If you do not care for this remedy, use a breast corset as it will quickly firm sagging breasts. It is easily made and applied.

Anxious Subscriber.—Dust this frequently over affected parts:

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Mrs. A. G. T., Mass.—I never answer letters personally. Use the first named soap. If it refuses to dissolve, heat it on the stove until it does what it is intended to do.

Daisy, Little Girl, Lulu, Mrs. A., Miss Maude and others.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smarts the skin massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly when the skin is so smarted. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then wash with hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. Wash off, after ten minutes, and massage with cold cream. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of

powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies, then put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Mrs. Mary E. C.—I do not quite agree with your brother-in-law, as I think, with persistence, you might develop bosom, but his suggestion about the bust forms was good. You will find that they will make the greatest difference—for the better—in your appearance. If you are underweight, drink milk, as this will cause bust to develop. Also massage bosom with warm cocoa-butter for fifteen minutes twice a day. After each massage, douche breasts with ice-cold water. Results will be very slow.

Illinois Beauty.—Refer to my reply to Anxious Subscriber. Daily massage of the knuckles with warm olive oil tend to bring them back to normal proportions.

Goldenrod, In Doubt, Florida Lass and others.—Your measurements, considering you are but sixteen, are all right. You will find advice on the proper method of treating blackheads and pimples given to Daisy and a Comfort Reader. Perhaps you are constipated. This would account for the pimples. If I am right in my assumption use this laxative.

Fig and Jenna Paste

Chop together one pound of prunes and one half pound of figs, then add one ounce of senna powder. Pour over all one cup of water and let mixture simmer on stove for three quarters of an hour. Put resulting paste in a jar and use as wanted. Eat a small piece on retiring.

Formula for Egyptian Face Lotion was given to Maude H. in these columns.

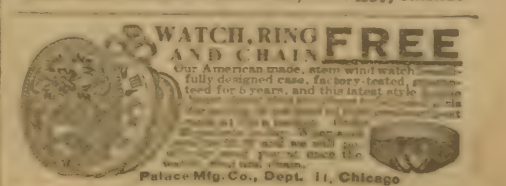
Brown Eyes.—A pug nose is not considered to be a beauty defect, my troubled little maid. In fact, noses that are "tip-tilted like a rose" are greatly admired. About the only thing that you can do is to keep pressing the up-turned tip down with your fingers. In time, I hope that it will gradually fall into this habit.

M. L. K.—You are too full-blooded in all probability. Eat sparingly of rich foods, such as pies, cakes, puddings, ice-cream, gravies, sauces, fried meats, etc. I would also suggest taking a cold bath every day, drink—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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"B Y Jove! What a peach!" exclaimed my impressionable young nephew as he closed the door of my apartment. "Does she live here?"

"Yes," I replied. "She's my neighbor, Miss Carter."

The young woman who had caused Billy's outburst had ridden up with us in the elevator. Being a quiet old bachelor I had only what might be called an elevator acquaintance with her, despite the fact that we had been neighbors for more than three years. She was undeniably pretty, of that stunning, vivacious type—a mass of auburn hair which seemed to move and sparkle whenever the light fell upon it; big, innocent appearing, blue eyes, which at times could behave in a most scandalous way; a red, perfectly arched mouth which hid two rows of pearly white teeth. Oh, yes, she was beautiful;



BILLY PUT ON THE SEXTETTE FROM FLORODORA AND SET THE PHONOGRAPH GOING.

while a glance at the glass, or a stroke of the hand across my bald spot, was always enough to assure me that I was no longer youthful nor beautiful.

Billy gazed longingly at the wall that separated my apartments from hers, as if his eyes could pierce it. With the yearning gesture of an Italian tenor he sang:

"Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?"

"Billy," I said, "while you are visiting me I must insist that you refrain from singing. Your voice makes me think of sawmills and other unpleasant things. When you feel musically inclined turn loose the Edison phonograph."

Billy accepted the suggestion, put on the sinuous sextette from Florodora and set it going.

"I feel like a prisoner singing to his fair one from the confines of a jail," he said.

"My bachelor quarters have never before been compared to a jail, my dear nephew," I returned, "and when they become irksome to you you are free to depart and leave me in my wonted solitude."

Billy grinned. "You must be a cold proposition, Uncle," he remarked. "Why if I lived in the next apartment to a divinity like that I would bow and smile the first week, call the second, and—"

"Propose the third," I interjected. "Well your Uncle Dudley is too old and wise a bird to do anything of the sort. There are plenty of impressionable youngsters fresh from Yale to palpitate over pretty faces, without the aid of staid old bachelors." I might mention here that Billy had just graduated.

"I'm not impressionable," he protested vigorously. "Just because I look at a pretty girl you needn't think I want to marry her the next minute."

"I have frequently observed that the most susceptible young men are the very ones who always imagine themselves invulnerable," I replied.

The machine finished its "Tell me, Pretty Maiden," at this juncture. Billy walked across the room to stop it. Suddenly he stopped. Through the wall came the tuneful song of another machine, the clear, rich, sweet tones of an up-to-date Edison.

"It's her machine answering," Billy exclaimed.

"What's the tune?"

"It's called 'Impudence,'" I replied.

Billy stared at me.

"It may be a coincidence," he remarked. "We'll try her again."

From among the records he produced the song "I'm Making a Bid for Popularity," and set it going. The machine through the wall answered quickly. The song was "Taffy, Just a Little Bit of Taffy."

"You're not in her class when it comes to a musical conversation," I said to Billy. "You might try that song. I'd like to see a Little More of You." Billy accepted the suggestion. When our machine stopped we heard the song.

"I'm Tired," answering through the wall.

"If that's the case," said Billy, "the best I can do is 'Good Night, Dear.'"

As we went to our rooms I said: "Billy, you came off a bad second in that game of music."

"Maybe I did," he answered, "but you just take me there to call and I'll talk her off her feet."

"Very well," I said. "I think I know her aunt well enough to ask permission."

"You can't do it too soon to suit me," he replied.

"I'll just take you in and leave you," I went on. "Youthful flirtations bore me to extinction. I'll stay only long enough to be polite."

"Don't stay that long if you don't want to," he answered playfully.

I did leave Billy at the Carter's the next evening. Though I think that old bachelors properly belong at clubs, I must confess that after the call I felt inclined to repeat the dose at no distant date. Somehow, a sweet, womanly woman does make a club full of men seem rather tame by comparison.

It was late when I returned to my apartments, but I found Billy sitting before the fire, smoking meditatively.

"How did you get on?" I asked.

"Splendidly," he answered. "She's a wonder. We're going to see the 'Dollar Princess' on Friday night."

"And what about me?"

"Oh, you can stay at home," grinned Billy. "Youthful flirtations bore you to extinction, you know."

"Did Miss Carter say anything about your musical chats through the wall?" I inquired.

"No," he answered. "I tried to get her to, but she acted as if the thing had never happened."

"Billy," I said, "she's too much for you."

Billy was an aggressive admirer. Every day he seemed to find an excuse to go next door, and on Friday evening when he called to escort Miss Carter to the theater, he took a stunning bunch of violets. It seems to me that young men of limited income—especially when just out of college—are the only ones who can afford violets. Personally, I never send them, so how Billy can, I don't know.

The appearance of my nephew at breakfast the next morning was alarming.

"No bad news from home, I hope?" I said. He shook his head dejectedly.

"Have you had a squabble with Miss Carter?"

"Yes," he said. "Don't talk about it. I'm an ass."

THROUGH A WALL

A Flirtation by Phonograph

By Vance H. Arlington

"I know it," I answered consolingly. "But what did you disagree about?"

"Oh, I suppose it was the music at the theater, and the darkness of the hansom driving home that did it. Then, besides, the smell of violets always makes me sentimental. Anyhow, I lost my head and began talking about love in a general sort of way. She said she wasn't interested in my views on love. That made me mad, and—that's about all," he sighed pathetically.

"Billy," I said, "you ought not to be allowed to be out after dark without a nurse."

"Let a fellow alone, can't you?" he growled. "I feel blue enough without having it rubbed in."

Billy moped all day. At dinner he was about as entertaining as a sphynx. After the meal he began casting sheep's eyes in the direction of the phonograph, and finally yielding to temptation put on a song. It was doleful in tune and cadence. "What's that?" I asked.

"I bought it today," he answered. "It's that thing, 'It's Better to Have Loved and Lost, Than Never to Have Loved at All.'"

The machine stopped and then through the wall came the answering note. It was Tosti's beautiful melancholy wail, "Good By, Forever."

"That's cheerful," I exclaimed.

"I'll give her, 'Say Au Revoir, But Not Good By,'" he answered and suited the action to the word.

In response we heard the taunting and independent tune, "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back."

To this Billy replied with McDonald's song, "Don't Be Cross."

When the machine through the wall played again it was "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

Then Billy started the machine on "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?"

We laughed when we heard the answer. It was, "If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again."

Billy replied with the conciliatory song, "Wouldn't You Like to Have Me For a Sweetheart?" There was a pause as we waited for the answering note. It was the song, "Perhaps."

Billy was delighted. "The Doxology is the best answer to that," he said, starting our machine on "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow."

I don't know how Billy accomplished it, but within the next few days he seemed to make great progress with the enchantress behind the wall.

On one occasion he appeared at dinner in more than usually elaborate evening dress.

"I know what to play her tonight," he said, with a look of triumph at the wall.

"What?" I inquired.

"The Invitation to the Dance," said Billy. "I'm going with her to the Astor-Bilt's ball."

Billy's excuses for notes and trips down the hall seemed to have given out temporarily on the following evening, for he stayed at home with me. After dinner he turned on the machine. The tune was Anna Held's old song, "Won't you Come and Play with Me?" Miss Carter's answer was, "When the Harvest Days are Over." In reply to this, our machine informed her that "There's Nobody Just Like You, Sweetheart."

The machine through the wall was evidently aware of this fact for it answered with the song, "The Boy Guesed Right the Very First Time."

Billy was amused and pleased.

"I thought for a moment, then put on, 'Oh, Promise Me.'"

"That's pretty plain talk, Billy," I admonished.

"It's time for plain talk," he replied. "I mean it."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you're actually in love with the girl?"

"Sure," he replied. "Why not?"

"I really couldn't see any reason why not, but Billy always seemed so absurdly young. A bachelor sometimes forgets how time flies. I looked at the boy critically, and had to own to myself that he was quite grown up."

The yearning strains of the love song died away and we listened for the answer, but there was silence in the other room.

"She's thinking it over," I prompted. "Be insistent. Repeat the song."

Billy adjusted the pin and played, "Oh, Promise Me," once more.

"If she doesn't answer now," said Billy, "I'll play 'All Through the Still Night.'" Then we heard the music through the wall. The name of the piece I have forgotten, but I remember how sweetly Christine Nielsen sang it in the Toreador, and how beautifully this machine reproduced the voice of the great singer as it rendered:

"If you love a maid sincerely
And you don't know what to say,
I advise you just to send the girl
A beautiful bouquet."

Billy jumped up. "Uncle," he said, "put in an answer, quick! I'm going to the florist's."

I didn't like for Billy to shove the management of his affairs d'amour off on me. I'm out of practice.

"What shall I answer?" I asked.

"Oh, anyone of several. There's 'I Love You Like the Roses Like the Dew,' or 'My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose,' or 'Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets.'"

"The latter would be an expensive song to live up to," I admonished him. "Violets are high."

"Hang the expense!" yelled Billy, recklessly, as he made for the door. "Put on 'Violets.' I'll be back in a minute."

"I think 'I'll be Back in a Minute but I've Got to Go Now,' might be appropriate," I remarked as he hurried out.

In a few minutes he returned flushed.

"I sent her a huge bunch by messenger," he said. "They'll be delivered in a minute. We'll see what she says, then."

It was not long before Miss Carter's machine began to play. The tune was the Flower Song from Faust, "Come and Share My Flowers."

"Billy," I said, "that's an invitation."

"An invitation demands a reply," he answered. "Let's see, there's 'Old Black Joe'—that runs 'I'm coming, I'm coming'—but then it says, 'And my heart is bending low,' so it won't do."

My nephew's happy expression tempted me to suggest "Glory, Glory, Hallelulah!"

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "Play, 'For It's Always Fair Weather When Good Fellows Get Together.' She is a good fellow, if there ever was one."

And I feel bound to add that he is a good fellow, too.

Billy had originally come to visit me for two weeks. He had already stayed five, and I was glad to observe that he had no apparent intention to depart. In the last two weeks I had seen little or nothing of him, but I had the comfortable feeling that I could always find him if I wanted to. As a matter of fact I rather dreaded his leaving. Strange, for I had lived alone for years.

The game of musical conversation seemed to be abolished, but I knew from Billy's manner that his love affair was progressing satisfactorily.

"You don't seem to be using the machine much," I ventured one morning at the breakfast table.

Billy grinned.

"We both use hers now," he answered. "We find it more cheerful."

"Your tastes in music must be much alike."

"Yes," said Billy. "Mostly love songs."

As I smoked in my library that evening I heard the machine through the wall. First it



BEING A QUIET OLD BACHELOR I HAD ONLY WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED AN ELEVATOR ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER.

played: "When You Know You're not Forgotten By the Girl You Can't Forget," after a short silence: "When the Girl You Love Loves You," and "Cuddle up a Little Closer," and last, "When We Are Married."

Such things are not for an old bachelor to hear. I determined to go to the Club. But before leaving I started my own machine on the drinking song, "Here's to You, My Dearies."

At breakfast I saw that Billy had something on his mind, so I was silent to give him a chance to elucidate.

"Uncle," he finally said, "I have a very important communication to make to you."

"Billy," I returned, "for the life of me I can't guess what it is."

"Well, I'm engaged."

"Congratulations. Who is the unfortunate young lady?"

"You know well enough," he said.

"Yes," I said, "and she is a dear girl—too good for you."

"Indeed she is," said Billy, but his awkwardness didn't seem to weigh very heavily upon him.

"You'd better write to your mother and father," I said. "I'll call on Miss Carter and her aunt this afternoon and see if they don't want to reconsider the matter."

Billy laughed. "That's all right," he answered confidently. "Nothing you could say would change Estelle's opinion of me."

It was about two months later. Billy's mother and father came to New York, and my apartments were gayer than they had ever been before.

There was a round of theater parties, dinners and general high-jinks. Then, finally, one evening we gathered at the Carters. It was a family affair, only a few intimate friends being invited. Somehow I felt sad. I had grown accustomed to Billy's presence. I never knew there was so much in that boy.

The ceremony was over in no time. Some of the younger ones followed Billy and Mrs. Billy down stairs. We older folk looked out of the windows. There were white ribbons on the taxi-doors, and we heard laughter and the rattle of rice upon the pavement. As the cab rolled away someone threw an old shoe.

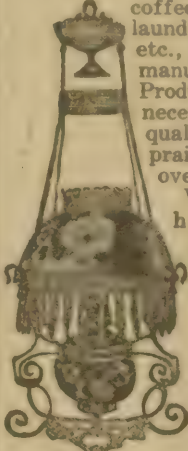
I don't think an old bachelor should be emotional and I was disgusted to find tears in my eyes. Of course, it was the cold night air, but they were none the less annoying.

We went in and set the phonograph going

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(G. P. 173-F.)

on the Wedding March from "Lohengrin," and then after a while they left me. I put on my smoking jacket and pulled a chair close to the fire. My apartment seemed to me the loneliest place in all the world, just then. And so we sat there silent, the phonograph and I. The machine missed the song of its mate through the wall, and I—well, I missed Billy. I did not recover from my lonesomeness until three weeks later, when I married Estelle's aunt.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once as I am going to send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

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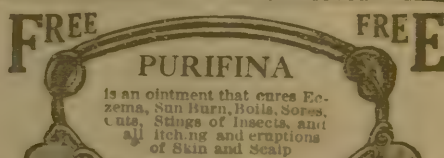
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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes again the drear November, and the only ray of sunlight in it is Thanksgiving day. At least, that is what the people say who have torpid livers and muggy dispositions. But, cousins, dear, don't you believe them. Of course, November isn't as pleasant as May, but you, in yourselves, can make May a more disagreeable to everybody around you and to yourselves than November ever thought of being. So just forget that the cold days are coming and the cloudy skies and all those, and make yourselves so cheerful and happy over what there is good in it that you will fairly upset the notion that November is the dreariest month in the year. You do that, and now I'll get down to business.

The first letter is from a Sage Brush Kid at Wolf Point, Montana, and she wants to know whether she should wait for the man she loves who has been somewhat neglectful of her for three years, or marry a man she doesn't care for who drinks, uses tobacco and "hangs around a married woman."—She is inclined to marry this one to spite the other one. If she is marrying simply to spite somebody else, this is a golden opportunity she shouldn't let escape. Of course she will be happy ever after, because she has spited the other one. My, my, ain't some people too silly for anything?

Ky. Reader, Danville, Ky.—Goodness me, do you think every man who asks to be introduced to you does it simply to have a chance to make love to you? Is that your only attractive quality? Suppose he did go with one girl seven years, another five, and another three, is that any sign he wants to go with you the rest of his life? You ought to take lessons, my dear, from those Kentucky girls who are wiser than you seem to be.

Betty, Conemaugh, Pa.—Your parents are quite right in forbidding you to have anything to do with the young fellow. You are too young anyhow to be bothering about beans, and he is too young to have any man sense. Obey your parents.

C. S. Metamora, Mich.—You can't do a thing, dear, but submit to it, when you are so attractive that if you go with one young fellow all the others "get mad" about it. You just keep on going and let them keep on getting mad. It makes matters lively for you and doesn't hurt them any. They'll be after another girl by and by. The one particular one is the one not to make mad, and when you are twenty-one and he twenty-four, marry him and settle the entire controversy. (2) I think when you two are walking with your mother, you should walk in front of her.

Florida Girl, Gonzalez, Fla.—What kind of a bean is he, if you don't expect ever to see him again. Just because you are moving out into the country where he doesn't know anybody, and your papa won't let him come to see you? If he can't find a way to see you he isn't worth worrying about. Besides you have only a year to wait till you are twenty-one, and then you can marry him whether your parents want you to or not, and since he is such an excellent young man you should marry him, for that kind are very scarce. But be sure he is all you think he is.

Indian Girl, Huntersville, N. C.—My, my, how long have you been out of the cradle? Go to your mother, child.

Miss 20, Paragon, Ind.—The fact that you are four years older than he is doesn't make a great deal of difference when you understand each other perfectly, but the fact that he is only sixteen makes a difference too great to be overcome until he is at least five years older. Then he would be too young to marry any but a woman older than himself. I think it would be better for both if you would try to find others more suited to your ages. If you can't in five years, then marry. (2) It is all right to wait at the gate till he hitches his horse.

Rosebud, Yreka, Cal.—Gently but kindly tell your third cousin who is forty-five, three times older than you, that possibly it would be better if when he put his arm around you and kissed you there should be somebody else present. These so-called fatherly hugs and kisses are not always reliable. Why isn't he just as fatherly when somebody is present as when you are alone?

Auburn Hair, Shipshewana, Ind.—You cannot get him to go with all the time if the other girl is as pretty and as fitly as you say she is, and so you must be satisfied with as much of his time as you can get away from the other girl. One girl shouldn't be prettier than another, but how can it be prevented? I'm sure I don't know. Do you?

Hazel Eyes, Arton, Minn.—If you think you should finish school before you run away and marry this young man who smokes and drinks and says he will quit after you are married. If you stay in school long enough you will learn that he won't do anything of the sort after he is married. They seldom do.

Peschie, Vanderpool, Texas.—If your parents do not object to your writing to the young man I certainly have no right to, but if I had a daughter fourteen years old she should not be writing to any young man if I knew it. A girl of your age should be at school and not receiving company, and especially she should not associate with girls who are talked about. Do you want to be in the same class with that kind?

Trix and Billy, Bonner Springs, Kans.—Parents should let their daughters associate with other young people of the right kind and go to entertainments of the right kind, but if they will not, nobody but themselves are to blame if the girls break away and do ever so much worse than that. I never could see why parents should think they can make their children good by breaking their spirit, or rather, trying to. They often learn better to their sorrow.

Blue Eyes, Chardon, O.—If girls of fifteen are through school and their parents do not object, they may go to places with young men. (2) You are quite right in refusing to let your cousin hug and kiss you.

Sadness, Marianna, Texas.—Back yonder, my dear, long before you were born, men and women—the children of men and women—were confronted by the same question which confronts you today, and the good Lord, who made men and women to mate with each other, said in His word, that man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife. So must the woman do and cleave unto her husband. But He did not command them to do so, and you may do as you please about leaving your mother for your husband's sake and your own.

N. W. Dowagiac, Mich.—If he is the right kind, there is no need of your being separated from each other, for when he is of age he may marry whom he pleases. You can only wait until he is his own man and have him prove his love by marriage, in spite of his parents' objection.

Bitter Beans, Vanant, Texas.—You are heart whole and fancy free, my dear, so long as you don't know whether to marry the rich one or the poor one, or to decline them both and teach school. By and by you will know, and then you may decide for yourself. At present you had better teach school.

Lollypop, Vero, Fla.—"Prove false" to both of them and wait till the right one comes along. They'll be glad of it, after a while.

Cleo, Elkin, Ind.—Oh, yes, Cousin Cleo, there is sympathy in this cold world. You have my sharpest in throwing down this false dancé of yours who flirts with "dreamy, gorgeous-eyed dancé," and I will do all I can to give you an idea to bring about those things which will tend to cast the celestial light upon your souls. First off, break the engagement. Let me know what effect that has and I will give you another idea. Why does your pa employ such a terrible flirt in his store? Give him the bounce.

July Peach, Lake Wilson, Minn.—Drop the bean in Canada and take the one dear home. At least you can watch him, even if he does have nine or ten girls besides you. How many has the Canada chap?



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Troubled, Parker, Pa.—If he is wealthy and you are a poor working girl, I think it would be much better if you did not see him, even if you do think a great deal of him. He does not show by his conduct that he cares much for you, and what he does care is not for your good. (2) You write as well as the average girl, and spell better.

Discontented, Carsonville, Mich.—Nobody knows just why some people find it easy to have many friends and others do not. They are born that way, I suppose. In your case, you are so young yet, that if you make an effort to be pleasant to everybody, to be cheerful always and to let other people tell you their troubles instead of your telling them yours, you will have all the friends you want, and more, before a great while.

Hopeful, Dayton, O.—Better let the broken engagement stay broken and go on merely as good friends. Don't try to patch it up, either, and begin over again. The chances are it will have to be broken again. Ten years from now it may be different, but not now.

Rosebud, Belleville, N. J.—A girl is of age in New Jersey at twenty-one. I suppose she could legally marry at any age with her parents' consent. If your father treats you badly don't live with him. He cannot compel you to, if he does not treat you right. Be sure to get work in some respectable place before you leave.

Troubled Girl, Loozay, W. Va.—If he doesn't write to you and hasn't been to see you for four months or noticed you at all, why should you write to him? Don't you suppose he knows where you are and could find you if he wanted to? You just let him go, that's what.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions except some I had to send to other departments in COMFORT where you will find the answers, and I think I have been so nice with you that you will feel like giving thanks this month, even if you don't have turkey for dinner. Keep on the good, high path always and may harm never come to any of you. By, by, till we meet again.

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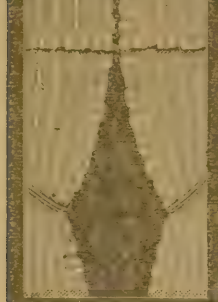
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ECZEMA.—My pigs break out about the head, they scratch till they die; they seem to be well beside that. They are about six weeks old, and I feed them bran sloop and corn. I had seven shoats the same way last summer. **Mrs. M. T.**

A.—Stop feeding corn to nursing sows. Feed light sloop of milk or water and middlings adding a little bran, and finely ground oat meal. Add lime-water freely should the pigs show any trouble. Dip the pigs once a week in a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip and see to it that their pens and beds are kept clean and dry. The dipping may be discontinued as soon as the skin is sound.

SKIN TROUBLE.—My shoats five months old and weighing about one hundred pounds are developing reddish purple spots on their ears and just behind the ears on the neck. Their noses also seem too dark colored and in fact nearly all the body. They are fine, thrifty fellows. Have always had good grass and clover pasture, plenty of clean water to drink, and corn (lightly fed) and wheat middlings made into sloop until grass became good. Have begun lately to increase their feed preparatory to fattening. In other ways they are perfectly healthy with good appetites. They are Chester Whites. **W. M. F.**

A.—If the pigs have been pasturing rank growths of rape or clover that might be the cause as sun scalding is common in such circumstances. Lessen the feed and give the pigs free range, but not where they will become wet and then subject to sun scalding. Apply sulphur ointment to affected skin.

COUGH.—I have a cow three years old. Her eyes are inflamed and she coughs a little in the morning when I bring her out of the stable. I noticed it about two weeks ago. What must I do for her? **J. W. K.**

A.—Have her tested with tuberculin as tuberculosis may be the cause of cough and other symptoms. Wash eyes with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid night and morning and at noon inject a few drops of a two per cent. solution of argemol between the eyelids of each eye. The latter solution may be strengthened considerably if not found sufficiently effective.

GARGET.—I have a cow three years old December, 1911. Last March she brought a calf, was in good condition, and did well, until I turned her on pasture the last of April, when she began to lose in flesh and milk, and her milk became bitter; for about six weeks we could not use her milk, then she was all right until the first of August. Her left hind test was swollen and the udder was very sore. The next morning the milk was bloody and continued so for four milkings. Her udder was swollen on left side. **B. F. P.**

A.—She had an attack of garget and may have another if the udder becomes chilled or bruised or if she has an attack of indigestion from a sudden change of food. At time of attack give a full dose of epsom salts and follow with a half ounce dose of saltpeter twice daily in water. Foment udder with hot water two or three times a day and then rub in melted lard. If the udder inclines to stay large and hard add one part each of fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna leaves to each six parts of lard for the rubbing of udder.

IMPACTION.—What is the matter with my cows? When they low they look wild and won't eat, and there appears to be gas in the bowels. They go dry as soon as they are sick. Live about four or five days, then die. Opened one and found its gall about three times as large as it ought to be, and pouch was the same, filled with grass or what she had been eating. Was dry and hard. Cows were running in the woods and had lots of good water. They were in good health and flesh. This dry, hard food in the middle pouch or stomach. **P. E. McK.**

A.—While the symptoms might indicate rabies from the bite of a mad dog, it is more likely that the trouble is due to impaction of the stomach with food. Large doses of physic should be given and followed at intervals of three or four hours with large drinks of warm flaxseed tea containing whiskey and dram doses of fluid extract of cascara. See that the cattle have plenty of fresh drinking water when on grass.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a horse four years old that is affected with a stiffness in hind legs after plowing hard the day before, sometimes it is in one leg and then in the other. Often he will drag his legs for a step or two and then get all right. **S. P. E.**

A.—The stiffl joints are weak and the patella of each slips out of place once in a while and causes the dragging of the hind legs. Blister the stifles with creote of cantharides once at a time, and repeat the blistering in a month if found necessary.

ABSCESS.—I have a yearling colt which was cut with barbed wire, when about six months old, on the front part of his hind leg about half way between its ankle and hock joint. Since healing there has been a small enlargement where cut; about three weeks ago, it started swelling from its ankle to hock joint. The swelling is a little soft. When the cut was healing proud flesh came out. **C.**

A.—A small abscess is forming and will open and discharge pus. In such cases it is common to find particles of flaked-off bone as the cause and they have to be removed by scraping, before the fistula will heal. Syringe out once daily with peroxide of hydrogen. Paint with tincture of iodine each other day until opened or lanced.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a horse four years old. When he walks he squats down in his hind legs, giving way in the stiffl joints, and sometimes all over him. He cuts well, and is in good condition. **J. B.**

A.—Blister the stiffl joints with creote of cantharides and repeat in three or four weeks if he is not strong by that time. We suspect that the patella of each stiffl slips out and in as the horse walks. Such cases are common in growing colts.

ENTERITIS.—Can you tell what is wrong with the pony? Symptoms: Taken in the evening with something like colic and grew worse, and seemed restless, going around and around, white foam came over its eyes, its paws and tongue seemed paralyzed, and I could not keep its head from against the wall. Then it would brace its hind feet and try to push through the wall. When it did we cut him open and the stomach showed no signs of inflammation. There was some food there, and it appeared moist. The kidneys acted freely. **Mrs. E. F.**

A.—The symptoms indicate enteritis (inflammation of the bowels) and not of the stomach. This would prove fatal despite treatment. There may have been a strangulation of the intestine.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a cow that has her third calf. She was not giving milk for about three months before the last calf was born. A week before the calf was born I commenced to milk her and her teats were all right. As soon as the calf was born the right front teat did not give the milk down as it should and I let the calf suck it. A knot formed in the upper part of the teat; it is still there. **C. E. B.**

A.—The only way of removing the fibroid tumor obstructing from the teat duct will be to have it cut out by a skilled veterinarian, but there is great danger of causing infection and losing the quarter in such a case.

ANEMIA.—I have a Jersey cow that lost her milk last March, and was sick about a month after that, and could hardly feed. Since then she has not gained her former condition. In the early summer from her right hind foot, her skin is very dry and tight. Her appetite is good. **S. W.**

A.—See answers on garget in this issue. It does not pay to keep such a cow as chronic udder troubles usually prove incurable and besides that they are sometimes due to tuberculosis. The cow should be tested with tuberculin.

CONGESTION OF LUNGS.—I have a ten-year-old horse; two months ago he was taken sick, would stand still and pant his flanks moving in and down quickly and would cough deeply; nose ran water that was offensive. Now the animal shows those symptoms, if

worked, by a fit of coughing which leaves him panting. Before the attack the horse was fat. He quickly became poor, his appetite is good and he seems to digest his food. **E. E. S.**

A.—The horse had an acute attack of congestion of the lungs. The lungs were left weak and possibly an abscess is present. Work him lightly and not soon after a meal. Bleeding is an obsolete practice and should not be done. Give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his feed night and morning after a few smaller preliminary doses. Stop the medicine gradually when he can do without it. Wet all food.

TUMOR.—I have a mare seven years old. When she was five a knot came on her shoulder, about as large as a turkey's egg. It gets sore when I use her. She is in fine condition, but the knot keeps her from pulling good. (2) I have a fine Holstein heifer three years old. She came fresh for the first time last spring. The milk comes out of the side and end, too, of one of her teats. Can that be stopped? **O. S.**

A.—A tumor has formed and should be cut out. External applications will not avail. (2) When the heifer is dry the fistula of the milk duct of teat can be obliterated by cauterization or cutting, but a trained veterinarian will have to be employed for the work.

LAMENESS.—I have a good work mare eight years old. She cut her left fore foot between her ankle and hoof last January. Knots came on her ankle and she is still lame. What will take them off? **J. B. G.**

A.—Clip the hair from affected parts and blister with creote of cantharides. Repeat in a month if found necessary.

LOST QUARTER.—I have a four-year-old cow that has been giving milk fifteen months; one of her teats has dried up, has been so for a month still gives milk out of the other three. She is in good condition, and eats heartily. Will bring calf soon. (2) Have another cow; there is a disagreeable odor to her milk, gives lumps out of two teats and not in very good condition. **E. G.**

A.—Nothing can be done to restore the function of the first quarter. Treat as advised here for garget if the quarter gives trouble at calving. (2) Treat as advised for garget in other answers in this issue.

MAMMITIS.—I have a very fine cow five years old in perfect health, easily kept and a perfect pet. She gives a large quantity of very rich milk, but I can't get the butter to gather. Her milk is very hard to churn and the butter remains in small specks over and through the milk. We keep a salt brick where she can lick it at any time. Once in a while at night when she comes to be milked one side of her bag is so soaked that scarcely a drop of milk will pass. Then next morning her milk is all lumps in that side. She will nurse or four days her milk in the affected side is thick and yellow, but never bloody. Her bag seems very sore. **Mrs. A. D. S.**

A.—In chronic cases of this sort it does not pay to keep the cow and she should be sold for slaughter. At time of attack give a pound dose of epsom salts and half ounce of ground ginger root in three pints of warm water and follow with half ounce dose of saltpeter twice daily in water. Foment the udder with hot water and massage thoroughly three times a day; then rub in hot lard.

GARGET.—What is the matter with my cow? About two weeks ago there was a slight swelling in the right hind quarter of her udder. The next morning the swelling was nearly gone. While milking there were two or three stringy lumps passed from teats like clabber. The swelling disappeared and has not returned. While milking this morning lumps appeared again; the udder is not swollen. **Mrs. W. A. C.**

A.—The cow has had slight attacks of garget or calf udder and the common cause is chill, bruising or indigestion. At time of attack foment with hot water, massage the udder thoroughly and rub in hot lard. Do this three times a day.

BLEEDING.—Sometime ago a calf died here that acted a little strange. It came up one morning a little bloody at the nose. Its head and jaw swelled up and it would stand around and slobber with its nose to the ground. It wouldn't eat or couldn't eat, and finally died. A kitten acted in a similar way about two or three weeks before. Last spring a mad dog was killed within two or three miles of us, and we are a little uneasy about it. **T. A. J.**

A.—The symptoms do not suggest rabies, but they might be those of anthrax which is contagious, fatal and communicable to man as well as animals. An outbreak has to be reported to the state veterinarian. It may be prevented by vaccination. Carcasses should be destroyed by fire.

KNUCKLING.—Will you please inform me what to do with one of my mares. She seems to get cock-an-kled. While standing she throws her ankles ahead, but she does not cock much while walking. **M. E.**

A.—Keep the mare off board floors. Clip the hair from back tendons of legs and blister with creote of cantharides. Repeat in a month if necessary.

SIMY MILK.—I have a cow that gives about sixteen quarts of milk a day. The milk looks all right, but when washing the milk pan the water gets thick, something like starch. I have only had her one week. **W. C. N.**

A.—The milk is fit for use as the trouble is not in the milk but in the milk utensils. Bacteria cause the condition described. More perfectly scald the milk vessels and see that they are well sun-dried. Use pure washing water.

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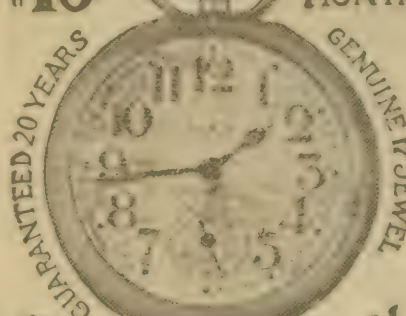
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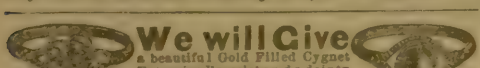
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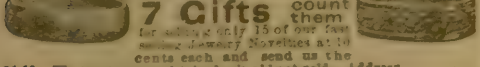
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THIS is the month that ushers in winter in most parts of the country. The boys in the North are always thankful for winter with its coasting and skating and sailing and hunting, while the boys in the balmy South are equally grateful that they do not have to wear overcoats, and fur caps and boots to keep away Jack Frost. As we draw near the feast of Thanksgiving we come to realize that each and everyone has a good deal to be thankful for. I would like some letters from far-away states telling me of the good things to be found there in winter.

The Meaning of "Eureka"

"Eureka" means, "I have found it." It was the exclamation of Archimedes the ancient philosopher when he found out how to test the purity of the gold in Hiero's crown. The great king had given a quantity of gold to the craftsman who was to make the crown and when it was finished suspected that some cheaper metal had been mixed in with it. Calling Archimedes he bade him to ascertain if his suspicion was well founded. The wise man was sorely puzzled but when he went to take a bath, observed that the water ran over him and it flashed on his mind that his body displaced its own bulk of water. Now if the king gave the goldsmith one pound of gold and the crown weighed one pound, it is clear that both ought to displace the same quantity of water. This he tried and soon discovered that they did not do so. He was then certain that the king had been cheated and shouted "Eureka."

Miniature Railway

Here is a moving toy par excellence. In fact I do not know of a self-operating model that is quite as clever as this one. It works like this. When the car is filled with sand its weight carries it down the incline and at the same time carries the other one up to be filled.

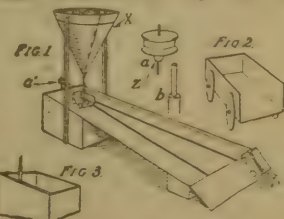


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Send name and address and I will mail 12 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors, brought together in the most splendid manner. Distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$3. Send the \$3 to me and I will immediately send you FREE both of these beautiful dolls.

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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

COME all-you darling little tots and climb upon my knee. The hour we spend together shall be filled with mirth and glee. First let us search for Funny Bugs, and see what pranks they're at, and then we'll make some pretty things and have a little chat. The girls can speak the pieces while the boys applaud with cheers, and altogether we will have a merry time, my dears.

Thanksgiving Day

"I'm thankful 'cause I'm living in this grand old world of ours.
I'm thankful for the winter snows, the summer sun and flowers.
I'm thankful for roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and I
Just can't express the thanks I feel for juicy pumpkin pie.
Dear God, I'm thankful for so much I guess, the quickest way
To tell you 'bout it is to say, 'Thanks for Thanksgiving day.'"

Shadow Rabbit

Poor little Bunny is sitting up begging for something to eat. This is not the easiest hand shadow we ever run but you can make it by studying the cut and practicing a little while. It is great fun making shadows on the wall. See who can make the greatest number of different things.

Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER.

some of their own chickens and a little pet lamb which had been stolen from their farm. The lamb knew Prue and let out a loud m-a-a-a. This noise seemed to scare the big bird for it opened its mouth to say:

"What's that?" and tots dropped into the soft feathery nest. They hugged the lamb and cried:
"Please big Fairybird let us go home and bring Woollyboy with us?"
"No," it replied, "I want you to be my children and to learn to love me. The lamb, I was going to eat for supper. I will spare it so you can have company."

"We want to go home," sobbed Prue.
"We cannot love you because you are a thief and stole us and our chickens and lamb," put in Paul.

This made Fairybird sad and silent for a long while. At last he told them that he loved them dearly and had watched them grow up from babies.
"Then why do you make us suffer, why not show your love by taking us back to our parents," they begged.

"They will be looking day and night for your return and I am so big I could be easily shot, if I ventured to do so," it answered.
"Will you keep us here if we hate you more each minute for doing so?"
"No, indeed, I must have your love or you cannot live with me. If I kept anything in this nest three nights that did not like me I would die myself."

"Good," said Paul, clapping his hand, "then you must let us go free."
Fairybird fluttered his immense wings and they made a noise like thunder. "You are bold and rash," he muttered. "I will kill you in the morning if you still hate me, tonight you must sleep under my wings." After hours of sobbing and praying the children fell asleep but it seemed only a minute until Paul was awakened by some soft damp thing pressing against his cheek. Putting his hand out

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

Hobby Horse

See the boy upon the horse. It is a funny one, too. His papa made it out of a barrel and a few boards. Why don't you ask someone to make a hobby horse like this for you. It is great fun to ride him, and besides that you can pull him like a wagon or help him over a bump in the road by getting behind and giving a good push. Tell me about your toys and how you like them. I love to get letters from children and I always send them a nice post-card by return.

Potato Doll

The simplest of dollies is this one. Pick through the potatoes until you get one like the smaller figure shown in Fig. 2, and stick hairpins into it for arms and legs. For the eyes, nose and mouth carpet tacks will do or you can merely dig them out and make black with a pencil. The dress is made of paper or cloth just as you like and don't forget the sunbonnet. It is not a very pretty dollie but you will like it just the same and they will afford lots of amusement, not only to the one who makes them but for the little tots who are ever ready to grasp new ideas.

The Funny Bugs' Aeroplane
The Funny Bugs are up to date, no ancient sport will do. They've made a little aeroplane and soon will fly it too.

DRESS THE CHILDREN WELL AND AT LOW COST

YOU have often wondered in the past two years why good clothes for the children were so expensive. They aren't—for those who buy at MACY'S. Thousands of mothers have long appreciated the extremely low prices we ask on every dependable article for the little one's wardrobe. That is why MACY'S has come to receive such a tremendous business in children's wear. While specialty shops and retailers everywhere have demanded increasingly higher prices, we have maintained the same low price level in this department as characterizes every one of the hundred departments in this store. Now, more than ever, we cling to our steadfast policy of giving quality at the lowest possible price. Coats, dresses, suits, hats, shoes for the little folks, all offered to you at MACY'S famously low prices.

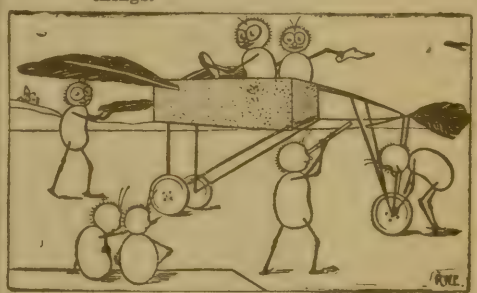
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How cute it was, of them, to think of using quills for wings. For feathers certainly will fly above all earthly things.



Now I have never yet been off the ground a dozen feet. And though they say an airship ride is really quite a treat, I'm satisfied to walk the solid earth, just where I am. And do not wish to sail aloft and then come down—ker-slam.

Pickaninny Head

This quaint little pickaninny has a habit of rolling her eyes in the most comical manner. It is made of cardboard and paper and is simple enough for the smallest boy or girl to try. First you want a stiff piece of letter paper folded as in "X." Upon this you mark your head, taking pains to make it as much like the picture as possible. The inside piece, which makes the eyes roll, is shaped like a T, the eyes being on the top crosspiece. The eyes of the headpiece is cut out, then the cardboard T is slipped through the holes. In the center of the mouth, at the point marked "P" a pin is inserted and bent over at the back. Now, by pushing the piece of cardboard that sticks out at the bottom, back and forth the eyes will seem to be very like.

There I have done all I could, in the small space I have, to help you to have a good time. Next month I will try even harder to please you and I hope you will see that your parents have their subscription paid up so that you will not miss a single number. It will be a big holiday number full of good things for every member of the family. Write me a post-card during the school vacation and permit me to wish each one of you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

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For they can use the seals in wrapping Xmas presents; Labels and Tags for addressing packages; and Post Cards to send Xmas greetings or for notifying friends that a present is on the way. **Agents Wanted for 20c. 7c. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 30c. 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c. 55c. 60c. 65c. 70c. 75c. 80c. 85c. 90c. 95c. 1.00. 1.05. 1.10. 1.15. 1.20. 1.25. 1.30. 1.35. 1.40. 1.45. 1.50. 1.55. 1.60. 1.65. 1.70. 1.75. 1.80. 1.85. 1.90. 1.95. 2.00. 2.05. 2.10. 2.15. 2.20. 2.25. 2.30. 2.35. 2.40. 2.45. 2.50. 2.55. 2.60. 2.65. 2.70. 2.75. 2.80. 2.85. 2.90. 2.95. 3.00. 3.05. 3.10. 3.15. 3.20. 3.25. 3.30. 3.35. 3.40. 3.45. 3.50. 3.55. 3.60. 3.65. 3.70. 3.75. 3.80. 3.85. 3.90. 3.95. 4.00. 4.05. 4.10. 4.15. 4.20. 4.25. 4.30. 4.35. 4.40. 4.45. 4.50. 4.55. 4.60. 4.65. 4.70. 4.75. 4.80. 4.85. 4.90. 4.95. 5.00. 5.05. 5.10. 5.15. 5.20. 5.25. 5.30. 5.35. 5.40. 5.45. 5.50. 5.55. 5.60. 5.65. 5.70. 5.75. 5.80. 5.85. 5.90. 5.95. 6.00. 6.05. 6.10. 6.15. 6.20. 6.25. 6.30. 6.35. 6.40. 6.45. 6.50. 6.55. 6.60. 6.65. 6.70. 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Secret of the Great Cabal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

with the one in which I was now implicated—a human voice; but yet, to me, from the study I had given the subject, it was no slight connection. I had seen enough to know that a plot of some grave import was hatching in the house with Green Blinds, and that my own appearance upon and disappearance from the scene would by no means retard matters. Whatever the nature of it might be (and I had my own opinion as to this) I had seen and heard enough to know that they could scarcely draw back now.

There was no time to lose, therefore. My goal was the shop of a man well known to our profession—a costumer and secret dealer in professional disguises. In half an hour I issued from it as well set up a clergyman as one could wish to see. My next move was to trace the girl who had spoiled madame's aim, and in doing so had undoubtedly saved my life. I had noticed, as she stood under the brilliant glare of light in the drawing-room of the House with the Green Blinds, that her hat and veil and gown were covered with shining particles of black dust—a kind which collects rarely except during a railway journey. She had entered the room hurried and breathless, as though she had been walking rapidly. Had she come in from any station other than the Grand Central, which was but a few blocks away, it seemed to me, from her evident desire for haste, that she would scarcely have taken time for walking. I possessed myself, working upon these suppositions, of a time-table, and found that an accommodation train which had P— (where madame had commanded me to go the next day) for one of its stations, had arrived but a few minutes before the time of the girl's appearance. No other for the same station was scheduled to depart within six hours. It was now nearly twelve o'clock, and there remained but one thing to do before allowing myself a few hours of much needed rest. This was to have an interview with my chief and explain to him the details of an affair which it had grown out of my power to control unaided. I found him just leaving his club, and explained the thing to him carefully together with my own ideas and plans. He was kind enough to commend them and to allow me to go on as I had intended, leaving practically the entire management in my hands, but giving me the benefit of his advice and placing whatever assistance I desired at my disposal.

I sent Ray, of the department, together with another young fellow from our own office, to my rooms to watch whatever might go on in the opposite house and to dog anyone who might issue from it, though the latter seemed to me a needless precaution.

Before six o'clock, having in the meantime had a few hours of refreshing sleep, I was strolling, without apparently other aim than that of waiting for my train, up and down through the waiting-room of the Grand Central station. I was not long before my expectation was fulfilled. The girl entered the waiting-room and went immediately to the ticket-office, where she purchased a ticket to P—, what set me back, however, was the appearance of the person who followed close behind her. I could not have sworn to his identity, but the resemblance was a marked one. The hair, escaping from under his soft hat in wavy richness, the well-groomed appearance, the small hands and feet, were all in evidence. The chief difference lay in the fact that now his beard was worn rather long and of a jet-black color, whereas the man whom I had seen tried and convicted of a grave charge in His Majesty's criminal court some eighteen months before had worn a light-brown imperial. This, of course, was a matter easily changed by one who wished to disguise himself; and after I had caught a glimpse of his eyes, as they flashed for an instant brilliantly into mine, the resemblance, even the very identity of the man with the one I had seen, was borne more forcefully upon me. And yet I had seen those eyes, or others like them, more lately. Through the holes of the satin mask, they (or was it but a resemblance?) had questioned me not yet twelve hours before, and the same strange attraction in them held me now as then.

He did not seem to be in company with the girl for whom I had waited, for she took no notice of him at all, and, after buying her ticket stood quietly waiting for the gate to open. As nearly as I could make out there was a spy upon her movements, and the lookout for someone else. He had stationed himself near her in a position where everyone who went through the gate must pass under the searching of his eye. I had noticed, however, that he had purchased no ticket, and I perceived that my only chance of an interview with the girl would be in following her on board the train. Had he been sent by the people from the House with the Green Blinds to see, without her knowledge, that no one approached her, and that she was safely out of town without a chance of betraying them (for that they had mistrusted her was evident enough)? He would scarcely allow a person against whom he had the slightest suspicion to follow her through the gate. I had no knowledge of his being acquainted with my own appearance, and yet, even while he might not have been present the night before at our interview, there had been plenty of time for any member of the organization to become familiar with my face while they were watching me in my rooms and before the signal had been given to me by Jackson. My only hope, therefore, was that my disguise would pass muster. As it happened, chance favored me in more ways than one. As I was following the other passengers through the door which led to the train I passed very close to the man as he stood carelessly watching. The woman in front of me—an old woman, laden with a huge and heavy basket—dropped a small pocketbook. He stooped and picked it up, returning it to her courteously, and in so doing I saw that his beard was false. The next moment I was through the gate unchallenged, and had assured myself that he remained behind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRL IN THE CAR.

I followed the girl into the car, and seated myself behind and near her. She had sunk into the corner of the seat in an attitude of utter weariness and discouragement. I owed her my life, no doubt, and felt for her at the moment, besides gratitude, a sincere pity. Yet I was on the point of asking her to risk still more than she had already done. There was no other way. I looked around at our fellow passengers—the old woman with her basket, a boy who was audibly sleeping, and a young man who was seated in the front of the car, absorbed in a yellow-covered novel. There was not one whom I could suspect of watching us. I went, therefore, without further hesitation, to take the place in front of her, and, with as much nonchalance as I could command, asked her if she could tell me the name of the man who had followed her into the station.

For a moment she seemed startled, and shrunk still farther back, but a glance at my cloth seemed to reassure her.

"I saw no one," she replied. "I came quite alone."

It never occurred to me to doubt her. I knew, whatever the character of those with whom she had been associated, that she, at least, was innocent—an unwilling tool in their hands. I told her, therefore, in as few words as possible, who I was, and tried first of all to thank her for what she had done for me, while she was kind enough to express pleasure in learning of my escape. I then went on to beg of her that, if she were in trouble, as I felt that she was, to let me help her. I explained without reserve my connection with the House with Green

NEW



THIN MODEL SIZE 16 STEM WIND WATCH

This watch is a beauty of a timepiece with several new features in watch making. Thin model, size 16, (about 1-2 larger than picture) stem wind, stem set, bright nickel case with gold-plated winding stem. While dial has Arabic numerals printed in gold on a maroon background decorated with silver, all inside a circle of gold and silver stars and dots. Case has new double back, protecting works from accident and dust. Each watch thoroughly tested at factory and just the watch to wear every day in the year and know what time it is. Just as good a time keeper as a very expensive watch, will wear for years and it costs you nothing.

You Can Earn It in a Few Minutes

I will give you this fine watch and fob with your initial for just a few minutes of your time. New and easy plan, sure to win. Many friends have earned it in a half hour. Just send me your name and etc., postage for full free outfit of Post Cards, etc.

F. H. PHELPS, Manager, 17E Water St., Springfield, Mass.

Blinds, and all I hoped to accomplish with the knowledge I had concerning it. She listened quietly while I told her, and I saw a look of wistfulness, of longing, of resolve, grow in her great dark eyes. Finally it came:

"I will tell you what I know," she said; and there were tears in her voice, though her eyes were dry. "There is no other course. I had no hope of doing anything, but now you may be able to do what I cannot." And she told me the following:

Her name was Cutting, and with her father, a widower, she lived at P—. The winter before they had spent in Washington, where, at a reception given at the White House, her father had first met Madame of the White Shoulders—as I still must call her. This woman was a stranger in the cosmopolitan city, a magnificent handsome woman, part French, part Russian, and was said to be a sister of one of the members of the Russian legation. Her beauty had created a sensation; Miss Cutting's father had fallen under its spell. Madame seemed to exercise a strange influence over him. He became strange, moody, irritable. He was often absent upon sudden and unexpected journeys, from which he returned dejected and, apparently, frightened and desperate. The cause Miss Cutting herself had never known until her own connection with the affair began, but a few weeks ago. At that time new aid had been needed by the gang of which she had since become cognizant and she, as one who would not dare to betray her own father, had been chosen. Since then she had been constantly employed as a messenger between the members of the organization whenever a messenger had been needed.

For some weeks she had known that a plot of magnitude had been silently hatching, but in what direction she could only conjecture. Her father had been silent and careworn when at home, which was rarely. She herself had been dispatched hither and yon, to deliver such messages as I had heard, at any time of day or night. She had not dared to rebel for her father's sake. From the messages, which were necessarily confined to her, she had learned that the people with whom her father had become entangled belonged to a large society, which had members and organizations in many countries. From telegrams and cables which she had been required to send (written in cipher, of which she had been able to acquire some knowledge), she had learned that the plot which was forming in this country was duplicated in many European ones, and that the consummation was near, she feared from many signs which the designers had not been able to keep from her knowledge. Madame of the White Shoulders was here the leading spirit. Her brother, of the Russian legation (in the description of whom I recognized both the man who had given the note to the messenger boy and he who had assisted Jackson in his search for me about the yard), was her chief assistant. The third man, she believed, was a Russian who had escaped to this country after implication in a desperate attempt to assassinate the Czar, discovered, happily, in time. Jackson was a mere tool, whose skill in the manufacture of delicate explosives rendered him of incalculable value to the others. Of the man who had traced her to the station she had no knowledge, having never seen anyone who answered to his description.

Of my own connection with the affair she was able to give me some knowledge. Two weeks before, after many desperate attempts, madame's brother had succeeded in abstracting some state papers of great value to his associates in Washington. They had made every effort to get them to New York undiscovered. He, however, had been obliged to deliver them at once to a trusted messenger, since it was unsafe to have them remaining in his own hands. The messenger had been no other than Miss Cutting's father, who had been peremptorily summoned to Washington to answer the needs of his confederates. The papers had been immediately missed, but thanks to his extreme cunning, the actual thief had been able to escape detection or even suspicion. The latter, however, had fastened itself, through a succession of strange circumstances, upon Cutting himself, and it had immediately become necessary to find a new messenger to bring them to madame in New York, in whose hands they must be placed. In this predicament they had been obliged to fix upon a young man who had lately become entangled with a part of the society in England, and who had just made his escape to America. He was personally unknown to the principals here, but they had no other course than to direct Cutting, by wire, to trust him. With the extreme caution, therefore, the papers were confided to his care, and a communication to that effect immediately forwarded to madame and her confederates. The young fellow was directed to proceed with the utmost secrecy, it being feared that the Washington detectives had already found the scent. Cutting was being watched closely, and he had much difficulty in performing his part in the proceeding. The messenger was to communicate with Jackson, who had been stationed in the House with Green Blinds, which madame had rented for like needs some weeks before, in the way which recommended itself to him when the opportunity occurred.

As he was personally unknown, the only way in which he could be recognized was by giving an unobtrusive signal a number of times. When this was done he was to be admitted to the house. About the time he was expected a young man was seen to take up his abode in the opposite house. He never left it, but sat conspicuously at the window, gazing intently at the House with Green Blinds. He had given the signal (which was the rapid passage of the right hand three times across the eyes) clumsily and openly three times. They had entertained grave suspicions as to his identity, but there was nothing to do but trust him. The time for action was rapidly nearing, and they were desirous of getting possession of the papers, if possible, before this arrived. The signal was finally returned, therefore, and an appointment made by letter. This, of course, was the communication I had received the morning before. All this Miss Cutting had learned from her father, who had returned suddenly towards seven o'clock in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

stamping preparation, 10 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11075—Leaf design for infant's nightgale to be worked in long-and-short stitch, scallops buttonholed. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 25 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11354—Forget-me-not design in eyelet and outline embroidery for child's bonnet. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 20 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. Illustrated on bonnet pattern No. 3144, cut in sizes one, two, four and six years, price 10 cents.

Current Events

REMARKABLE TICKET PRINTING MACHINE.—In order to do away with the army of auditors that are required to classify accounts in the ticket office of a large railroad station, a new machine has been invented, which upon the insertion of a paper slip and the turning of a crank prints the desired ticket, records its number and cost, automatically doing all the intricate auditing that many clerks are as yet required to do. To operate the machine, a blank is slipped into a slot and an indicator, behind which is catalogued the entire list of stations along the route, is manipulated, whereupon a ticket is printed and deposited outside simultaneously with the making of a record on an almost endless paper slip within the box. The machine can print 3,000 different tickets, 500 being issued by a skillful clerk in an hour.

WATERPROOF CLOTH FACTORY TO BE BUILT.—Efforts are being made to form a company for the manufacture of waterproof cloth in Chattanooga, Tenn. Dr. Winston of Kentucky is the inventor of the process. The purpose of the company is first, for the purpose of buying cloth and waterproofing it, and later to undertake the manufacture of the cloth itself in connection with the waterproofing factory. The process, it is claimed, will make any kind of cloth absolutely waterproof without in any way injuring it or changing its color or texture. Silk, calico, canvas and all other cloths can be treated alike.

SEEING THE SUN AT NIGHT.—It has been ascertained by mountain climbers that they have seen the sun in its full glow of setting some minutes after darkness had settled over the valleys and foothills below them. Orville Wright, America's aeroplane inventor, recently had the same novel experience, when he ascended over 2,000 feet in the flying machine of his inventing. At that altitude, which he reached at dusk, the sun lit up his miniature machine to the gaze of those below and placed him in the day while the earth beneath was covered with darkness. After gliding again to earth, he remarked that it was one of the most awe-inspiring and thrilling experiences that he had ever passed through.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

Learn to Stuff Birds and Animals. A delightful art, easily earned at home. Big Profits. Save your trophies. Decorate your home. We teach men, women, boys by mail. Write for Free Book today. W. School of Taxidermy, 2078 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

BEEF HIDES etc. TOP MARKET ALWAYS FUR
G. Copeland Co's., Stoughton, Mass.

2 1/2 H.P. Gasoline \$60, 4, 6, 8 H.P. Proportionately.
Write, OHIO ENGINE WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPOORTE, IND.

FLEATHER BEDS.—Buyers wanted for nice, new, 40-pound at \$10.00. The Stokes Furniture Co., BURLINGTON, N. C.

MONEY (\$ \$ \$) Unk \$ Secrets, etc. Key Free.
E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. C.

ELECTRIC House Lighting Plants, Telephones, Belts, Books, Xmas Tree & Flash Lights, Railways. Big Catalog 3 cents. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

\$2 A DAY addressing envelopes. Send 10c for trial supply of blanks and samples. Work evenings at home. WERTZ PUB. CO., Dept. 60, Clear, Ill.

\$2.50 PER DAY paid you time that you want in each town to distribute free circulars for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. F. R. BARR CO., 507 Lowell Bldg., Chicago.

25 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS THANKSGIVING, XMAS,
Sunday, etc., with samples of Envelopes, Hidden Words and Xmas Cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. RAY PTC. CO., North Haven, Conn.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100.
Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c.
Sheet pictures 1c. Stereos 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 3648, 1927 W. Adams St., Chicago.

4 RINGS FREE
Send your name and address for 15 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10c each. Result \$1.25 when sold; we will send these four rings free. Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 56, East Boston, Mass.

TEN BOOKS FOR 10 CENTS
1-10 Joke Book, 2-Book on Magic, 3-Book on Toy Making, 4-Book on Courtship, 5-Base Ball Book, 6-Dream Book & Fortune Teller, 7-Book Letter Writer, 8-Cook Book, 9-Home Entertainer, 10-White Slave Story Book. All the above by mail for 10 cents. Address, PIKE PUB. CO., 2, So. Norwalk, Conn.

WATCH RING & FREE
FOR SELLING POST CARDS
15c each. Send 10c for trial supply of blanks and samples. Work evenings at home. WERTZ PUB. CO., Dept. 60, Clear, Ill.

CALL STONES CURED AT HOME
without operating. Pain in Pit of Stomach, Right side and Backache, or under the Shoulder Blades, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Bilelessness, Colic, Jaundice, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Catarrh, Nervous Weakness, Debility, Loss of Energy, Soreness, Fullness or Oppression over Stomach or Liver, Wind or Pain on Stomach or Bowels, Appendicitis Symptoms, Weak or Irregular Heart, all these symptoms are commonly caused by Gall troubles. Send 10 cents for our copy-righted Medical Book on Gallstones and all diseases of the STOMACH AND LIVER. Particulars FREE. CALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 133, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

Wanted—a man or woman to act as our information reposter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 764 Bondation Building, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Silver Plated Salt and Pepper Set.



Fitted with three Polished Glass Castors having non-corrosive tops. One for Salt, one for Pepper, the third for Cayenne, Celery Salt or other condiment, as preferred. Height 5 1/2 inches, diameter of base 3 inches. Made of highest grade white metal and Silver Plated, will wear almost forever and give entire satisfaction, which is superior to a five or ten year guarantee. These three piece sets, or individual Castors are much in use, usually each member of the family has one, but even one or two for the whole family will be acceptable. Excellent for Christmas or wedding gifts.

Club Offer.

Send only six subscriptions to Comfort at 25c. each for 16-months for one of these Castors, carefully wrapped, packed and shipped at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FAT VANISHES

ONE POUND A DAY

BY NEW DRUGLESS METHOD.

TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST

DOUBLE CHIN VANISHES.

During the Last Two Months, Over Fifty Thousand Women Have Sent to Me for a Copy of This Remarkable Booklet, "WEIGHT REDUCTION WITHOUT DRUGS." Isn't This Convincing Evidence As To Its Value?



I Will Send This Booklet to You at My Expense.

THE JOY OF LIVING IS THE HERITAGE OF THE LEAN. I WAS STOUT,—AND I KNOW.

My friends were charitable and they called it obesity; others referred to me as being STOUT, but I know, that was just plain bulky weight. I was miserable,—you too, are equally miserable if you are too stout.

To reduce your weight you must find the cause, you must get at the very reason.

I FOUND THE CAUSE—THE REST WAS EASY.

Before I succeeded, I tried everything within reason and some things beyond reason. It was maddening,—disgusting.

All I had to do was to remove the cause, and I swear under oath, that by my simple method, without drugs, medicine, harmful exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my weight 37 pounds in five weeks, and guarantee that I can do the same for you. I do not use medicine of any kind or worthless stuff to rub on the body, but a simple home treatment; even a child can use it without harm. Through this marvelous combination home treatment, I succeeded because I had found the right way. I can now climb to the summit of Pike's Peak with ease. I could not do that until I had taken off 37 pounds of my ponderous weight.

If you are interested in your own happiness and health and figure, you will permit me to tell you how to reduce your weight "Nature's Way."

I have printed a booklet for you entitled, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I am giving away without charge, prepaid to you, so that you may know of my successful method and be able to permanently reduce your weight any amount up to 70 pounds, without harmful exercises or starvation diet, drugs or medicines.

Send for my booklet, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs." It is yours for the asking, and I will be glad to send it to you, postage prepaid. I have found that the best way to know happiness is to give it.

Sincerely your friend,

MARJORIE HAMILTON,
SUITE 1668 CENTRAL BANK BLDG. DENVER, COLO.

THIS THIN MODEL 20 WATCH \$3.75

Send for this one today! It is a beautiful, gold-plated, guaranteed, and tested, with one year's warranty, for your own or for your friends.

\$3.75



20 Year Insurance. DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it C.O.D. for examination. One at your nearest express office, and if you think a bargain and equal in appearance to any \$15.00 gold-plated watch pay the express agent our special price \$3.75. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. MUTUAL SALES CO., 420, Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERCY, Dept. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

cupation was farming. There is, however, such a vast difference between occupation and occupation, that I think it would be arbitrary and presumptuous on my part to say definitely what you mean. You say "weat" will make a good crop. I presume that is some new kind of grain you have discovered in Maryland, and a distant relative of wheat probably. You say there is some "fertile ground" on your farm. Billy the Goat says he believes that is Dutch for fertile ground. Let us hope so. I can't figure out what the "population" of Taneystown is. By the way you have written it, it looks as if you had 1,000, and what the other two o's stand for, I'll be dashed blinged if I know. Maybe your "population" consists of a boy and a half, or a girl and a half. I can't understand what a boy and a half would want with four churches, and three hotels. Whatever the population of Taneystown is I don't know, but it is evident the folks there are strong on both grub and religion. Norman, you say you are "very fun of all kinds of sports." I'll have to take you at your word old boy, as I don't understand that kind of language, but feel confident that you are a red hot sport. Some day when walking is good, I will come down and investigate your sporting proclivities, your "population" and that "octipatient," if he is still on the job. I am quite interested in those states, whose girls you wish to correspond with. I have been in every blessed state in this union, and a few that were not in the union, but I will eat Billy the Goat's hobbles skirt and Toby's pants if I ever heard of Alabama, Arkansas, Western California, and Michigan. Maybe these states are lying about loose in some sections of our big land, and maybe they only exist in the fervid imagination of yourself and that "octipatient" of yours. What about it, Norman? Are those states on or off the map? I suppose Alabama might at a pinch be Alabama; Arkansas, with a stretch of the imagination could be Arkansas, but what Western California is has got me all at sea. Could it, do you think, be California? Let us fervently hope so. Michigan I have no doubt is Michigan. Norman, you conclude your letter by saying "hopping to see this in print." You have not hopped in vain, my dear boy, and I hope you will have lots of letters from the cousins in Arkansas, California, etc., and if you do, please send the letters on to me, and I will try and induce President Taft to get these new states admitted to the Union, for I don't believe in keeping a good thing out in the cold, and California looks like an awfully good state to me, and I should think you could grow lots of "weat" in a state like that.

GREENVILLE, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: We live in a little farm of two hundred and eighty acres. We built a new house in the year of nineteen nine, of nine rooms, two halls, four wardrobes and one pantry. Makes a nice house for eight in family. I like the country better than town. The wheat is looking fine in our neighborhood. We have one hundred and thirty acres in corn, and Uncle Charlie and I better come out and help us shock wheat this summer; we would have a jolly time. I will leave you now thinking about shocking wheat, and let you have an idea what I look like. Age, sixteen, weight, one hundred and twenty pounds, height five feet two; have dark brown hair, light complexion, and blue eyes.

Please send me postals and letters, will answer all I can if not too many. Your loving niece,
NELLIE SAMPHSON. (No. 33,904.)

I am quite interested, Nellie, in that house of yours. You say it was built in the year nineteen and nine. The year nineteen and nine, according to Billy the Goat's arithmetic would be nearly two thousand years ago. I am inclined to think you mean it was built in the year nineteen hundred and nine. That must be quite a nice house to have nine rooms in it. With eight in the family, that means one room apiece for each of you, and a spare room for me when I drop in on a visit. There is one thing in your house though, I don't quite understand. You say it has four "wardrobes." For Heaven's sake what is a "wardrobe"? I had a friend named Rob Ward. Maybe you built these wardrobes to put him in, and then again you may not have done so. Of course there is no telling. Maria says she thinks you mean wardrobes, or clothes closets, and I have an idea that that is what you do mean. I don't have any wardrobes in my chicken coop, because I don't have any clothes and shant have as long as paint is cheap. You must have an awful lot of clothes in your family, Nellie, if those wardrobes are real wardrobes. I would rather have four pantries and one wardrobe instead of the way you have it. I would rather be well-clothed inside than out. I am glad you have some nice-looking wheat in your neighborhood. You say "We have 130 acres in." In what? Why didn't you tell us what these 130 acres of land were in? Maybe you have got them all in one of your "wardrobes." You had better explain this matter the next time you write. If you have any difficulty in shocking the wheat, I will come out and look at it, and directly the wheat sees my face it will be shocked all right.

ALBEMARLE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Will you admit a North Carolina boy, twenty-one years of age, in your charming circle? I am a helpless invalid, haven't walked a step or even moved my lower limbs for five years.

Five years ago, while hauling wood, the horses became frightened and ran away. The frame and wood were thrown from the wagon and I was caught underneath. After being rescued from under the wood and examined by the physician it was found that my left arm, right leg and collar bone were broken, also three joints of my back bone were crushed and my poor body was in an awful bruised and mangled condition. I am paralyzed, and have no feeling or motion from my heart downward and have to lie in bed.

Oh, Uncle, you can't imagine the pain and suffering I have endured for the last five years and will have to endure for the rest of my life, unless something is done for me.

The doctors say if I could go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and have an operation performed on my back to remove the bone that they think is pressing against the spinal cord it would cause me to regain the use of my limbs and my health and strength again.

WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or recreation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, and Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

But I am poor, and not able to have this operation performed without help. Now, I hate to ask for help, but my only hope of recovery lies with you and I pray that God will cause you one and all to realize exactly what my condition is and that you will come to my aid as soon as you can.

Your loving nephew and cousin,
LEE MABRY. (No. 27,397.)

Poor Lee Mabry! His case is a particularly sad one. Little did he imagine when he, a strong, lusty boy of sixteen, with all the good things of life ahead of him, started out with that load of wood, on that fateful day, brimming over with health, strength and the buoyant spirits of youth, that in a few hours he would be carried home, mangled, crushed and bleeding, practically a living corpse. And still less did the poor boy think that he would have to remain helpless and almost lifeless, for five long years, and possibly too—unless you decide otherwise—for the rest of his life. It is hard to see a man cut down and reduced to helplessness when his life race is almost run, but all, how infinitely more pathetic it is when we see a bright, ambitious boy, vigorous and strong, full of the joy of living, care free and happy as a bird, suddenly converted into a pallid, motionless, helpless, pitiable, living corpse. The first of the six years that I spent in hospitals, I had opposite to me a little boy who was dead from the neck down. Well I remember the night they brought him in from a little village on Long Island. He had been running his sled down a hill, and had bumped into a wall and crushed one of the vertebrae at the back of his neck. He was only about ten years of age, too young to realize the awfulness of his condition. We became great chums, and used to talk to one another. He could not see me because he had to look straight up to the ceiling, as his body, all but his head, was lifeless, and his head he could not move. I have never forgotten that poor boy. The surgeons gave him some little relief, but he was eventually taken home, and I presume by now, has long since passed away. Lee Mabry's injury is apparently lower down the spine. I have had a host of letters from doctors, ministers and prominent people in his section, who are all deeply interested in his case. The local physicians think that if he could be taken to the great Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore (the finest institution of its kind in the U. S.) and the pressure removed from his spine, by removing the splintered bone, he might recover. Surgeons can do marvelous things in these days, and no case is hopeless until they use the X rays, make an incision, and find out the exact condition of things. While there is life there is hope. As a rule, surgical operations are conducted in all the big cities, when the patient is poor, absolutely free of cost. If a patient has any money, he has to pay, if he is wealthy he is soaked unmercifully, but if he is poor, the great surgeons in the big cities ask not a cent. I should say that at least seventy per cent. of the wonderful work surgeons do is done absolutely free of charge. The rich have to make up for what is done to the poor. This is as it should be, and redounds

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

NERVE RESTER For all nervous troubles, old and young, harmless \$1.00 per pkg. sample free. ZIM CHEM. CO., Peoria, Ill.

FREE One week's treatment, quick method for catarrh, constipation, rheumatism, malaria. Write today. Describe your case. CALIFORNIA HEALTH BUREAU, Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLD Shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted. Coultter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$80 In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 50c Song Book, 30c Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.) ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteenth month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of December, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Christmas and New Year's Cards, the PRETTIEST, DAINTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED. The pictures and decorations of these elaborate post cards are the perfection of brilliant contrast and artistic elegance which delights the eye while the APPEALING SENTIMENTS and appropriate SEASON'S GREETINGS with which they are inscribed TOUCH THE HEART OF FRIEND OR SWEETHEART.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of December.

A FIRST PRIZE OF . . . \$3.00 cash
For second best a prize of . . . 2.00 "
For third best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For fifth best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For each of the 10 next best a prize of50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if you work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. J., Augusta, Maine. Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money. Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

If You Are Becoming DEAF

or are troubled with Ringing Noises in the Head

My Illustrated Free Book Contains JOYFUL NEWS

I do not offer you makeshifts such as artificial ear drums or other apparatus; I do not approve of saturating your system with habit-forming drugs. I am not content to merely give you a brief period of relief from deafness but my aim is TO CURE YOU PERMANENTLY

I am a practicing physician of 32 years' active, extensive experience. I know the only satisfactory method of conquering deafness and head noises is in getting at the seat of the trouble and curing it. I have published a book; it is written in easy, plain language and is illustrated. It tells you facts you probably never imagined and you may see just why you probably never succeeded in getting a real, lasting cure before. It is the one treatise that you have been seeking and it tells all about the one Method you should adopt and which is comparatively inexpensive.

DEAFNESS IS DANGEROUS

There always was some danger in being deaf but with the invention of rapid speeding automobiles, no deaf or partly deaf person can feel safe. Accidents to those who could not hear well, are being recorded by thousands. Moreover, deafness Annoys Others by Forcing Them to Shout at You Prevents You from Enjoying Theatres, Concerts, etc. Makes You Feel a Bore When in Company Hinders Your Success in Business or Socially Stops You from Hearing Sweet Sounds of Nature Is usually Allied with Nervousness and Despondency

My book explains why it is very probably your own fault that you remain deaf and why you are becoming a little harder of hearing every year. Explains nervousness. Shows wherein the underlying causes of continued deafness or head noises are probably

SHORTENING YOUR LIFE

My book tells you how I have cured cases which have been given up as hopeless, it explains wherein you may gain wonderful benefit from the very outset. It is a book for men and women of any age. It fearlessly exposes the frauds that prey upon those who are deaf. It shows you how Nature is patiently waiting for you to give her a chance to help you. BOOK ABOUT THIS BOOK, you may say, is WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD to you, yet it will cost you nothing but the expense of a postcard or stamp in writing for it. Don't pass this by and say "It is like the rest of them—I am disappointed and discouraged," but get the book just as soon as possible and be surprised—joyous—at the prospect of a

SPEEDY, LIFELONG, HOME CURE

Throw aside your prejudice over past failures, no matter what bad luck you may have had even with skilled specialists. My book shows you why they so often fail and gives you simple directions for testing whether your own case is hopeless or probably curable. There are many genuine pleasant surprises in my book. You will feel better for having read it. Let me send it to you, in plain wrapper, absolutely free. Keep this advertisement. Address

DR. G. EVERITT COUTANT, Station E, 7 K, New York, N. Y.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.) ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteenth month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of December, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Christmas and New Year's Cards, the PRETTIEST, DAINTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED. The pictures and decorations of these elaborate post cards are the perfection of brilliant contrast and artistic elegance which delights the eye while the APPEALING SENTIMENTS and appropriate SEASON'S GREETINGS with which they are inscribed TOUCH THE HEART OF FRIEND OR SWEETHEART.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of December.

A FIRST PRIZE OF . . . \$3.00 cash
For second best a prize of . . . 2.00 "
For third best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For fifth best a prize of . . . 1.00 "
For each of the 10 next best a prize of50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if you work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. J., Augusta, Maine. Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money. Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

Consumption

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure

Free



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

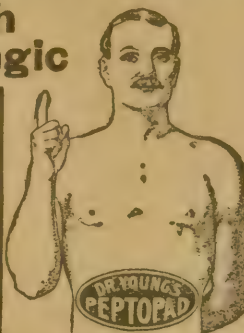
Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 5074 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Stomach Troubles

Vanish Like Magic

FREE

to Every Man or Woman



Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach? Would you like to say farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?

Then send us ten cents in silver to cover cost of packing and postage and we will send you absolutely FREE a five-day course of Peptopad Treatment. Peptopad treatment is a combination internal and external treatment and its great success lies in its two-fold power. We strengthen and invigorate the stomach nerves and muscles from the exterior and correct the gastric disturbances from the interior and accomplish both at one time. Peptopad Treatment removes soreness and pain from stomach and bowels and repairs the digestion insuring proper assimilation of the food you eat which means disappearance of constipation as well as stomach trouble. Send 10c in silver for postage and packing today and receive this 5-day course FREE. Dr. G. C. Young Company, 879 Patriot Building, Jackson Michigan.

White Valley Gem Book FREE
Send for it. See gems before paying a cent. So like the real diamond that experts can scarcely tell difference. Stands diamond test. White Valley Gem Co., 1175 S. 2nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Ladies Don't Submit!

TO AN OPERATION

UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED

Magnolia Blossom



Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box C, South Bend, Indiana

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

greatly to the credit of the profession. In Lee Mabry's case, however, there is transportation to and from the hospital. One or possibly two people will have to go with him at least will have to bring him home. His board in the hospital will be not less than seven dollars a week. It is very hard to get a free bed in any hospital nowadays. It does not matter how many millions are left or presented to hospitals, they are always hard up. The endowed beds, which are free are always full with a long waiting list ahead, and unless a poor applicant has influential friends to intercede for him it is likely to be a long time before he gets the benefit of one, if he ever does. It is right that those who can pay, should pay, but there ought to be more free beds in hospitals. Now, dear friends, won't you do your best to restore this poor boy to health. Just think of him lying there on that bed, his body a mass of sores, and so dead, that if you were to put his foot in a coal fire he would not know it was there, he would not feel it. If we were to raise two hundred dollars—and that is not much amongst six millions of people—it would pay for his board in the hospital for four months, and leave sixty dollars for railroad fares and incidental expenses. If one in every thousand of COMFORT's readers gave a dime, we could raise six hundred dollars for Lee Mabry, and that would keep him in the hospital for a year. Think of it, only one in a thousand need to give a dime to do that. Our COMFORT family you see is enormous, and when we only raise a hundred dollars as a result of one of these special appeals, it means that only one among six thousand of our readers has given ten cents. So you see, dear friends, though we are doing a good work there is only about one in ten thousand of our big family that ever digs up a humble dime. It is all left to the other fellow to give, and that is not as it should be. It is not as Christ would have it to be. There is one church in this country that asks a tenth of all the earnings of its members. That tenth is given cheerfully. I only ask a dime from six thousand of you, and the Lord knows you ought to be able to cough up that without having heart disease or paralysis of the pocketbook. You will know later on exactly what is contributed to this case. If we can put this poor boy on his feet we shall have accomplished the greatest thing COMFORT has ever done. Send your money direct to Lee Mabry. A careful account will be kept of all that is received, and the amounts, where postage is sent, that are over a dime, will be acknowledged. Send addressed postal cards when you want your gifts acknowledged. When you send a stamp it means that someone has to hunt around for pen, ink, envelop and paper, and inscribe on that envelope your address, which too often is illegible.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so peremptorily that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership in COMFORT's League of Cousins costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months (if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents).

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending

in a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. All appeals unaccompanied by references will be destroyed.

Wm. V. Kinter, North Point, R. R. 3, Pa. Poor William has been bedridden and helpless for many years. He is a lovely, lovable character. Your aid alone has kept him from the poorhouse. Send him the cheer that will make both Thanksgiving and Christmas bright for him. He is a dear, worthy soul. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless invalid with family to support. Son has been down with typhoid, wife with diphtheria. Send some cheer, the kind that buys food to this poor soul and his devoted wife, they need it. Fillmore Powers, West Derby, Vt. Poor helpless young man. Body ossified. Sad case, highly recommended. Give him a dime shower. Laura E. Cales, Ashbury, Ky. Invalid, unable to work. All alone with old mother. Grateful for any assistance. Highly recommended. Margaret Watts, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Confined to bed with heart disease. Has son afflicted with some terrible trouble, and a daughter with consumption. Your kindness alone has kept them from starvation. It is eight months since I asked you to help them. Make their Thanksgiving as bright as it can be in a home of suffering. Ellen Kinney, Brookport, N. Y. Helpless shut-in. Poor and needy. Grateful for the sympathy that buys food and food, and pays rent. Mrs. Eunice Gross, Care W. P. Wells, Williamsburg, Ky. Has consumption. Cannot leave bed. Would like cheery letters and anything that would make life brighter for her. Amanda Hamner (50), Kingsville, Mo. All alone in the world. Has been making a living by sewing. Now has tuberculosis and is unable to support herself. Sad case. Do your best for her. Highly recommended. Mrs. Gertrude Rial, Rogersville, Mo. Helpless for six years with rheumatism. Husband old and infirm. She is poor and needy. Highly recommended. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Helpless invalid for more than thirty years. His wife and he are poor and needy. He is a very worthy soul. Make his Thanksgiving bright with some greenback sunshine. Clarence Carithers (17), Water Valley, R. R. 3, Miss. This poor boy is paralyzed. Send him what you can spare in cash. Highly recommended by his pastor. Flora Barnett, Piqua, Fla. Shut-in. Helpless and motherless. Send her cheery letters, and anything you think will brighten her life. She writes charmingly. Mrs. L. M. Kelsick, Sison, Ark. Helpless invalid for five years. Husband also an invalid, unable to work. The only child is weak minded. Help this afflicted family. They are poor and needy. Mrs. C. I. Glassbrook, Brace, Tenn. Seventy-six years of age. Broken in health. Her husband has been paralyzed for six years, and is quite helpless. Send them cheery letters, and put something in them besides sympathy. Mrs. Patsey Rush, Cambria, Va. Helpless shut-in. Send her some Thanksgiving cheer. She is poor and needy. Highly recommended and needs money most of all.

Mrs. Laura A. Sandborn, Sebago Lake, Me. In-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. AEROL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

EARN \$8 ADVERTISING OUR WARNING FLUID in your home. A. W. SCOTT, CONCOE, N. Y.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD, FEET, FIELD & CO., INC., 526 S. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. S. N. EMERY, W. Q. CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE-FREE ELEGANT THIN MODEL WATCH

This is not a cheap Dollar Watch, with a clock movement and paper dial. It is a real watch, with a jeweled lever escapement and a white porcelain dial of the very best quality. Any man or boy would be pleased to carry one of these watches. A new 12 size thin model, the size a boy or young man should carry. Solid nickel silver case, stem wind and set, beautifully engraved star on back and guaranteed for 10 years.

FOB A beautiful gold stamped leather fob and charm will be included with the watch if you are prompt. This is in addition to the handsome watch and is yours merely for being prompt. Write today! Remember! All that I ask is a small favor of you in return for what I am to give you. A little easy pleasant work, that any boy, girl or woman can do. R. A. ORRICK, Mgr., 1415 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

Trusses Like These Are A Crime



If you want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of constant danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want to be rid of the old, unscientific and uncomfortable Leg-strap appliance and Spang Trusses—send today for our FREE Book of advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it contains, and tells you just how the Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles, HOLDS with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4000 Public Endorsements. Just address—

Box 68—CLUTHE CO., 125 E. 23rd St., N. Y. City.

STEM WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE SET FOR SELLING POST CARDS. Send 25 packages of post cards to CLARE WATCH CO., Dept. 111 CHICAGO. Will send you the Watch, Ring and Chain.

New York is the World's Leading Fur Market And the ONLY place to ship your

RAW FURS

We want Skunk, Muskrat, Fox, Mink and other skins. Best Gradings and Highest Prices. Our 20 years reputation guarantees prompt settlement. Expressage prepaid. Write for price list. KANN & CO., 134-136 West 25th St., NEW YORK.

50,000 SAMPLE RINGS like illustration, gold filled, warranted to wear, any initial. Catalog, ring and engraving free. Send 10c for price list and postage. BEST RING CO., Dept. R.C. 83 Chambers St., New York City.

"Her Midnight Marriage"

The greatest love story ever written; a fascinating tale of love and romance; thrilling scenes; startling climaxes; to quickly introduce our popular Household magazine, we send it 3 months for only 10c and include the book free. FICTION CLUB, Dept. 15, Topeka, Kansas.

ASTHMA & CATARRH

can be cured. Write me to-day FREE. For liberal sample of remedy. WILL H. JACKMAN, A-10, GENOVA, ILL.

PILES

If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 73 Marshall, Mich.

Sterling Silver Finger Rings



With Semi-Precious Stone Settings

The new, popular craze is for these little finger rings, also known as shirt-waist rings, and usually worn on the small finger of left hand. Coral in any form or color is the proper thing this season. We have these rings in Coral, Jade and Turquoise matrix. Mountings are solid sterling silver in a neat pattern, as shown. Every young lady is wearing a little finger ring, all the jewelers, dry-goods and department stores are showing them in great varieties, years since any similar craze was so universally popular. You should have and wear a sterling silver finger ring. Coral is reddish pink. Jade is light green, and Turquoise matrix blue. Order color preferred, and give correct measurement of your little finger.

Special Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Rings free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The New Coral Band Bracelet



DAINTY PINK CORAL COLOR

If you could close your eyes and imagine before you a bracelet, similar to this illustration, in size, but made of the daintiest pink coral over 3/4 inch wide, you will get a most excellent idea of the newest, charming bracelet of the season. We can't half convey an explanation of the beauty of the band bracelet. The rich coral colors are so soft and pleasing, the style so dainty and graceful. One continuous piece, the ends pass each other, making it adjustable to any size wrist. Must be seen and worn to be fully appreciated. We send with positive guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, so if you want for this summer, the very proper Coral Bracelet, this is an unusual opportunity.

Club Offer. Only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, secure one of these beautiful Coral Band Bracelets. Old subscribers may send 35 cents for 15 months' renewal and one Bracelet. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

If You are Not a Subscriber

and you receive this paper, it is because you are among the favored few to whom it is sent as a FREE SAMPLE COPY, with the Publisher's compliments, this month only, that you may see for yourself what an excellent all-round family magazine it is, and to give you an opportunity to subscribe in time to receive

December COMFORT

the bright cheery Christmas number with special holiday features and a pretty Christmas story entitled "My Holly Girl," charmingly told and intensely interesting. These and many other good things you will regret if you miss them by not subscribing at once.

KINDLY LOOK THIS PAPER THROUGH. It will interest you, and every member of your family will find something of especial interest in it.

THE BEST SERIAL STORIES BY WELL-KNOWN POPULAR AUTHORS, and bright, snappy short stories in each issue, constitute one of the strong and attractive features of COMFORT. We call attention to

"IN WOLF'S CLOTHING"

A Stunning New Serial Story

by Charles Garvice, the celebrated English author, which begins in this number of COMFORT and will run through the winter and spring months. You will want to read this and the other new serial which will soon begin in COMFORT.

EACH MONTH COMFORT contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information covering a wide range of interesting topics besides some seasonable special articles of timely importance and one or more smart short stories.

Its HOME-DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT is exceedingly popular and is worth many times the price of the paper to any woman while its many other departments are full of good, practical advice on the every-day matters of life.

We believe that no other paper or magazine has so many valuable departments as COMFORT, and we call special attention to our "FAMILY DOCTOR," "HOME LAWYER," "VETERINARY" and "POULTRY" departments as important features which you will not find in any other one paper.

COMFORT Is Bright, Cheery, Up to Date

Its tone is moral, patriotic and Christian. An ELEVATING INFLUENCE IN THE HOME, it helps to keep the children contented to stay at home evenings and protects them from the temptation of reading demoralizing literature.

COMFORT Is the Best All-Round Family Monthly

Nothing cheap about it but its popular subscription PRICE OF 25 CENTS FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS, which is low enough to be within anybody's means. Subscribe now so not to miss the big, bright December number with Christmas story and the second part of "IN WOLF'S CLOTHING."

FILL OUT the subscription blank below and send with it 25 cents for 15 months. (35 cents a year in Canada.) Do it now.

Publisher of COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

November 1911.

I am sending 25 cents for 15 months subscription to COMFORT.

Name

Post-office

County

State



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

H. H. P. Brighton, Colo.—We cannot prescribe for varicose veins because it is not a disease that you can treat yourself. You must have a doctor's personal attention, not only for the clear which has formed, but for prescribing for the cause of the varicosity. For the eczema, you might try a salve composed of equal parts of tar ointment and zinc salve, applied night and morning.

E. S. Plymouth, Wis.—Like a good many farmers, you don't pay half as much attention to your own feed as you do to that of your stock, and the result is you have a case of aggravated chronic indigestion with symptoms enough on the side, to kill a horse. If you haven't been careless too long, and will at once begin to select digestible food and masticate every mouthful of it before you swallow it and pay some attention to your general condition you will get your health back again. Eat cooked fruit, dry toast, milk with bread or toast, or crackers broken in it, and eat it slowly, swallowing it after holding it in your mouth for a minute, mutton, well-cooked vegetables, other than potatoes and cooked cabbage, raw cabbage, rice, eggs, ham now and then, no pork, no tea or coffee, no pastry, and nothing else that does not agree with you, and take a quarter teaspoonful of soda in half glass of water, half an hour after meals and when you get up in the morning, keep your bowels open, and your lungs full of fresh air, night and day and you ought to come around all right. Before beginning, though, have a talk with some doctor you know on the subject of indigestion and dieting. If you go on eating as you now do you will be a total wreck in a year or so.

Mrs. E. B. Toledo, Ia.—You have proved by your short stay in Montana how much benefit to your catarrhal condition it is and we advise that you get away from Iowa into the dry air of the West. As you are sensitive to cold, we suggest that you go to Arizona where the weather is warm. In fact, it is not, but it is not the enervating damp heat of the northern summer. Your stomach trouble is due largely to the existence of catarrh, we believe, and if you get rid of the catarrh you will get rid of the stomach trouble. If you are able to make a living in Iowa you certainly can do so in Arizona. Don't try Arkansas for catarrh. It is a fine state, in many respects, but it is too damp there to be good for catarrh.

Sad Mother, Fair Haven, Vt.—Have you ever sent your children to an oculist to examine their eyes and get glasses to them to correct the crossoyes? In very many instances the remedy is simple and as the child grows older the eyes become equal in strength and the "cross" disappears. If you have not done so, you should at once as they cannot be corrected later. As to the birthmarks in place of any other cause and the cause of birthmarks is always more or less indefinite, we might say that if you had not married your own cousin your children would not have been marked. "In-breeding" among animals, and no less among humans, is against nature and while the results are not always bad, they will make it difficult to justify the prejudice against it. You are paying a dear price for what you should have known before, and you have our sympathy.

J. B. Milwaukee, Wis.—Have you ever gone to a hospital in Milwaukee? They have good ones there and if you will place yourself in the hands of their physicians you will receive better treatment than you could possibly get anywhere else, and they will make you strong if anybody in this world can. You can do nothing for yourself except to keep your spirits up.

Mrs. M. L. P. Green Forest, Ark.—Such small lumps under the skin on various parts of the body are common, and are about as much a sign of cancer as a stone bruise would be on a boy's heel. Massage it night and morning and it will probably disappear shortly. If it should become painful, let a physician examine it.

H. B. E. South Vienna, O.—We hardly think any adjustment of the spine would be curative in a case of catarrhal deafness. A year's dose of the climate of Arizona would beat it all to pieces. Did you ever try osteopathy? (2) Laudanum affects different people differently. Suppose to settle your bet definitely, each of you drink an ounce, and the one that lives gets the money. Before taking the laudanum we suggest that you instruct the stakeholder to use the funds in his hands for expenses for a double funeral, if not called for.

Well Wisher, Havana, Ill.—To begin with you are working and worrying too much. Either stop one or the other. You had better stop working first, until you gather enough strength to throw off the worry. Maybe you will say that you have to work because you can't afford to have help. Very good, but if you kill yourself working, then what? You owe it to your little children and your husband and home to live and you can't live if you work yourself to death. We cannot prescribe anything merely for you because only a physician who can see you and can study your case can do that successfully. You seem to have a good one in Peoria and you should take his advice and follow his directions. But all the medicine and all the advice can do no good if you continue to work and worry as you do.

Mrs. G. R. H. Oak, Nebr.—See reply above to "E. S.", Plymouth, Wis., on the subject of dyspepsia. (2) If your ancestors have been inclined to feignsness you may expect to be the same. By dieting, however, you can keep within comfortable limits. You must keep to the diet, though, and not break over and eat things simply because you want them. If you want to be thin, you have to pay for it. Eat sparingly of the most digestible foods, those you have tried and know you can digest, and you will cure your indigestion and keep down the fat.

B. A. B. Hennessey, Okla.—The symptoms are of inflammatory rheumatism, a most painful disease and one needing the personal attention of a physician. Your mother should take a course of treatment to improve her general condition. Any good physician can prescribe the proper course.

A. M. Warrenton, Ga.—We think the coast climate of Florida would benefit your bronchial trouble. It would in the cold season, at least. Still we know people with bronchial trouble in the warmer parts of the U. S. find decided relief in the Boston climate. (2) Artesian water is, as a rule, healthy because it is pure. The water in Florida is usually good. (3) No locality is free from typhoid fever if the germ happens to get into it. Just as bad if it gets started in a swamp or on a mountain. Malarial fever is not common in the dry portions of Florida, that is, away from the low, swampy country.

D. R. H. Ideal, Miss.—You have such a variety and frequency of diseases that we advise your going to a physician and have him look you over from head to foot. A man ought to do that anyhow about once in every five or six years, after he has got his growth. In our opinion the main trouble with you is indigestion. Did you ever treat for that? See answer to "E. S." in this column about that. (2) See advertisements of coin and stamp dealers in COMFORT. They are reliable. (3) Old magazines are of no value except to local second-hand dealers and not much to them.

Mrs. P. W. H. Servia, W. Va.—Afflicted as you are, and nothing successful to be done for you except by a physician who could examine you, we are shocked that you have suffered as you have without calling in a doctor, no matter how little able you are to pay him. Hot Springs of Arkansas would do you no good and cost more to get there than your doctor's bill would be at home even if he charged you fancy prices. There is no help for you except to have a doctor come to see you and the sooner you do it the more hope your husband will have of not losing you entirely.

Don't Wear a Truss!

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to Any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women and Children.

SENT ON TRIAL

No risk in ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

After thirty years' experience in curing rupture, I have invented an Appliance which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"COMPLETELY CURED"

Hebron, Douglas Co., Mo.,

June 12, 1911.

C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I purchased an Appliance from you and am now pleased to inform you I am not wearing it nor will I ever need it again, for, to my great surprise, it has completely cured me. I hardly hoped to be cured at all, but the cure was effected in about seven months. Many thanks for the kind way in which you have treated me.

Yours gratefully,

S. B. LITTELL.



The above is C. E. Brooks, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today.

"I AM SOUND AND WELL"

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11,

Aug. 1, 1911.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can truly say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am 67 years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. BROOKS, 42A Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

I have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This appliance gives instant relief, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill out the attached coupon and mail today, and I will send you free my illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing my Appliance, and giving you the names of many people who have tried it and are now permanently and soundly cured. Remember, I send my appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Send free coupon now.

C. E. BROOKS,

42A Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Mrs. J. H. Pollock, La.—Unless the ingrowing nail is a chronic case due to malformation, it may be remedied by scraping the top of the nail very thin, or cutting a notch down the top as deep as possible without getting to the quick. Also notch the top of the nail. Then put cotton under the sides of the nail to cause the nail to grow out from the skin instead of down into it.

Blue Bell, Rockdale, Texas.—Maybe some of your ancestors were clay eaters and your craving to eat dirt was a form of atavism. However, that seems to be disproved now by your craving for "sticks off of trees and such trash." It is merely a habit you are falling into, and you must conquer it or you will be eating up the furniture and the doors off their hinges, next.

T. E. W. B. Stillmore, Ga.—Apply lunar caustic, get it at a drug-store, to the warts being careful not to let it touch the skin around them, for it will burn. Three or four applications should take them all away. (2) If you belong to a thin family it will be difficult to grow fat. If not, then eat plenty of sweet things, fat meat, potatoes, bread, and drink quantities of water. Also sleep as much as you can and take as little exercise as possible so as not to work it off.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Asthma

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00. If not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE: Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 452 SCARTRIT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

98 Cards for 10c

Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. HOPKINS' NOV. CO. Dept. 4, Belleville, Ill.

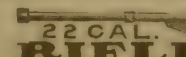
TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. FLEMING TOBACCO CO., Box 20, Danville, Va.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE Most thrilling love story ever written; an absorbingly interesting book of 80 chapters; to quicken the pulse, to thrill the imagination; we mail book free to everyone sending 10c. for 3m. trial and 10c. Household Fiction Club, 806 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.



GENUINE ARABIAN DIAMOND

(Stud or Pin) and big Jewelry Catalog absolutely FREE. Enclose 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. Also has catalog and book of \$100 diamond. Puzzles experts. Chas. Cummings & Co. Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago



22 CAL. RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Write for 30 Jewelry Sets to sell at 10 cents a set. When sold, return \$3.00 and we send Rifle. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 643, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



SIGNET BRACELET and RING FREE

(Genuine Gold-plated, fits any arm, richly chased, heavy signet medallion, also a handsome ring. Both given for selling 12 sets Collier Button and Pins at 10c. a set. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 178, Boston, Mass.



These 4 RINGS FREE

Send your name and address and we will send you 10 beautiful Oriental Rings to sell at 25 cents each. All the rage in New York. Write and receive them free and get the new book "How to Sell Your Rings" and the premiums and how to get them. SCHNEIDER CO., 1100 Grand St., Palmyra, Pa.



Watch, Ring and Chain FREE

FOR SELLING OUR JEWELRY. This handsome AMERICAN MADE STEEL WIND-UP SET WATCH engraved and properly size GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS. Also gives you the right to sell 34 pieces of our beautiful jewelry at 10c. each. Send us name and address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the \$2.50 and we will send the watch, ring and chain FREE. HENRY JEWELRY CO. DEPT. 101, CHICAGO

Fortune Told Let Our Astrologer Tell Your Fortune Amusing—Fascinating—Surprising—Entertaining. Send three 2-cent stamps, birth-date, Address Dept. C. JOHN H. CARSON CO., Jackson, Mich.

LIQUOR HABIT CONQUERED

No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days. After being a heavy drinker for years. I was saved and providentially came into possession of the true remedy for overcoming alcoholism. The drinker who wants to quit forever, getting rid of the awful craving, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. Marvellous success. Safe, reliable, medically endorsed. Drinkers Secretly Saved. If a person is addicted so strongly he (or she) has lost desire to be rescued, he can be treated secretly; will become disgusted with odor and taste of liquor. Legions of testimonials verifying genuineness of my method. Joyous news for drinkers and for mothers, wives, etc., contained in my Book. Mailed, plain wrapper, free. Keep this adv. or save it. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., E 359, New York, N.Y.

CANCERS Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. I do all I advertise. Health Herald and testimonials free. Address DR. C. BOYNTON, Lawrence, Mass.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring

The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen, it is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to store-keepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



STYLISH HOLIDAY GIFT DECORATIONS Bright Cards, Tags, Stamps, Seals and Stickers To Beautify Your Christmas and New Year Presents Choice New Assortment With Dainty 1912 Calendar. 160 PIECES FREE.

The use of these beautiful emblems of holiday cheer is now so prevalent that without them the gift seems lacking in Christmas sentiment. The gummed seals, Santa Claus heads, holly and Christmas leaf stickers, and Christmas stamps beautifully embossed and printed in colors and gold serve to seal letters and packages, or may be used as materials for getting up an endless variety of nice home-made presents. The stylish Christmas tags and greeting cards can be tied to or enclosed within the package to bear a cheery message with the gift. The exquisite, large, imported, greeting post cards in new designs and brilliant colors convey your holiday remembrance and season's greetings to friends whom you cannot favor with a present. The wall calendar 16 1/2 inches long (no advertising on it) is a dainty parlor ornament.

"One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," as the proverb goes. So we assume that you desire a set of these stylish Holiday Gift Decorations to add an air of elegance and tone of refinement to your Christmas presents, and will be glad to obtain the large 160 piece assortment in splendid new designs which we offer you free.

100 gummed seals and stickers, Santa Claus heads, Holly and Christmas leaves; 12 Assorted gummed Christmas stamps; 12 Small Christmas Greeting Tags and Cards; 5 Medium Christmas Greeting Cards; 6 Large imported, Christmas Cards; 15 Large Christmas Greeting Post Cards; 5 Large New Year Post Cards; 4 Large Christmas Greeting Tags; 1 1912 Fancy Colored Calendar Size 3 1/2 X 16 1/2 inches. Total 160 Assorted Pieces.

We will send you the above described 160 piece lot free, if you will promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT for two years for 30 cents and send us one 15 month subscription at 25 cents—only 55 cents in all for your 2 year renewal and the 15 month subscription, and you get the big 160 assortment free.

As this offer, which we are making only to renewing subscribers, is so liberal and attractive our limited stock of these beautiful goods is sure to be exhausted within a short time, so please act promptly if you would profit by it.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MEN'S COMPLETE OUTFIT

FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT \$4.95
SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS
AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR

SAFETY RAZOR FREE

Until they are gone we will sell 15,000 year around weighty BLUE WOOL SERGE SUITS at \$4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of fine fancy striped worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at \$1.25 a highly finished, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any \$2.50 safety razor regardless of name or make.

THE SUIT—A daily's finest grade navy blue wool serge, a splendid fine color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted neck style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished, guaranteed better than exclusive \$12.50 to \$15 suits or no size. Sizes 32 to 42 in round breast.

THE FREE TROUSERS—which we give with the suit at \$1.25 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are stylishly and perfectly fitted.

This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it. **SEND \$1.00** measure over vest, waist, measure over trousers, length of trousers and height and weight, and we will send the fine

THE FREE SAFETY RAZOR—We give with each suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, \$3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them

perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at \$10.00 to \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (32 pages) and ASK FOR BOOK NO. 27 which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready made suits at \$4.85 up, trousers 98c up, overcoats \$4.98 up, slip on raincoats \$4.50, cravattes \$5.00, and complete stocks of cold weather clothing, such as fur coats, duck, corduroy and sheepskin clothing, school lined coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now.

If you **MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS** send for good catalog of men's furnishings. Fleece lined underwear 39c, ribbed heavy underwear 39c, sweaters 98c, and wholesale price for hats, caps, gloves, shirts and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison St., CHICAGO

20 Christmas Post Cards 10¢

Very Choicest Gold Embossed



Our prize collection of 20 most beautiful Christmas and New Year Post Cards, in lovely colors and exquisite gold embossed designs, all different, extra fine quality, prettiest collection ever offered; to introduce quickly we send these cards and special prize offer prepaid for only 10 cents.

Seymour Card Club, Dept. 18, Topeka, Kan.

FITS

RIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.
Let Us Prove It.
\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich.

Join Our Post Card Club

Hundreds of Fine Post Cards Sent You Free.

Join our Post Card Club and receive hundreds of beautiful post cards free. Our club has thousands of members who will send you cards from all over the world. We also send you 40 elegant, assorted souvenir post cards and splendid large album, absolutely free. Also 10 samples of very latest, most beautiful gold and embossed floral, greetings and friendship cards, if you join at once. Don't wait. Send today, enclosing 10 cents, stamps or silver, to **CAPITAL POST CARD CLUB** Dept. 8, Topeka, Kan.

FREE 10 YEAR GUARANTEE GOLD RING

A beautiful Ladies' Cluster Gold filled ring warranted 10 years, set with two large cut amethyst, ruby or emerald stones and two small pearls, FREE for selling only 18 fine Mexican Drawnwork handkerchiefs at only 10c each. No money required. **R. W. ELDRIDGE**, 20 Eldridge Building, Orleans, W.

25c Value for 8c

Finished in Roman Gold, hand burnished. Send address of five ladies and we will send you a set of these beautiful pins for 8c. **HEART SWEETER CO.**, Dept. 8, 35 Chambers St., New York.

FINE SILK REMNANTS!

We will sell you a large package of beautiful silk remnants, bright colors, big pieces, for all kinds of crazy patchwork for 15c or 2 pkgs for 25c. We will send a beautiful SWASTIKA pin FREE with each 25c order. Embroidery silk, assorted colors, 32 skeins 25c. **WESTERN SILK CO.**, 320 W 7th St., Topeka, Kan.

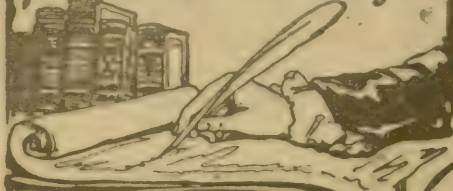
TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room W., Haymarket Bldg., Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 15c. Money back if dissatisfied. **G. A. Beauchamp**, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. F., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a woman leaving no will and leaving no children or descendants, but leaving a surviving husband, her husband would receive one half of the personal property absolutely, and the use of one third of the real estate for life, the balance going to her father and mother, or the grandparents, or the brothers and sisters or their descendants depending upon who survive the decedent. If neither paternal nor maternal kindred survive the whole estate goes to the surviving husband.

Worried Ohio, Mrs. A. C. W., California and L. S. M., Iowa.—As your questions pertain to divorce we must respectfully decline to answer in accordance with the rules printed in italics under the heading of this department.

Mrs. L. R., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion (1) that if married since April 20, 1877, and in the absence of any agreement to the contrary the wife can convey her separate real estate without her husband's signature to the deed, if married before that time he must join; (2) that title to real estate by adverse possession can be gained in fifteen years; (3) that a life tenant cannot sell the timber, or mineral rights on a farm.

Mrs. M. G., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion (1) that the life tenant is entitled to receive the income and have the management of the property to the exclusion of the person entitled to the remainder interest. (2) That neither husband nor wife here has an interest in the other's property during life, except that the husband must support his wife, but he could not be compelled to support or contribute toward the support of her grandchild by a former marriage. (3) That the wife if she survives will have an interest in both the real and personal property of the deceased husband. (4) That under the laws of Kansas the husband can satisfy any mortgage held and owned by him without the signature or consent of his wife.

Mrs. E. P., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in a divorce or separation action brought by the wife she would not be entitled to any share of her husband's property except such portion as might be allowed by the court as alimony or for her support; this amount would be fixed by the court before which the action was tried.

Miss B. Z., Washington.—We are of the opinion that upon the proper proof of the loss of a certificate of deposit the bank, which issued the same, can be compelled to pay it. (2) We think the address of "The Clipper," is No. 47 West 28th Street, N. Y. City. (3) We think June 27th, 1898, came on Monday.

Miss D. O., New York.—We are of the opinion, that in a case where the general guardian of the estate of a minor refuses to turn over the estate when the ward reaches the age of age, such ward should apply to the court which appointed the guardian, for a compulsory accounting.

Dark Eyes, Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents are legally entitled to the control and custody of their minor children, and in case they enforce their authority they are legally entitled to collect the pay or wages of their minor children.

P. S., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is unlawful to carry concealed weapons without a permit from the proper local official.

Mrs. C. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that a man's children cannot prevent him from selling his property, or from deeding it to his wife if he is of sound mind and understanding.

Mrs. I. E. S., Arkansas.—We are of the opinion that a quit claim deed is not as good a deed to get in purchasing property as a full covenant and warranty deed, for the reason that it simply releases whatever claim the grantor has in the property, while a full covenant and warranty deed conveys title to the property and warrants that the grantor has good title, but in a case where the grantor's title to the property is perfect a quit claim deed may be as good as any other. We think a deed once executed and delivered, in the absence of fraud or lack of consideration, conveys title even though the deed was lost or accidentally destroyed before it was recorded, but we think in that case the owner might have trouble in proving his title in selling the property, we think he should try to get a new deed to the property at once. We think an abstract of title is simply a written record of the results of a title search of the property setting forth the claim of title, of all of the former and present owners of the land, and the way they acquired and disposed of such property, we think it wise for a purchaser to have the title of his land searched before taking title so that he may know from the records whether he is getting good title or not, and in that way fortify himself against the dishonesty or other misrepresentation as to the title on the part of the seller. We think a proper person to employ to make up an abstract of title would be some good real estate lawyer in your locality.

I. H. T., Illinois.—Upon the payment of a mortgage we think the owner of the property should be entitled to have the satisfaction of the mortgage recorded in order to remove all questions that might arise at some future date either as to whether the mortgage was actually paid, or as a defect of title in case of a sale of the property. Many expensive litigations have arisen through such carelessness, sometimes many years afterwards. We do not think the man who exchanged farms eight years ago, and who has just now come to the conclusion that he got the worst of the bargain can now do much to have the worst set aside, unless he can prove fraud, or some other disability at the time.

Heartfelt, New York.—We do not think the man, whose wife refuses to come from England and live with him in the home he has provided here, can by any legal proceeding compel her to come to him, but in case she persists in her refusal, we think, she forfeits all claim she may have against him for her support and maintenance.

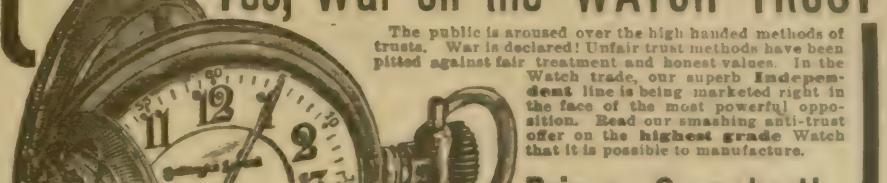
D. C. McK., Illinois.—We do not think that a purchaser of goods, who buys upon the understanding that he can pay for them when convenient to him, can escape payment because he never finds it convenient to pay; we think he can be compelled to pay after a reasonable time has elapsed.

M. H., Texas.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that married women have all the property rights of unmarried ones, except that they must be joined when owned by them. Under the laws of your own state we are of the opinion that the husband can be compelled to support his wife.

Subscriber, North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children surviving, his real estate would descend in equal shares to his children, subject to dower of a one third interest for life to his widow.

WAR

Yes, War on the WATCH TRUST



The public is aroused over the high handed methods of trusts. War is declared! Unfair trust methods have been pitted against fair treatment and honest values. In the watch trade, our superb Independent line is being marketed right in the face of the most powerful opposition. Read our smashing anti-trust offer on the highest grade watch that it is possible to manufacture.

Prices Smashed!
No Trust Profits
No Dealers Profits

The genuine Burlington Special—Admitted to be the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, now offered direct at exactly the same price that even the wholesaler must pay. **Rock Bottom prices DIRECT TO YOU** while this trust crushing offer lasts.

Here Is OUR Offer
The genuine Burlington Special—your choice of either ladies' or men's size—shipped to you on approval—no money down—for an absolutely free examination. Returnable to us at our expense after free examination if you prefer. A month now buys the Burlington Special. The easiest possible payments, and at a price within the reach of all—our anti-trust price.

The startling Burlington Watch Book sent absolutely free if you write at once. Post yourself on this great Anti-Trust Fight right away. Read inside our \$1000.00 Challenge to our giant competitors. Get the inside history of the startling conditions as they actually exist in the watch business. Every man or woman in the entire country who expects to own a high grade watch should get this book and our great offer right away. Your name and address will bring it.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 3048, Millard Station, Chicago, Ill.

I TREAT EYES FREE

I send by mail, absolutely free, a course of treatment to sufferers of weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, catarrhs, scums, wild hairs, falling sight, mild measles; wonderful cures. Write, describe illness. **Dr. W. C. Coffey, Dept. 333, Des Moines, Ia.**

ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay

Cures where others fail. I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on trial. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office. Address **D. J. LANE**, 325 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

50,000 Boys Made Happy

A Marvelous Fun and Money-making Moving Picture Machine

With Box of Film With 250 Views **ALSO** Fine Monogram Watch Both as One Premium

Beautiful Gold and Gun-Metal Finished Monogram Watch—Your Own Initial Engraved on the Case.

Description of This New Model
This machine is made of Russian Metal, black Japan, eight-wheel mechanism, which drives the moving pictures; excelsior diaphragm lens, triple polished; standard double extra reflector, throwing ray of light twenty feet, enlarging the picture up to three or four feet in diameter; lamp is fitted with a great safety carbide generator, and produces the highest light power. Has far greater light power than the ordinary electric light, producing 500-candle power on the screen and bringing out every detail of the picture with pronounced distinctness. A child can learn in five minutes how to run this really wonderful machine.

This moving picture machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like moving pictures as are shown at any of the regular moving picture shows. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This machine and box of films are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below which shows you how to get this marvelous machine and the watch.

Made \$12.00 in One Night
Received my Moving Picture Machine and am well pleased with it. My chum, Tom Neal and I, together, made \$12.00 in one night. Every boy in the United States ought to have a Moving Picture Machine in his home. There is no end of fun.—**T. M. PIERSON, Jr., Welton, Ala.**

It is a Beauty
Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in telling you I have received my machine. It is a beauty. English language is too weak to describe it. It is a beauty and is well worth the work required by you to do for it. It is a beauty and I am sure, thank you for it.—**CLARENCE A. WHITE, Amherst, Va.**

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE IS A GREATER INVENTION THAN THE PHONOGRAPH

Description This Monogram Watch you will get is absolutely brand new. One of the most beautiful American Watches made. Your watch will be engraved with your own initial on the back. Movement is carefully adjusted. The watch is stem wind and stem set, contains a reliable gauge balance with the new flush regulator. The hair spring is hardened and tempered. The dial is beautiful in white enamel, each figure being in a shield of gold and green, and the hands fine blue-steel set in an absolutely correct manner. The mainspring in back action, patented safety.

The center, or frame, and pendant, are executed in gold finish. The back and bevel are in exclusive gun-metal finish, highly polished. No more striking or effective contrast to the gold of the frame could be imagined. In this special case the two colors form a wonderful harmony of gold and steel-blue or black which is much more artistic than either alone could possibly be.

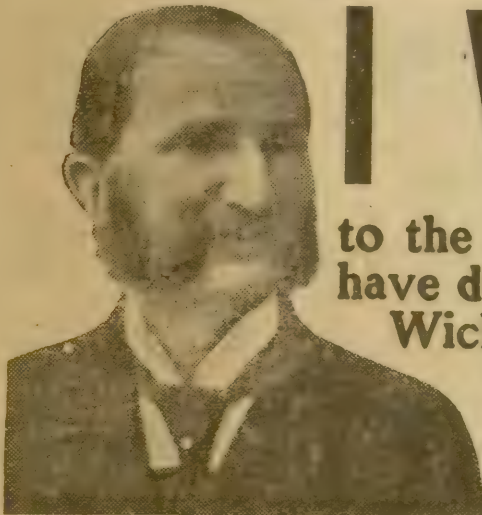
The movement in each watch is carefully tested by experienced workmen before it leaves the factory, and is guaranteed to keep perfect time for one whole year.

My Offer to You Here is what you are to do to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the films, also the Monogram Watch. Send name and address—use the coupon—and I will mail you 28 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures wrought together in a splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 28 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$7.00. Send the \$7.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine Outfit, and the box of film. Also Monogram Watch with your initial on case!

— Tear Along This Line —
M. DOONAN, Sec'y, 649 West 43d St., Dept. 355, New York

Send the Coupon
Understand, you get both machine and watch as one present.

Please send me at once the 28 Beautiful Premium Pictures so I can get the Moving Picture Machine and Monogram Watch.
Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....



PROF. SAMUELS,
Scientist and Originator of Samuel's
Systematic Treatment.

DIABETES.

Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I have a letter dated Oct. 17, 1910, when I began to take your treatment for diabetes. I must say that I am entirely well of that dreaded disease now. I have a friend that wants to take treatment with you. Please send one of your information blanks for him to fill out.
(Signed) ROMEO TRACHT.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—It is nearly a year since my son commenced and took two months' treatment from you, and he seems entirely well. Your charges are so reasonable. I have moved to Monroe City, so my address is changed from Florida, Mo., to
(Signed) MRS. PANIE O. DANIEL,
Monroe City, Mo.

LIVER TROUBLE.

Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—Yours at hand and noted in regard to your treatment, and will say in reply I find it all you claim for it and it has brought me out all O. K. I have left enough yet for two weeks, and will not need any more after that is gone.
I thank you very kindly for what you have done for me, and will refer others to you when I know they are in need of treatment. Thanking you again, I am
(Signed) JAS. H. BRINK, Heber Springs, Ark.

LIVER TROUBLE.

Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—From neglect I have not written you which should have been done some time ago to let you know how I am getting along. I feel alright, and I haven't lost a day's work out of my crop since I commenced your treatment. I have gained 30 pounds. I thought I would hold up a while and see if my health was good; if not, will know where to get more.
Now, you may be sure I will help you all I can. Thanking you many times for the good you have done me, I am
(Signed) P. P. MOONEY, Edinburgh, Miss.

HEART AND CATARRH.

Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—Your treatment has done the work for me and my son. I do my work without any trouble since I took your remedy. It has done me more good than all the doctors and drugs in my life. Should you need my sworn testimony, you can have it freely.
Yours truly,
(Signed) MR. M. SAXER,
R. D. No. 3, Eldorado Springs, Mo.

HEART DISEASE 25 YEARS.

Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter just received, I will say your wonderful treatment through the eye has cured me of heart disease of twenty-five years standing, also stomach trouble, constipation and nervousness of the worst kind. I am in better health than I have been for thirty-two years. I can eat anything, and can sleep so well and restful.
I would advise anyone with heart trouble, constipation and nervousness to try your remedy for it will cure. I haven't words to express my appreciation to you for what it has done for me. I would not accept all the riches of the world and be placed back like I was when I commenced your great treatment. I will not send for any more now, but when I get the money I will have more for my deafness. It has helped the head noises and deafness to a great extent.
May God bless you and prolong your life to help suffering humanity, and when He calls you to your great reward, may you not let your remedy be buried with you is the sincere prayer of one of your patients.
(Signed) MRS. R. D. WARD,
R. F. D. No. 2, Cloud Chief, Ok.

DIABETES AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—The first of April I received from you three bottles for a three months' course of treatment. I was at the time suffering (and had been for months) with severe diabetes and bladder trouble in their worst form. Only those who realize what this disease is can understand how almost hopeless it is. In a few days I felt that it had begun to improve; my system began to respond to your treatment; and the third month I felt that I am entirely cured.
(Signed) MRS. R. W. LIGGETT, Caldwell, Kas.

HEART TROUBLE.

Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Kind Sir:—I should have written you long ago, but I have been feeling fine and doing all of my work. I can walk two miles now where I could not walk across the room when I wrote you, and I cannot say too much of what you have done for me. If I need your assistance again, I will surely write you.
(Signed) AMANDA GRINDLE,
R. R. No. 3, Box No. 134, Rosedale, Ind.

MY METHOD OF TREATMENT

The method of treatment which I have originated is a strange and peculiar method, differing from anything else used by any living man in the treatment of diseases. I do not use drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon.

Men who are familiar with the chemistry of the human body understand that only the chemical elements used in the creation of the body are required to restore it to health when once its functional power becomes impaired. Nature does not require a mass of drugs dumped into the stomach, which merely represent an accumulation of foreign substances which must eventually be eliminated from the system. When Mother Nature created mankind she used no mercury, no strychnine, no quinine, no digitalis, no morphia or other poisonous chemicals such as the used no doctors delight to prescribe for you, and she needs none of them to accomplish any restorative work that may be necessary in your behalf.

My results are obtained by dropping a colorless liquid which I prepare into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of Consumption, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, Nervous Prostration, Heart Disease, Asthma, Hay Fever, Blindness, Deafness, Liver Trouble, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble, and Catarrh are treated in this apparent miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based upon the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but my thousands of patients testify to the value of my treatment.

If you are sick or ailing you will find something in my Message of Facts, which I am sending free to everyone, that will greatly interest you. I explain my method of healing and give you absolute proof of its value. If you are tired of taking strong drugs into the stomach, if you have gotten to the point where you believe there is no hope, if you have tried all kinds of treatment your doctor could suggest without its benefiting you, write me today for my Message of Facts. It tells you something about the peculiar liquid which I prepare, and of a more scientific and more natural method of treatment. Send me the coupon properly filled out or send me your name and address on a postcard and my "Message of Facts" will be sent you by return mail free.

PROF. SAMUELS,

7 SAMUELS BLDG.,
WICHITA, KANSAS.

I WILL PAY \$5,000.00

to the first person proving these letters are not absolutely genuine. I have deposited the \$5,000.00 in the AMERICAN STATE BANK of Wichita, Kansas, for that purpose. I am the originator and only living man in the world practicing my strange and peculiar method of healing. I have thousands of patients in the United States---patients in every State in the Union, and many foreign countries. Read their letters and form your own opinion.

PROF. SAMUELS.

RHEUMATISM.

National Soldiers' Home, Tenn., April 11, 1911.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Prof. Samuel:—I do not need any more of your great medicine for I feel that I am well again. It has cured me of many ills. May you prosper and be happy.
(Signed) RICHARD C. BURTON,
National Soldiers' Home, Tenn.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Santa Cruz, Cal., Aug. 28, 1911.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I stopped taking your medicine some time ago because my kidneys no longer troubled me, and am still feeling fine. Gratefully yours,
(Signed) LOUISE MUSSE,
14 Keystone Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

NEURALGIA.

Taylorville, Sask., Canada.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I have to thank you for the great benefit I have received from your wonderful treatment. I had been bad for a long time, and now after taking one bottle of your treatment I feel that I am completely cured. I remain, Yours sincerely,
(Signed) MRS. AGNES WARE.

GENERAL TROUBLE.

Ft. Cobb, Ok., May 17, 1911.
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—Pardon me for not writing you sooner as I have been quite busy. My three months' treatment is past, though I am still taking it and will until it is all gone, for it has made such a wonderful change in me. I can't hardly get sleep enough now enough to call and feel almost as well as I ever did. I don't begrudge the money, and I tell everyone about it as I would like to see all cured.
(Signed) MRS. A. J. CLARY,
R. No. 4, Ft. Cobb, Ok.
P. S.—Prof Samuel, my husband says to tell you that he hasn't language to express his gratitude for the good you have done him. He certainly is praising you to everyone that mentions his treatment. He is looking well and don't cough any more. I certainly feel thankful myself.

LA GRIPPE.

Annadel, Tenn., July 5, 1911.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—In regard to your treatment, it is all that you claim for it. My cough is gone, and I am doing my work and sleep fine. Do not think I am doing any more treatment. Wishing you success, I am
(Signed) MRS. JOHN BLAKE, Annadel, Tenn.

NERVOUSNESS.

Ridgefield, Conn., Sept. 20th, 1911.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I received your letter quite a few days ago, but put off answering it.
I certainly am very thankful to you for the good and great benefit my daughter has derived from the use of the treatment prescribed by you. I feel confident now that she is cured of the nervous trouble. She has been having trouble with her eyes, again, although they are better now. She has to go once a week for treatment for them. I didn't know but what this nervous trouble would come back, but I guess that is fully cured.
I don't feel that I can thank you enough for the good you have done, and will always remain your friend.
(Signed) MRS. LEMUEL BARRETT,
Ridgefield, Conn.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Roby, Fisher County, Tex., Sept. 14th, 1911.
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I will write to inform you of the success of your two months' treatment for Kidney Trouble and why I can truthfully say it is the most wonderful thing on earth to know of your good work. For I know I was not able to do a day's work and now I can do as much work as any man, but if I feel like I need another month's treatment I will send at once.
I assure you I am doing all I can to get others to take your treatment that I know are suffering. Wishing you God-speed in your wonderful work, I am,
(Signed) J. M. MILLER, Roby, Fisher Co., Tex.

RHEUMATISM AND DEAFNESS.

Hartman, Ark., Feb. 2, 1911.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I received a month's treatment from you on the 30th of January for my wife, and she has been using it since as you directed and it is helping her. She was helpless with rheumatism and now she can go about the place where she pleases and has gained eight pounds in weight. She was almost deaf and now she can hear common talk. I think by the time she uses up the treatment that she will be entirely well. I had two doctors with her and they both said they could do her no good.
Thanking you most kindly for what you have done for her, I am, Yours very truly,
(Signed) F. H. MORGAN, Hartman, Ark.

CATARHAL DEAFNESS AND EYE TROUBLE.

Ava, Mo.
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—Send R. A. Kennedy of this place two or three symptom blanks with some of your advertising matter, as he wishes to fill in the symptom blanks and send you. In my case I have been taking the treatment now about a week, and it has improved my eyes greatly. As to seeing, I have to wear glasses and could not read fine print without them. Now I can read fairly well. My cough is considerably better and it seems I can hear a little better, as I was hard of hearing. As to the bladder trouble, I can see no change as yet. Will continue treatment regular and report any change. Send me some of the advertising matter with a few symptom blanks. I can distribute them to good advantage. Yours truly,
(Signed) M. C. REYNOLDS.

PARALYSIS AND GENERAL TROUBLE.

Opelousas, La., June 21, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I have received and began taking your treatment on the 9th inst., and I am proud to say that I received beneficial results in twenty-four hours after the first dose. My eyesight has improved 100 per cent.; my pains in all my limbs have been greatly relieved. In fact all my ills are relieved. I feel altogether much better.
I desire to thank you heartily for the relief you have procured me, and hope and trust it will continue for the better, until a permanent cure is effected.
You will find enclosed names of persons affected with chronic diseases. I have also given your name and address to several other parties whom you must have heard from by this time. Thanking you again, I am
(Signed) D. F. DUPREE, Opelousas, La., R. No. 2.

NOW ABLE TO DO A DAY'S WORK.

Pollock, La., May 21, 1910.
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Sir:—After thanking you for your kindly interest in my welfare, would say that I have grown so much better under your treatment that I am able to do a good day's work and will wait a month or two to see how it will last. Respectfully yours,
(Signed) D. N. BRAKEFIELD, Pollock, La.

KIDNEY AND STOMACH TROUBLE.

Bruce, S. D., Oct. 23, 1910.
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Dear Sir:—I received your letter quite a few days ago, but have put off answering it.
I am certainly very thankful to you for the good and great benefit I have derived from the use of the treatment prescribed by you. What I suffered before I commenced to take your method of treatment is beyond me to describe. The comfort I have now in living and being able to go about and enjoy my food and drink as others do, is simply wonderful. I extend to you my sincere thanks.
Very gratefully and respectfully,
MRS. WILLIAM HOFFMAN, Bruce, S. Dak., R. No. 2.

FREE

If you are sick my "Message of Facts" will tell you some things about the diseases of the human body and the logical method of treatment which will be new and interesting to you. Fill out the coupon and mail to me today, and my "Message of Facts" will be mailed to you postpaid, without any obligation of any kind upon your part. Write today—this hour—as this advertisement may not appear again.

Use the Coupon!

7 SAMUELS BLDG.,
WICHITA, KANSAS.

NAME _____
TOWN _____
STATE _____
R. F. D. or STREET _____
Prof. Samuel, Wichita, Kas.
Please send me free your "Message of Facts" and full particulars.

CRUEL PILES

True Cases Never Self-Cured—
Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine
Relief which is Healing
Thousands.

SENDS \$1 PACKAGE TO TRY FREE

If you have Piles, or the itching, burning irritation which is their sure warning, let us send you Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for all rectal troubles at once. It is a dreadful mistake to allow this malignant disease to make unhindered progress, for it may lead to the deadly torture of fistula and cancer. No matter at what stage your case, send this coupon today. The Remedy will be sent you by return post. Then, after using, if you are satisfied with the prompt relief and comfort it brings you, as it has done for many thousands of others, send us One Dollar. If not it costs you nothing. **We take your word.**

We have thousands of letters from people all over the world who write us that they have been cured, even after 30 and 40 years of pain, after everything else, including expensive and painful operations, had failed. You can see that Dr. Van Vleck's must be a successful remedy to be sold on this approval plan. So write today—now—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send us no money—just the coupon.

FREE \$1 COUPON

Good for \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 632—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

DRANK WATER CONTAINING 218,000,000 TYPHOID GERMS.—The London authorities have just published the result of an experiment made by Dr. Houston, their water expert, who purposely drank unfiltered water from the Thames, known to contain 218,000,000 bacilli of typhoid. In order to see what the result would be, it was found that Dr. Houston suffered no ill effects, as the germs in this river did not seem to have great vitality. It is agreed by doctors however, that whether a person takes a disease in such a way depends largely on his physical condition. People, who are run down will get it; while those that are healthy may not.

IS PRISON-LIFE BENEFICIAL.—Ellis Bartholomew, the Toledo baker, has just been released from the Federal prison at Leavenworth, and it turns out that his thirteen months of incarceration, with the simple diet and regular hours has been of great benefit to his health. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds when he went in, and only one hundred and fifty when he came out. Our prisons may become popular as sanitariums yet, especially for people who want to train down. Is there anyone else who would like to reduce their weight by this means?

SEW UP HIS HEART.—That it is possible to recover from the effects of a knife thrust into the heart is being proved by Frank Grover of Moorehead, Minn., who recently was stabbed during a controversy over a poker game. At first it was thought that Grover would die and his assailant was held for murder. Although Grover had five ribs removed and several stitches taken in his heart, it is now stated that he has a good chance for recovery.

NEW EYELIDS PUT ON.—The eyelids of the Rev. Jos. Hohe, pastor of the Catholic church near Kansas City, which were burned off when a lamp exploded in his hands, have been replaced by new ones constructed from pieces of skin cut from the priest's arms and grafted on the stumps of the lids, over which he has almost complete muscular control. The operation was a decided success.

ANOTHER COMET.—Brook's comet is now plainly visible to the naked eye, throughout the night, as a hazy patch of light without a tail. To find it you must face the north about nine P. M., and with the north star as a center scan the sky just to the northwest of this center, or what would be the direction of 10 o'clock on a clock-face. The comet is moving down toward the end of the handle of the "big dipper" and is an interesting sight.

AN "APPROPRIATE" NAME.—A New York concern made application to incorporate the name "Hell" for a saloon. The secretary of state refused to grant the charter, on the ground that it would be against public policy to give official sanction to such a name, no matter how "appropriate" it might be.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.—Postal savings banks have now been opened in about 2,000 places in this country. The third-class offices are being accommodated at the rate of about a hundred a day, and by the end of the year, the remaining 8,000 offices will all be reached. The system is a success.

AT LAST SAVES ONE LIFE.—The corset, after killing thousands of women, has at last saved the life of one. Mrs. Samuel Burns of Indianapolis was hit by two revolver bullets; but both of them were turned by the steels in her corset and she was only bruised.

A BRAVE LAD.—Willie Kesler, a 12-year-old Chicago boy, was suddenly confronted by a burglar in the house. Seizing a toy pistol, he pointed it at the man, shouting, "Hands up," and the thief speedily made himself scarce.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE POOL-KILLER.—The fool-killer has got one more victim. A Baltimore man had five dollars and decided to carry out his highest ambition in life. This was to drink 100 glasses of beer. At the 32nd glass he fell dead and the world will never miss him.

GOLD IN GEESE'S CROPS.—Thirty gold nuggets, some as large as peas, were recently taken from the crops of six geese raised by Mrs. I. Altschul of Santa Barbara, Cal. When neighbors heard of the find, a small gold rush was started. They began working in the vicinity and in washing out the sand found several small nuggets. The gold probably was washed down from the mountains years ago.

POTATOES AS CURRENCY.—A new legal tender has appeared at Milliken, Colo., caused by the scarcity and high price of potatoes. Recently, P. A. Murphey stepped into a saloon, ordered a glass of beer, and when that was gone, he laid on the bar a nice clean potato. Murphey called for his change and the bartender returned him a nickel and put the potato in the cash drawer.

SHOULD HAVE NO GOLD IN THE FRONT TEETH.—Dentists, who put gold filling in front teeth are hobo dentists, and people who allow dentists to violate the laws of ethics in such a manner are without good taste or culture," said Dr. Barton L. Thorpe of St. Louis, Mo., retiring president in his address before the National Dental Association. The up-to-date dentist uses a white filling for front teeth.

Female Ailments Cured By A Remarkable Invention

Howard C. Rash, President of the Natural Body Brace Co., Dept. O. Salina, Kansas, has made a most remarkable discovery which brought health and happiness to over a hundred thousand women suffering from nearly every ailment peculiar to women. It likewise produces graceful, robust, shapely figure, no medicines whatever are required and not the slightest pain, discomfort or the least interfering with regular affairs—women everywhere should at once write him for complete free information, the discovery is truly remarkable.

Two Wheel Chairs in October

108 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I had hoped to have made it more than two in October, but the wheel-chair subscriptions fell a little short of earning the two September chairs, and likewise in October. Nevertheless I have sent out two chairs each of these months and I confidently rely on our benevolent workers to make up the deficit the coming month.

The two October chairs go to Mrs. E. Fannie Ogden of Buena Vista, Virginia, and Mrs. Martha Sidwell of Castle, Oklahoma, both of whom have helped to earn their chairs; the former by sending in 54 subscriptions and the latter with 41 subscriptions.

I have before me the pitiful letter of poor little Sarah Russell of McAlester, Oklahoma, asking for a wheel chair. She writes, "My case is infantile paralysis. Though fifteen years old I weigh no more than an eight-year-old child." What little I get about I have go on my knees, and if I happen to fall, or if I lie down, I can't get up without help." This child has been a patient sufferer for a long time and ought to have a wheel chair before cold weather sets in. As her friends and neighbors seem to be doing nothing toward getting her a chair, will some of our good Samaritans send in some subscriptions for her benefit? I make an especial appeal to our Oklahoma subscribers to take hold vigorously in her behalf. I want to ship her a chair before Thanksgiving, but as I have just sent one to Oklahoma, and as I have promised to give the preference, in awarding chairs, to those whose friends do something to help the Wheel-Chair Club, I feel that I cannot fairly favor her at once unless some subscriptions are sent especially for her benefit.

Hurry in the subscriptions for her chair and remember that there are more than 200 other shut-ins suffering for COMFORT wheel chairs. Let us make as many of them as possible happy this Thanksgiving. If you do something for the shut-ins this month, the best you can, even if it is only one subscription, you will enjoy your own Thanksgiving the better feeling that you have shown yourself not ungrateful for the blessings which Providence has showered upon you.

The letters of thanks for COMFORT wheel chairs and the Roll of Honor, which follow will interest you.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Says this Chair will be Shared by Several Shut-ins and all who subscribed like COMFORT

CANDLER, N. C., Sept. 15, 1911.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am glad to express our appreciation and thanks for the nice wheel-chair which has come for James Parker. I got all the 57 subscriptions that were sent in for him, and it is 57 homes that are blessed with COMFORT'S good literature. I intend to make it a sunshine chair and to use it for several shut-ins in this community. I shall continue to send subscriptions in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club and shall encourage others to do so, as it is such a blessed work and all who subscribe like COMFORT so much. In every way possible I shall help COMFORT for the good work it is doing. With many thanks, Yours truly, PEARL MURRAY.

Heart Swells with Gratitude for COMFORT Wheel Chair sent to her Little Sister

LODWICK, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Please accept my thanks, and convey the same to Mr. Gannett and to COMFORT'S readers for the beautiful wheel chair you have sent me for my little sister. As she sits in her chair my heart swells with gratitude, and I fervently say "Thank God for the blessing you have bestowed upon her."

With love to you all, and thanking you once again, I am, Your loving friend, MRS. DESSIE SHERPARD.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

R. F. Wooden, Va., For Mrs. E. Fannie Ogden, 54; Marshall W. Overton, N. Y., 39; John W. Lyons, Ind., For his own Wheel Chair, 15; Carrie L. Page, Okla., For Mrs. Sidwell, 14; Mrs. W. P. Smith, Cal., 10; Josie Woodruff, Ala., 10; Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Mo., For Mrs. Annie Collins, 10; Mrs. Lena B. Isbell, Tex., 9; Mrs. H. A. Osterander, Iowa, 7; Mrs. George Bain, Ore., 6; Maggie Sellers, Ky., 6; Ruth Query, Cal., 6; Mrs. W. C. Bancroft, N. H., 5; Mrs. Dan Davidson, Idaho, 5; Mrs. J. T. Prock, Tenn., For Dolly Prock, 5; G. W. Collins, Ill., For Nannie Collins, 5.

4 RINGS FREE
Send your name and address for 12 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10c each. Return \$1.20 when sold; we will positively send these 4 beautiful rings free. Date Watch Co., Dept. 716 Chicago.

Try This Treatment Free.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR
Kidneys, Bladder
Rheumatism

Not a Sample, Not a Test, Not a Trial or
Proof Treatment, but a Regular Full
Complete Course of Remedies,
TO TRY FREE.

I will send, charges paid, TO TRY FREE, a Full, Complete, Three-Fold Combined Lexold Course of Treatment to any suffering man or woman who needs the right kind of help. I do not ask for a penny in advance, not even a postage stamp. I will stand the entire expense myself and send the Treatment charges paid. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obliged to spend a penny. I am making this offer because I wish to prove to every sufferer that relief can be had, that the nights of pain and sleeplessness and days of misery and despair can be turned into ones of happiness and comfort.

For my wonderful Treatment is now helping thousands to regain their health. Those suffering for years with the most chronic, severe, obstinate, long standing cases find relief after all other remedies have failed to cure them. Among all classes, among either sex, among rich and poor, are those who can testify to the wonderful curing powers of my treatment, and now I offer it to you TO TRY FREE—take it, use it, and see for yourself. If you have Backache, Kidney, Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism, Dizziness, Puffy Swellings Under the Eyes, or in the Feet and Ankles, Nervousness, Tired, Worn-out Feeling. If your urine is light and pale, dark color or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns while you pass it, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for this Treatment without a minutes delay.



STOPS BACKACHE

Don't spend another needless day of suffering. My new Three-Fold LEXOLD Treatment is now saving thousands from that Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Cases Stiff Joints, Quicks those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, Soothes those unbearable Bladder Troubles and quickly stops the pain.

It would be practically impossible to take it within the human system without causing results. It drives away the poisonous impurities that clog the kidneys and cause the trouble, Cleanses, Purifies, Strengthens, Invigorates, and Encourages the Kidneys to properly Filter the Blood. Stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time. I want every sufferer to know, to come, and try this Treatment, and see for themselves. I will send a full, complete course, charges paid, ready to use, TO TRY FREE. Take it when it comes, USE HALF OF IT, and see just what it does. Then when you know it is helping you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach, an amount you can easily afford to spare. That's all I'll ask. If you are not satisfied when you have taken half of it, return what's left and pay nothing.

I am the only one today sending a full Treatment TO TRY FREE. I couldn't afford to do it if I wasn't sure it would help you, if I didn't know what the Treatment would do. But you are to be the judge. It must satisfy you, it must help you, and you are the one to say. I don't want a penny if it fails. I would not take a cent I am not entitled to. I will leave it right with you yourself. I know what my Treatment will do, that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fair, most liberal, one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my Treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it FREE at my expense and that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, nor even a postage stamp, just your name and where to send the Treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this: Dr. H. Mitchell DeWorth, 701 Lexold Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money; Just This Coupon.

DR. H. MITCHELL DEWORTH,
701 LEXOLD BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Please send me your regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexold Course of Treatment as you promised above, all charges paid, TO TRY FREE. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is.....

Post Office.....

St. or R. F. D.....State.....

Please write name and address plainly.

Why He Died Forty Years Too Soon

This man smoked and smoked—and smoked. He brought a terribly nervous condition upon himself and lost much contentment through the fictitious "consolation" of tobacco.

He lost the better half of his life, too, for here he lies dead! He cultivated cardiac disorder, almost deliberately, for he well knew that the excessive indulgence in tobacco was weakening his heart.

Finally, while having only reached middle age, he died of heart failure. He might have

lived forty years longer if he had got rid of the tobacco habit. Verily, cigarettes are coffin nails and tobacco lines the coffin!

We are happy to announce that any reader can obtain, free of cost, an interesting book which explains how anyone may get rid of the tobacco habit, gently and pleasantly, in only three days. It is a book that is saving lives and bringing joy to homes. Anyone desiring it needs only to write to its author, Mr. Ed. J. Woods, 531 Sixth Ave., D 359, New York, N. Y.

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 95 pounds. I used the treatment four months in all and today I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine.

Yours very truly,
MRS. LUCY BUNDY,
1403 E. 33d. Ave., Denver, Colo.

Cured of Chronic Consumption.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.,

Dear Sirs:

It is with pleasure that I write to you to let you know that after taking two months' treatment of Lung-Germine, I am completely cured of chronic consumption. My case was diagnosed before taking your medicine by several local physicians and they pronounced my case chronic consumption. They also told me that my right lung was so nearly closed up that not a particle of air entered it, and so to speak, was of no good to me whatever.

I called on my regular physician the 10th of this month again, and he tested my lungs. After doing so, he told me my lungs were sound as those of any healthy person. He was greatly surprised to find them in this condition. I must, of course, give Lung-Germine absolute credit for the condition my lungs are in today.

I have increased in weight from 109 to 120 lbs., and so far as I can see, my cure is complete. I assure you that I will recommend your Lung-Germine to anyone whom I may run across with weak lungs.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA HAYWOOD,
Ogden, Utah.

P. S.—Please address all correspondence to me in my husband's name, Mr. Jas. W. Haywood, Ogden, Utah, Gen. Del.

Another Case of Chronic Consumption Cured.

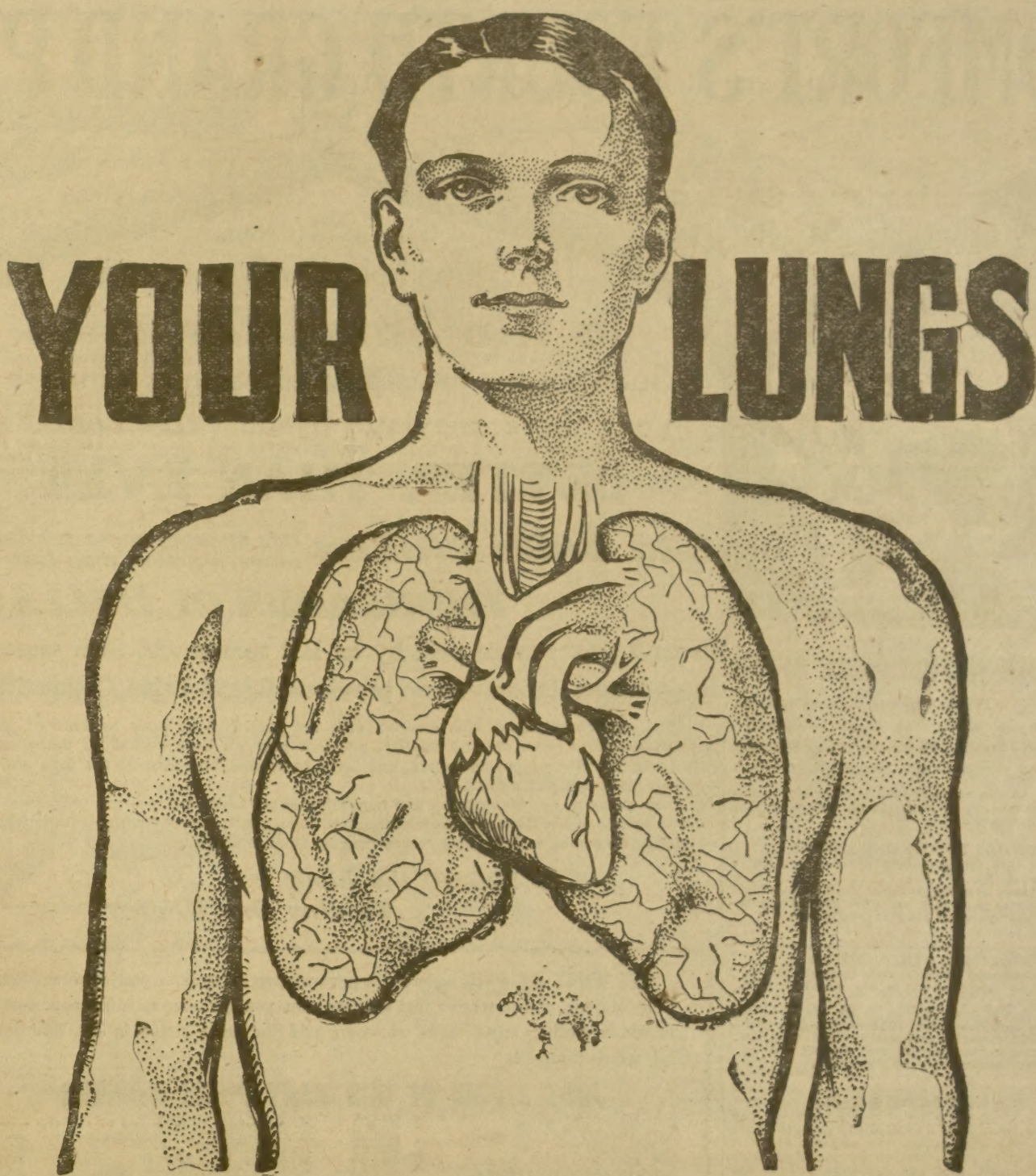
Lung-Germine, Company,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I am more than anxious to have my case spread to all humanity suffering with Consumption, for I am well and hearty today, and three years ago I was taking Lung-Germine.

Well, I will tell you my case as near as I can remember it now. I have had a cough in winter ever since I was a child and it seemed to grow on me, so three years ago this winter I got very bad and was not able to do half of my work. I was so weak I would have to sit down two or three times when making up my bed, and when sweeping my house I would tie a cloth over my mouth to keep from coughing so badly. In February I had three spells of bleeding of the lungs so it scared me a little and we called a doctor. He said I had Consumption and that made me pretty blue. I saw your medicine advertised in the paper, and sent for a sample. My sides were sore and hurt me severely under the shoulder blades, had night sweats so awfully bad and I would chill if the least wind blew on me across the shoulders. I could not lie on my left side for months before I took Lung-Germine, but just as soon as I began to take it I began to gain in weight, my appetite improved and I just got well. I believe to this day that if it had not been for Lung-Germine and God I would have been in my grave long ago, and my husband says so too. I had a local doctor examine my lungs after I quit taking Lung-Germine and he said if I ever had consumption I didn't have it then, so you see my case was cured by Lung-Germine and I recommend it wherever I go. I am willing to do anything to help this medicine do the work, for there is no medicine that has done half so much for me as it has, and it will do the same for others if they will only give it a fair trial. I am pleased to have my statements published and hope it will help someone to believe. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
MRS. MAGGIE BRIGGS,
Gower, Mo.

R. F. D. No 3. Box No. 35.



Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful

Do Your Lungs Ever Bleed?
Do You Have Night Sweats?
Have You Pains in Chest and Sides?
Do You Spit Yellow and Black Matter?
Are You Continually Coughing and Hawking?
Do You Have Pains Under the Shoulder Blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

We Will Send You Proof Positive----Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you proof of many remarkable cures; also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 88 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

COMFORT'S FOURTH GRAND PRIZE OFFER



\$1,300.00
PAID TO
E. WAGONER

Gives You Now

The Same Splendid Opportunity To Win Small Fortunes

Such as we have paid to various winners
in our three previous Grand Prize Contests.

BETTER THAN EVER

825 CASH PRIZES this season, some are larger
none smaller than last year
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS



\$850.00
PAID TO
ADA HUMPHREY

BIG COMBINATION PRIZE OFFER

We offer 825 cash prizes divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, 34 Grand Prizes, \$5.00 to \$250.00, and consolation prizes of \$1.00 each for women.

So you may win any one cash prize or any number or combination of cash prizes not exceeding seven and not more than

\$1,300.00 TO ANY ONE PERSON and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

Mr. Wagoner won the \$1,300.00 limit in a single season and was paid that sum in cash prizes besides the large value of his club premiums.

BIG PRIZES PAID MONTHLY so that you do not have to pull through a long contest, and what you win in any month is paid you at once.
For each and every month of the six months beginning with November, 1911, and ending with April, 1912, there is a separate and distinct prize competition for a separate and distinct list of monthly cash prizes to be paid monthly.

MONTHLY PRIZES DOUBLE

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you double the amount of your second month's prize, and so on doubling each successive month that you continue to win any monthly prize.

MONTHLY PRIZES THRIBBLE

If you win the same monthly prize three months in succession it doubles the second month and thrifbles the third month, and keeps on thrifbling each successive month that you continue to win the same monthly prize.

CLUB PREMIUMS ALSO

The valuable and useful premiums which all who enter this prize competition receive according to their own selection and as fast as they send in their subscription clubs pay them well for their time, and these 825 cash prizes come on top of the premiums as extra windfalls to the hundreds of fortunate winners—just like finding money.

PRIZES COME THICK AND FAST every month for six months, and they pay big even if you only win one month and drop out, but the big bonanza comes to those who, by staying in two or three months or more, win double and thrifble monthly prizes and Grand Prizes, too.

211 PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

To the 136 persons who, after entering this competition, send us the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT before the end of November, we will pay the following 136 monthly prizes:

1st Prize, \$50.00	4th Prize, \$5.00
2nd Prize, 25.00	5th Prize, 3.00
3rd Prize, 10.00	6th Prize, 2.00
130 Prizes of \$1.00 each, \$130.00	

This competition for November opens with the date of this announcement and closes at midnight, November 30, and these monthly prizes for November will be paid December 8th. First prize is for the largest number of subscriptions sent in before midnight of November 30, the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on.

75 CONSOLATION PRIZES, \$1.00 each, will be distributed to women who enter this November competition and fail to win a monthly prize.

Doubling of monthly prizes begins with December and thrifbling begins with January.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$50.00 or \$100.00	4th Prize, \$5.00 or \$10.00
2nd Prize, 25.00 or 50.00	5th Prize, 3.00 or 6.00
3rd Prize, 10.00 or 20.00	6th Prize, 2.00 or 4.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 or \$2.00 Each	

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$50.00 to \$150.00	4th Prize, \$5.00 to \$15.00
2nd Prize, 25.00 to 75.00	5th Prize, 3.00 to 9.00
3rd Prize, 10.00 to 30.00	6th Prize, 2.00 to 6.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 to \$3.00 Each	

The monthly Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January, except that the first prize is \$50.00 to \$200.00 for February, \$50.00 to \$250.00 for March, and \$50.00 to \$300.00 for April, as explained further on.

Each monthly contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted in on the contest for that month, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to everybody no matter how far off they live. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following, and the names of the prize-winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month.

34 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize, \$250.00	4th Grand Prize, \$40.00
2nd Grand Prize, 125.00	5th Grand Prize, 20.00
3rd Grand Prize, 65.00	6th Grand Prize, 10.00
28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00	

in cash prizes were paid by us last season and each season to the winners in our three previous Grand Prize Competitions.

The liberal conditions of this season's offer are precisely the same as those of previous years; none of the prizes are any smaller, but this year we have added 25 more women's prizes and 12 more monthly prizes, and have increased the size of the fifth and sixth monthly prizes for each month.

These changes, by adding prizes and increasing sizes, make our present offer even better than those of the last three seasons which proved so satisfactory and profitable to the hundreds of winners to whom we paid prize money ranging from one dollar to

\$1,300.00 the Limit

To Any One Winner

SEE WHAT WE PAID some of the prize-winners in our three previous Grand Prize Competitions, and remember that we now offer you the same splendid opportunity to win as much as any of those who were paid the sums stated in the following list, which comprises

JUST A FEW OF OUR MANY PRIZE-WINNERS

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	\$1,300.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	J. R. MCCREADY, Pa.,	21.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	20.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	FAIRENA RILEY, Ky.,	18.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	74.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.,	71.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	MRS. FRED A. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	LOUIS ASENBOUR, Wis.,	16.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wi	15.00

BESIDES THOSE in the above list we paid several other large winnings from \$675.00 to \$370.00, and also paid hundreds of smaller sums consisting of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 individual prizes, and \$11.00 to \$49.00 amounts of combined prizes to those who won two or more small prizes.

Read Our Surprisingly Liberal Prize Offer

explained in the side columns to the left and right. You will wonder how we can afford to do it. It is a lot of money to pay out in prizes, but we have done it three times before, and we know just what it costs and how it pays us as an advertisement and by waking up our subscribers.

ENTER NOW FOR NOVEMBER PRIZES

using the prize competition entry blank below for a starter. Other subscription blanks like the one below, only larger, also our big new premium catalogue, can be had free on application. Write for them now. Enter now. Send in the subs in clubs big or small as fast as you can, naming the premiums you want. You get the premiums at once, sure, besides whatever prizes you win paid monthly.

Oct. 1, 1911.

Publisher of COMFORT.

We are Bound to Pay the Prizes,

You See What Others Have Won,

Get in for Your Share, It's Easy

PRIZE COMPETITION ENTRY COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription 25 Cents; 3-years 50 Cents; 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, 30 Cents.

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose \$ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	P. O. or R. F. D.	COUNTY	STATE	Say Whether SUB- or RENEWAL for 15 Mo 2 Yrs. 3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium

(Date) 1911

Name

P. O.

Co.

State

THE CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE

goes to the one who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions between the first day of October and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums.

But remember, you don't have to stay in the whole six months to win a grand prize; besides your monthly prize you may win a Grand Prize in a single month, the first month or any other month; several did so in our previous prize competitions. This makes

A DOUBLES SET OF PRIZES

because all the subscriptions that you send in count in both the monthly and Grand Prize contests, and so the grand prizes go to the winners of the monthly prizes.

MONTHLY PRIZES DOUBLED AND THRIBLED GIVE ASTONISHING RESULTS

Even a \$1.00 monthly prize, so easy to win, if you win it each month, by the doubling and thrifbling process amounts to \$15.00 for the six months and is almost sure to bring you a grand prize too; Agnes Gness did it and it won her a grand prize of \$10.00 too, making \$25.00 that we paid her for winning six \$1.00 monthly prizes; so six times \$1.00 made \$25.00 for her. Of course the larger monthly prizes give proportionately larger results when doubled and thrifbled.

This doubling and thrifbling feature explains why there are two sums stated for each prize in the prize list for December, January and following months; the first sum each time being the regular prize for the month and the second sum being the amount to which it is likely to be doubled or thrifbled by the successive-winning process as described.

YOU MAY WIN \$1,300.00

Undoubtedly many of the monthly prizes will be doubled up and thrifbled without much effort, as they were the last three seasons but we make it worth a vigorous effort to win the first \$50.00 monthly prize and keep on winning it month after month. So if the same person who wins the \$50.00 prize in November also wins the first prize each of the five succeeding months, we will pay him \$50.00 for November, double it to \$100.00 for December, make it \$150.00 for January, raise it to \$200.00 for February, raise it again to \$250.00 for March, and wind up by paying him \$300.00 for April, which adds up to \$1,050.00 for the six months; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you cannot help winning the Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00 also, which added to the \$1,050.00 makes the splendid sum of \$1,300.00 which we should be more than pleased to pay you if you are industrious and persevering enough to win it as Mr. Wagoner did one season. Now is not this worth hustling for?

CONDITIONS

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the regular club premium you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions; One two-years renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.

In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

425 CONSOLATION PRIZES

of \$1.00 each will be paid to such women entering for monthly prizes and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. The women have the same chance as anybody to win the monthly and grand prizes, and if they fail to win they have the further chance of being awarded a consolation prize. Remember, 75 consolation prizes for November, besides the 136 November monthly prizes, making 211 prizes for November. Of course the consolation prizes do not double or thrifble.

ENTER NOW WITH A SMALL CLUB

and send more subscriptions as fast as you can. Select one of the premiums advertised elsewhere in this paper for a starter and write for our big new premium catalogue, sent you free, describing valuable premiums—almost anything you can think of. The premiums are sent you free as fast as you send the clubs and pay you well for the time you put in, much or little as you can spare, but the more the better,—besides the cash prizes you should win, as others have.

ENTER NOW: Win a November Prize, Win Double in December. Win a Grand Prize, too.

The Premiums Offered on This and Other Pages

Many subscriptions are expiring at this season, and renewals can be had in many homes for the asking—renewals count in clubs as new subs. Send for free canvassing outfit and commence at once to solicit subscriptions for COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months. The greatest family home monthly in existence, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak. A pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

Two Extra Gold FREE
Plated Pens -



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will sometimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR WINTER AND SPRING BLOOMING

The great demand and flattering results obtained by our subscribers who received the premium collection of bulbs we offered last Fall has induced us to purchase double the quantity this year. But we would not advise you to delay sending your order as this increased supply will soon be consumed and you may be one of the disappointed. This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of six of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.



SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

6 - OXALIS - 6

An unrivalled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich, varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5 - SNOWDROPS - 5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

4 SPANISH IRIS 4

No garden can have too many and anything we are able to say about them falls far short of the superb reality. They are not difficult to grow and the gorgeous shades and most odd and peculiar markings of the blooms cover a wide range of colors; but the real charm is the wondrous chasteness of every flower. They are deservedly esteemed for their perfect hardness and free flowering qualities, blooming early in the season in the garden and making a pretty display of bloom when grown in the house.

Club Offer. Secures the Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

HYACINTH.



Half Made Quick to Finish Dresses FREE

If there is truth in the old saying that "Well begun is half done" it has never been better illustrated than in the SEMY-MAYDE CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



Illustrating Child Wearing a SEMY-MAYDE Gown and The Outfit of Ready-Cut Materials and Fittings we Send.

Club Offer: For only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send a Semy-mayde Dress, and you must state age required and whether you want light or dark material.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRABBY QUILTS" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many nice goods. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 50c. Grand Offer. If you order at once, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, also different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of PLUSH. BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 15 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where fancy stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join pieces, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES, Knitting, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting. REMEMBER we send one lot (over 100 pieces) Six Remnants, one assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery, to two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.

Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



Holly Gift Boxes of 50 Christmas and New Year's Post Cards

Santa Claus and Greeting Cards in Embossed Gold The glad Christmas time with its cheer and happiness is the popular and proper Post Card season. We offer you an assortment supply of very beautiful embossed, Gold and Colored Cards in neat, Holly decorated Holiday boxes.

Two Boxes Abso-lutely Free

25 CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS in each box, the PRETTIEST, DAINTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED.

The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance at Christmas and New Year's is not a new one but with the aid and use of the now popular Post Card, it more than ever is a fixed part of the season's festivities. To remember all one's relatives and friends usually requires a large number of cards and consequent large expense. All this is avoided by using our cards which come in two assorted boxes, each containing a different varied assortment. We can only show some of the many styles in each reduced form in this illustration. There is OLD SANTA CLAUS or KRIS-KRINGLE with his GRAY BEARD, CHRISTMAS BELLS, CUTE LITTLE FOLKS, VERSES, HOLLY, Poinsettia, EVERGREEN, SNOW, BIRDS, and each card conveys a Merry Christmas or Happy New Year greeting, also contains separate calendar pads for the twelve months of the year 1911.

THEY COST YOU NO MONEY YOU GET BOTH BOXES FREE

For a CLUB of only TWO fifteen-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each we will send you the TWO above described HOLLY HOLIDAY BOXES of 25 ASSORTED CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

As each box of 25 is made up as a distinct and separate assortment it gives you a large variety of beautiful cards which your friends will be delighted to receive from you as tokens of good cheer, or you can easily sell some of them to people you know and not only make money but have enough for your own use also. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. REMEMBER YOU GET TWO COMPLETE BOXES FULL FOR A SMALL CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIBERS.



Secret of the Great Cabal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

evening. He had been much depressed and agitated. The letters had been traced, and the young fellow to whom they had been intrusted was being closely shadowed by the police. There was fear that the detectives were also on the track of madame's brother, and it was necessary to send them a warning. This had been intrusted to herself, with what success has already been told.

She informed me that after my escape into the yard, a hurried consultation had been held. The men had thought that, were I a detective sent to spy upon them, I would doubtless decide that my next best chance of learning their intentions would be to follow madame's directions and go the next day to P—, where I would expect further developments. Miss Cutting told me (and I half expected as much myself) that, from what she could gather, this had been merely a scheme of madame's to get me out of the way for twenty-four hours no matter whether I were a spy or untried confederate. Madame herself, however, had disagreed with her companions. She had declared that an effort must be made to stop me, and that every train to P—

must be watched. Miss Cutting herself, whom they had never wholly trusted, and for whom, on account of her interference in my behalf, they had no greater love, they tried to intimidate further with threats. It was necessary, however, that both her father and herself, who might prove formidable witnesses against them, should things go wrong, be gotten out of the way. For this reason she could not be kept a temporary prisoner, as they had at first suggested. Her father had made all arrangements for a flight, in which she was to accompany him, and she was, therefore, taken for the remainder of the night to the hotel at which madame was staying. She was an important witness for my own side also, but she had saved my life. What else could I do but further her own escape? I promised to do whatever in me lay to prevent the danger which threatened our country and to aid her to my utmost ability both in shielding her father and in covering their escape. As she bade me good by when I left the train at the last station before P—, the tears had finally welled to her eyes. I was glad to think that partially, at any rate, they might be tears of relief.

I took the next train back to town, eagerly looking at every station for the first edition of the morning papers. When finally they arrived and I opened the one I had selected, I discovered both the headlines I had hoped to find.

The first was as satisfactory as the second seemed to me conclusive. It stated that a young man had been captured in Brooklyn, while in the very act of destroying the valuable papers which had been stolen two weeks before from the State Department in Washington. A few had been recaptured. They were the letters which had passed between the Russian Ambassador and our Secretary of State, regarding the return of the Russian Government of some suspected persons now in this country. A quantity of dispatches from the said Government to their Ambassador at Washington were also among the documents. The young man in whose possession they were found had been brought to New York, and was now awaiting examination. From what I could make of this article he had apparently given no information which implicated any of the people connected with the House with Green Blinds, and I doubted whether any such information was in his possession. It was scarcely probable that more than the barest directions had been intrusted to him.

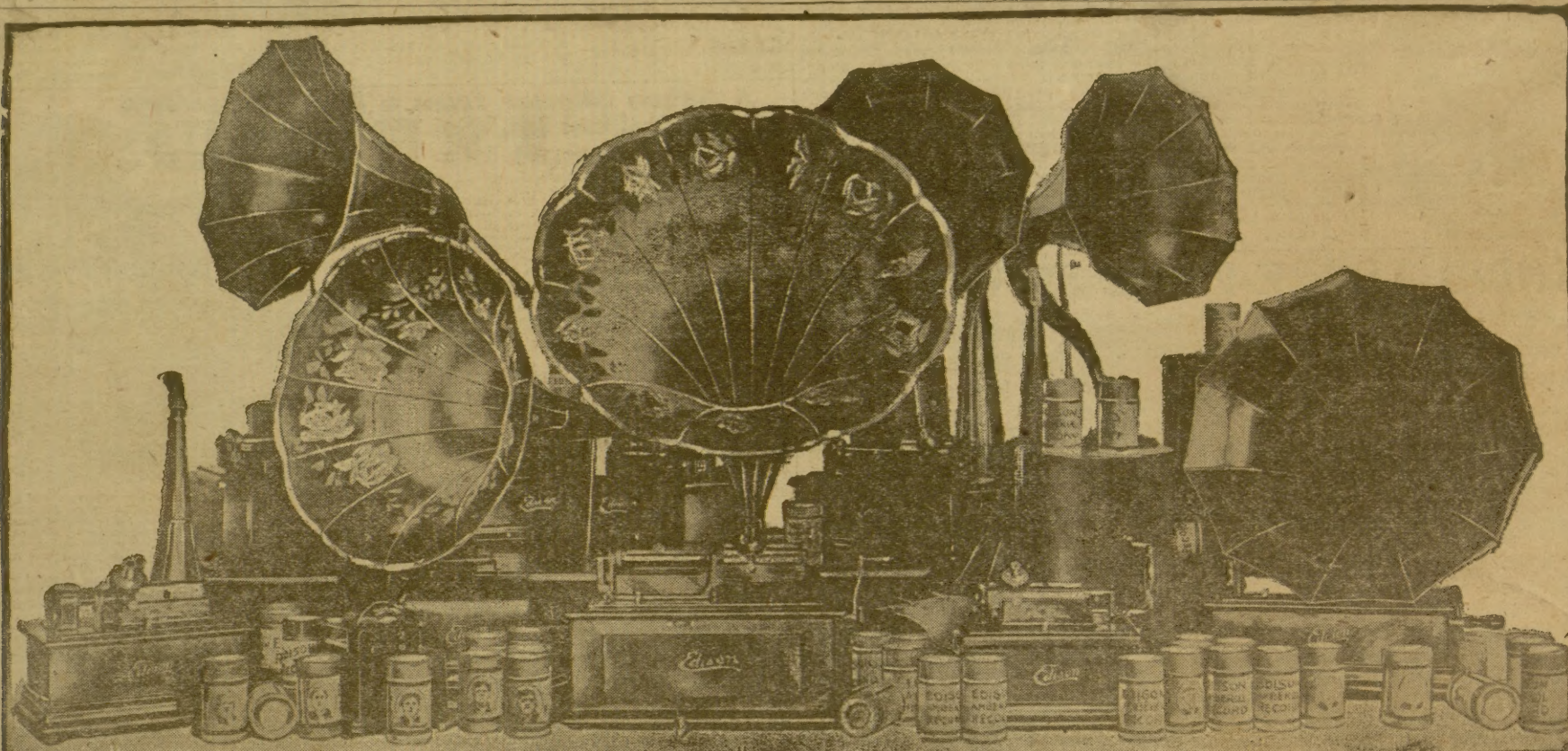
The second headline read something as follows: "Wealth, Wit and Beauty to do Honor to Our Executive. Mr. —'s Famous Ballroom Literally Lined with Roses. Tuxedo on the quiver. A Brilliant Affair Tonight."

Upon those grounds, then, I was basing my case.

While I stood, listening, upon the window

ledge the night before, madame had mentioned both Tuxedo and the name of the man at whose house the ball was to be given. It was to be given in honor of a great statesman and his wife. Members of the various foreign legations were to attend. During the day I had seen, in some mysterious connection with madame and her associates, the young man who had been tried and convicted of a crime in England which was very similar to that which appeared to be the purpose of the conspiracy here, as I dissected things. Madame's voice and his were strangely alike. It had been considered—no matter how I was supposed to be related to the affair—expedient to get me out of the way for twenty-four hours, and to do so without exciting my suspicion. After that I might return. Miss Cutting and her father had been ordered to escape from the country within the same time, as it was desirable that they, after that time, should not be within reach of the police. Last of all, the man Jackson, a tool in the hands of the others, had been experimenting very recently—as shown by his absent eyebrow—in chemicals of an explosive nature. And the third man at the House of the Green Blinds, who had not spoken in my hearing, was wanted (together, for all I knew to the contrary, with the others), in his own country to pay the penalty of an attempt made upon the life of his sovereign.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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